Aug. 15, 1970

THE NEW YORKER

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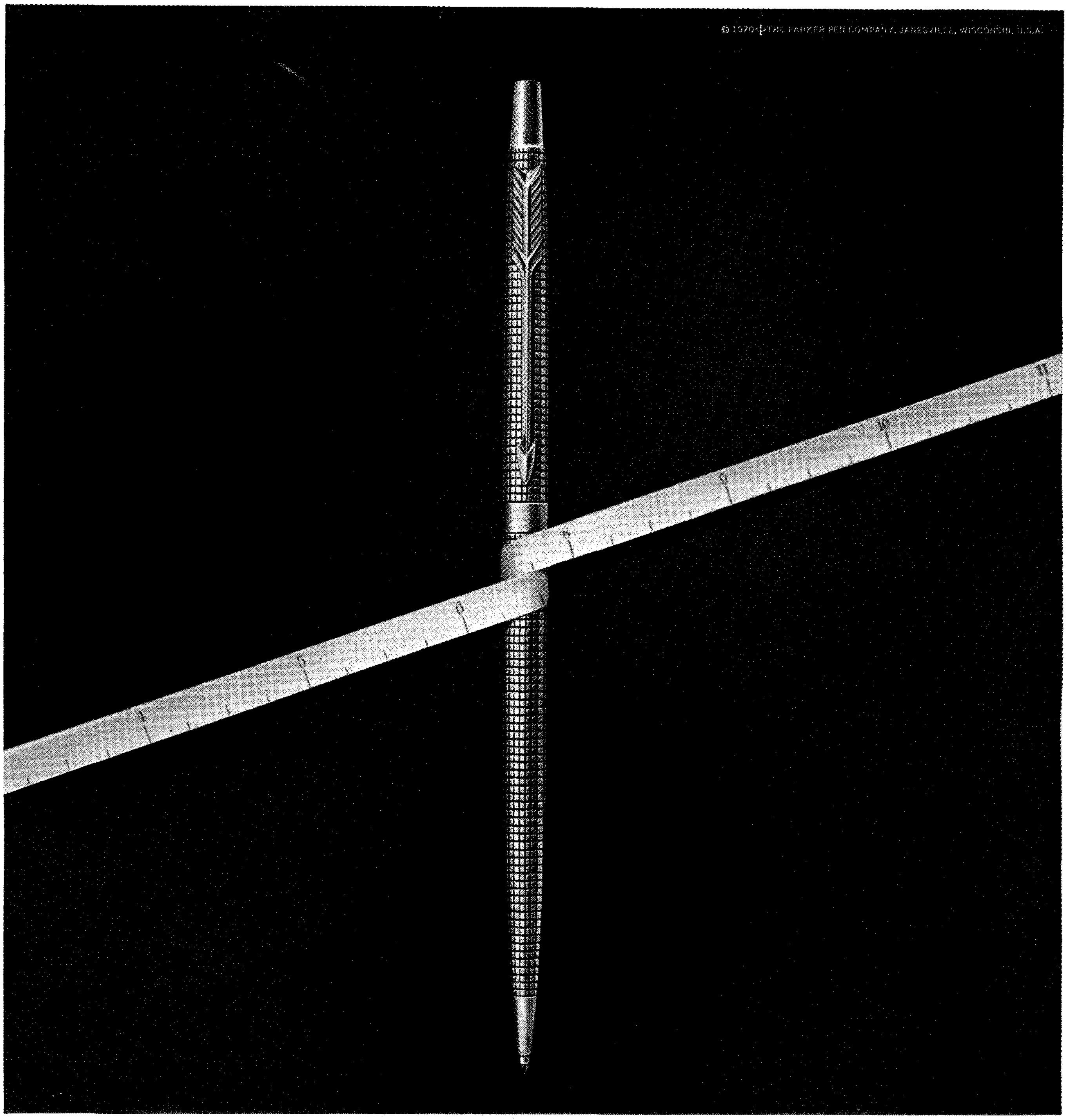

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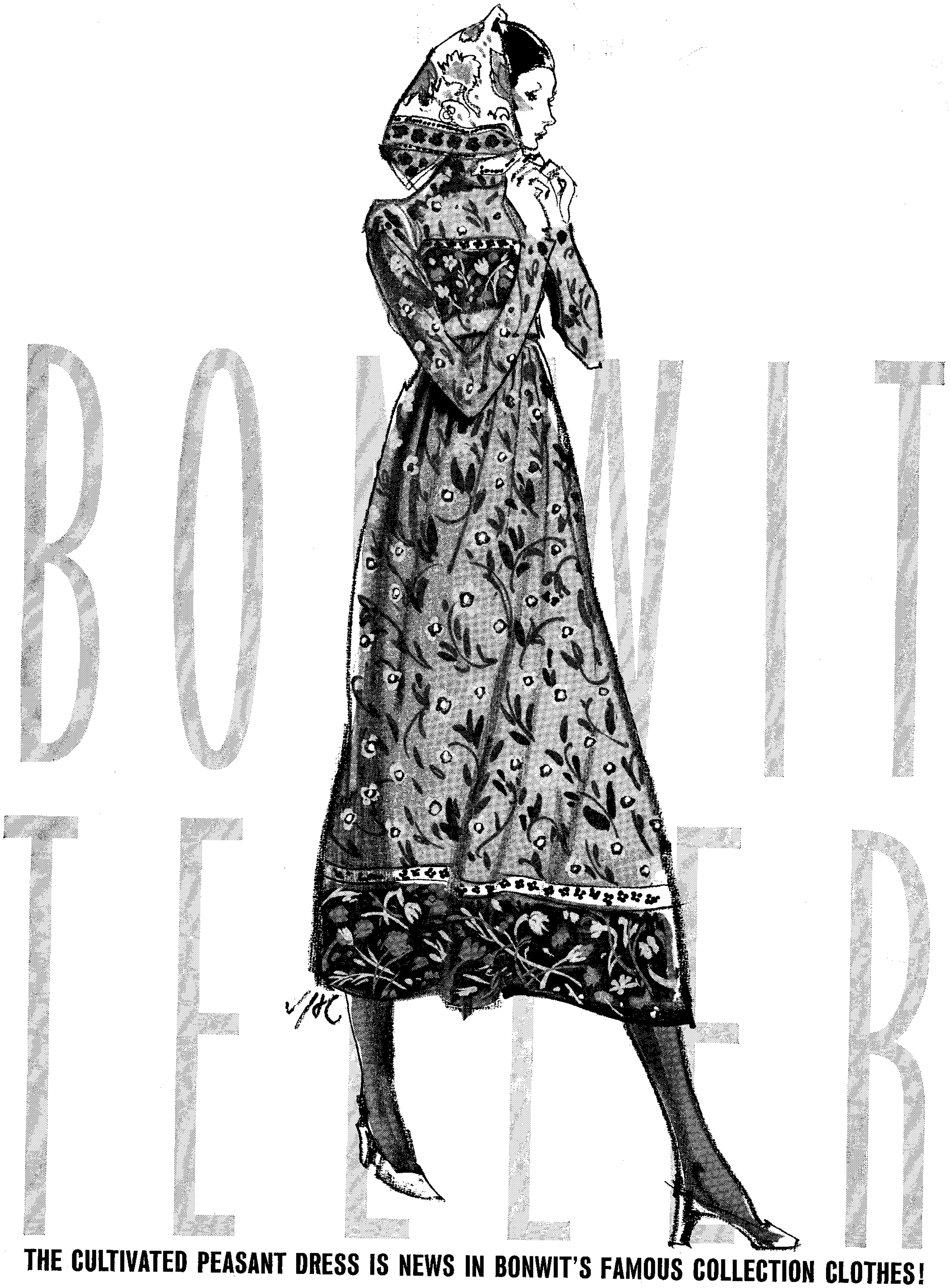

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Boesman and Lena—Ruby Dee and James Earl Jones are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak and stirring play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Cage—The horrors and brutality of prison life, as portrayed by six actors, all of them ex-convicts, including the play's author, Rick Cluchey. The situation depicted is indeed dreadful, but the play could be a lot better. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 675-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Child's Play—A just sufficiently scary thriller, about dark deeds at a boys' school. Written by Robert Marasco, directed by Joseph Hardy, and ably acted by Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, Ken Howard, Michael McGuire, and David Rounds. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most predictable" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Amy Levitt, Judith Lowery, and Swoosie Kurtz. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—A middle-aged man attempting his first extra-marital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's latest hit comedy. It is splendidly acted by James Coco, Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Steambath—Purgatory is a steam bath, and God is a Puerto Rican attendant there. This comedy, by Bruce Jay Friedman, is not entirely successful, but it is much funnier than many tidier shows. Hector Elizondo is delightful as God, and Conrad Bain and Anthony Perkins, who also directed, are very good, too. Splendid setting by David Mitchell. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

What the Butler Saw—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Orton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**adaptation** and **next:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **the boys in the band:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **butterflies are free:** Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **forty carats:** Zsa Zsa Gabor and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **no place to be somebody:** Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors include Wally Taylor, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **plaza suite:** Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Peggy Cass and Don Porter have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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MUSICALS

Applause—A loud and joyous descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." Lauren Bacall is wonderful, and so are many of her associates, among them Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Coco—Danielle Darrieux has replaced Katharine Hepburn in this old-fashioned trumpery musical, with book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Company—Fine music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a witty book by George Furth, and admirable singing, dancing, and acting by a cast that includes Larry Kert, Elaine Stritch, Susan Browning, Teri Ralston, and Pamela Myers. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Bat—The humor and good humor, the delightful score and dancing, and the intermingling of ritual with openness of feeling combine to make this musical from Japan one

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COVER: *Ilonka Karasz*

DRAWINGS: *Robert Day, William Steig, James Stevenson, Warren Miller, Carl Rose, Joseph Mirachi, Lee Lorenz, Mischa Richter, George Price, Dana Fradon, Richard Oldden, Charles E. Martin, Mort Gerberg, Frank Modell, George Booth*

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Are Florence Eiseman children nicer than other children, or do they just look that way?

of the most original, charming shows in town. The troupe, which calls itself the Tokyo Kid Brothers, fortunately includes quite a number of Kid Sisters. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Sweet Days of Isaac—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words of Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Me Nobody Knows—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful, based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Purlie—An old-fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Melba Moore and Cleavon Little. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** —Have you the key? a voice asked. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —Dedalus has it, Buck Mulligan said. Janey Mack, I'm choked. He howled without looking up from the fire: —Kinch! (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** —It's in the lock, Stephen said, coming forward. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** A host of hirsute young folk hellbent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Charles West plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. West at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2.)

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DANCE PROGRAMS

Ballets Africains—A troupe of dancers, singers, and musicians from the Republic of Guinea in a one-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday, Aug. 19, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Aug. 20-21, at 8:30; and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 22-23, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Rodeo—Calf-roping, saddle-bronc-riding, steer-wrestling, girls' barrel-racing, and much more. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday at 8; Saturday at 2 and 8; and Sunday at 2 and 6. Closes Sunday, Aug. 16.)

OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **RICHARD III:** Wednesday, Aug. 12; Saturday, Aug. 15; Wednesday, Aug. 19; and Saturday, Aug. 22.... **THE WARS OF THE ROSES, PART I:** Thursday, Aug. 13; Sunday, Aug. 16; and Thursday, Aug. 20.... **THE WARS OF THE ROSES, PART II:** Friday, Aug. 14; Tuesday, Aug. 18; and Friday, Aug. 21. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **THE SOUND OF MUSIC**, with Constance Towers, John Michael King, Beatrice Krebs, and Christopher Hewett. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 6. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Ten Wheel Drive will rock through Monday, Aug. 17. On Wednesday, Aug. 19, a Nashville singer named Kris Kristofferson will take the stage. Performances at nine-fifteen and eleven on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at eight-forty-five, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are *hors concours*, with visitors filling the regulars' seats. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—People who take their conversation seriously, along with their music and their meals, will find it congenial. From eleven to three, well-wrought jazz comes from Joe Beck's guitar and piano (both electrified), assisted by Tony Levin's electric bass. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—A popular spot that uses brick walls and candlelight to enhance its ambience of modish intimacy. Some fairly intricate jazz sounds from eleven until one, usually on piano and bass. Advanced dining. No music Sundays.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—The eponymous instrument is played here with an emphasis on melodics and virtuosity. (Individualists will be delighted—groupies will be disappointed.) Kenny Burrell does a fine, inventive job, with the help of Larry Ridley on bass. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four. Sub-Mason-Dixon dining.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Zoot Sims, who—when he is in there swinging—plays a tenor sax that has few contemporary equals, will be in charge of a quartet through Sunday, Aug. 16. In addition, Fridays through Sundays, patrons can hear Anita O'Day using her voice like a jazzman's instrument. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Tradition wanes, but this comfortable club continues to thrive, offering Dixieland played by a group that usually includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A hot time in the old banjo parlor. If the music doesn't zap you (and it may), you can contemplate an old fire engine, some stuffed specimens of *Ursus maritimus*, movies on the wall, and peanut shells on the floor. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Twang! went the banjo, six nights a week from nine to three or four. Everybody looked so jolly, wearing fake straw hats and frilly garters, that it seemed that all the happy, friendly folks would never leave, but they did. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Good listening in an improbable part of town. (Taxis may be hard to find when you leave. Beware of cumulonimbus clouds.) Jazz most nights from nine until closing by McCoy Tyner's fast-and-feverish quintet. On Tuesday, Aug. 18, the Jimmy Heath quintet, featuring Curtis Fuller, will come in. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Beginning at about nine-thirty, Charles Mingus's trio, which he calls his Jazz Workshop, plays some solidly grounded exploratory stuff for drinking and dining. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned.... ¶ Downstairs: A rock policy continues, with dancing encouraged. Through Saturday, Aug. 15: Dreams and Diamond Rio. Sunday, Aug. 16: Dreams and Farmer Brown. Tuesday, Aug. 18: The Weight. Wednesday, Aug. 19: A benefit show. Thursday, Aug. 20: Fast Cargo. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21-22: Tony Williams Lifetime, featuring Jack Bruce. Music from ten Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty Fridays through Sundays. On Mondays, there are various Latin bands.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Roland Kirk plays several reeds—some of his own devising—and he leads a sextet whose spirit is free-wheeling. In addition, tenor player Don Byas will sit in Thursdays through Saturdays. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music starts at nine-thirty, in theory.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere west of Bora Bora—shouldn't deter you if walking is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Monday through Wednesday, and by other musicians Thursday through Sunday.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—*C'est quoi?* Well, it is a fairly informal room with a lot of arches, underneath which people shake or glide—now you see them, now you don't. The *discaire* switches from hot to cool without warning. Wear sensible shoes. Activity until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The fascination with France continues, the setting being from that period when nothing—except maybe the furniture—seemed to go right. Pin-striped elegance, adequate dancing (from ten to three or four), and a well-developed cuisine. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—The epitome of the adolescent-

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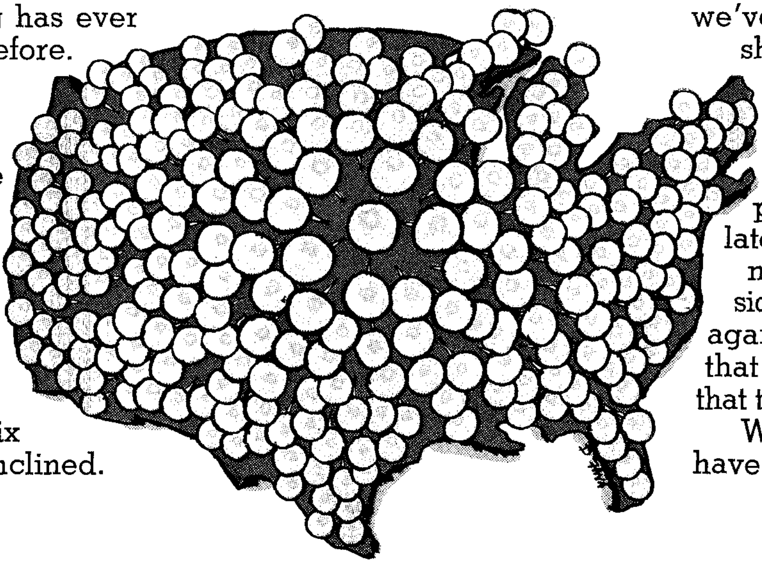

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oriented disco, flashing and pulsating and filled with minors digging the lights and sounds of August. Dancing, to live and recorded sounds, starts at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays. No alcohol.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—An intelligently run restaurant that opens one of its glittery, soft-carpeted rooms to dancing two nights a week. The recorded music continues from eleven until three on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner and supper.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. Reservations required for dining. No food Sundays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—The *doyenne* of New York discothèques, having been around practically as long as rock itself. The restrained recorded music—more Warwick than Hendrix—runs from nine to three or four. On weekends, reservations are recommended. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—From the fifteenth floor of the Allied Chemical Tower, patrons look out on Midtown glitter—dancing, as it were, in a neon ionosphere. Live groups alternate with records. Supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—Again the heights, this time with a fine view of the Park, and with an interior graced with colored lights and wicker animals. Many well-chosen recordings. Dancing from ten every night. Late dinners are served. Reservations are recommended.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Carnarvon and Carter would have gasped, had they stumbled upon the pseudo-Egyptian luxuriousness of this restaurant. But this is 1970, and few gasps are heard—maybe partly because of the loudness of the records, which three times a night are interrupted by Jana Mitchel and the Paris Brothers, who sing. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—In the heart of Yorkville, a basement has been turned into a facsimile of a street, with real shops, some bars, some café tables, and pavement on which people are encouraged to dance to 45s—which they do from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until three on Saturday.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (870-3777)—Basic rock, in a shiny room where nobody cares what you wear or how you move, the whole scene being a groovily-appointed dancing-and-listening arena. Nine jazz-rock people called Freeway are the live ones through Saturday, Aug. 15. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Descend a flight and find a spot where every touch contributes to the coolness of the whole. Good sound, good dancing to persistently swinging records, large drinks, and a knowledgeable crowd. Reservations—for what they're worth—are suggested on weekends.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): The pioneer virtues that made this country great—the foxtrot, the two-step—are extolled to the exclusion of all free-form ballet. The bill of fare is elemental; the dance is the thing, and to that end the music is perpetual and live. Eight until around one during most of the week; Sundays, starting time is two-thirty, and Thursdays it is two. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): Come into the garden, Maude, to sit, and sup, and dance under the spreading chestnut trees. Music from seven-thirty or so, and everyone indoors (including the music) if it rains.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A tale of two cities (ours and Las Vegas) is narrated by Rodney Dangerfield, a spokesman who must be modelled on Damon Runyon and Paul Bunyan. The going can be rough, but it is certain to be funny. Other trappings, too, but no matter. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," a pocket-size revue, has good ideas about several matters of national concern, and a few of the solutions it offers are entertaining. The cast, though, operates on the premise that experience is not necessary. Nine-thirty and midnight, but not on Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Mediterranean (and subterranean) clearing house, predominantly Israeli because of Avram Grobard, stentor, tenor, and amusing housemaster. Plenty of other music, and plenty of life. The dining is an *entente cordiale* between East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—One big happy family, and even slaphappy whenever the *schuhplattler* dancers strike out; that is, Bavaria in an outgoing, singing, beer-drinking, operetta state of body and mind. None of this, though, on Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The footloose-and-fancy-free flamencans run by José Molina depart on Wednesday, Aug. 12. Storm warning: One night later, the vivid Olga Guillot, who is far more than a tempest in a teapot, starts singing. Two deals every night of the year is the house rule. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by the guitar of Juan Jimenez and the voice of José Sordiall. Their lyric commentary on the male-vs.-female syndrome makes it appear to be not at all an unnecessary evil. They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The Age of Automation (anyone who makes a record is automatically a "recording star") has turned up a couple of new deals—R. B. Greaves, who will be on hand as far as Wednesday, Aug. 19, and Donna Theodore, who arrives one evening later. Let it be said that they are better than most. No nights off.

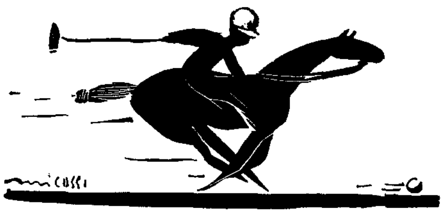
Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Now a stretch of our not particularly stern but definitely rockbound coast, inasmuch as Illustration, a Canadian consortium (eleven strong) devoted to r. & r., has just moved in. Dancing, for the first time here. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—*Ars longa*, yes, yet *vita longa*, too, in the case of the Ellington band, which is but one jewel in the crown of the Duke. The enterprise is in session nightly except Sunday, and dance music (furnished during the supper session by the nobility itself) commences at eight.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

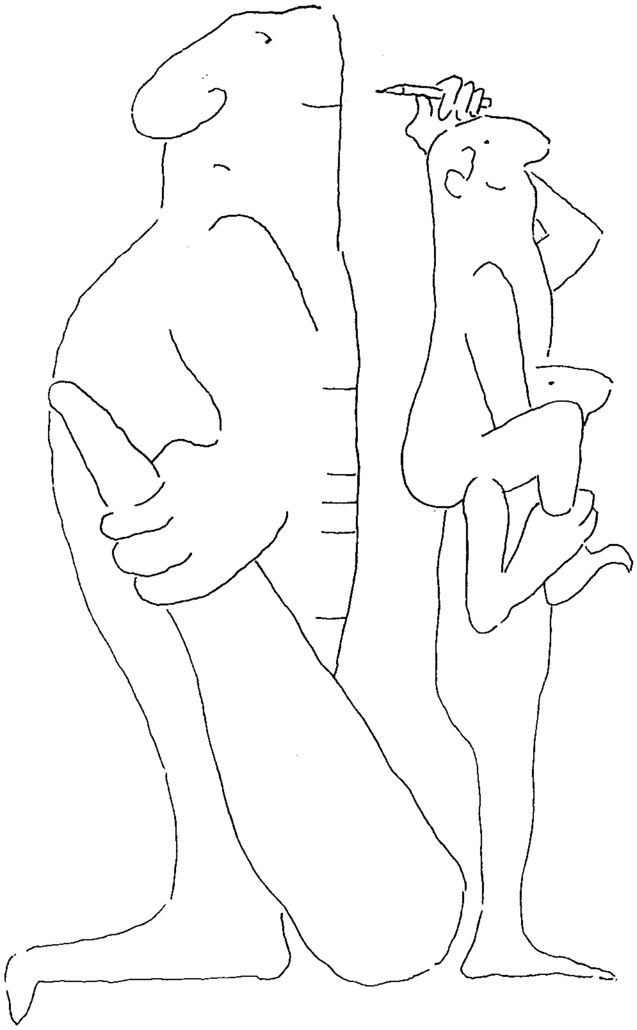
CHUCKS' COMPOSITE, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. A clutch of musicians greets it at the gateway to the old corral. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound is from Warren Meyers, one of our better composers, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The violinists who patrol the battlements seem never to be bowed down, except, of course, when Leyna Gabriele, daughter of the regiment, turns loose a foursome of choristers (herself included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like an old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god. He is celebrated not only by Olympian libations and cuisine but by an Athenian dance quartet intent indeed upon its happy work, not to mention liberal helpings of song. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Perhaps the northernmost Spanish trading post on this continent. A few Americanisms are evident (some of the customers, say), but the honorable chef has never set foot outside his native land, and the practically perpetual voice and guitar are completely Andalusian. No music Mondays, and no dancing ever.



SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000): The summer music in the Palm Court is only the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu from four-thirty to six-thirty every night. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. Lynn Mullinax operates the piano in the bar, to which he adds several notes of cheer. He's there from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The attic of the Sign of the Dove. A lot of odd furniture and knickknackery stored there make it quite unlike its downstairs neighbor. Part of the furniture is a mild piano, in service from six until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the newest handiwork of Armando Mei, restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that are nothing if not Roman. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): In good King Henri's glorious reign, and glorious castle, too. George Cardini is at his fiddle from Tuesday through Saturday every week. Herman Arminski returns to the same schedule, and to his fine-arts piano, on Tuesday, Aug. 18. No music Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Lee Evans has got his supple hands on the baby grand, which responds to his touch from six until one every night but Sunday, which is assigned to drop-in pianists. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five-thirty until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. He performs from seven to twelve Mondays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The good life, the oak-panelled life, the well-fed life. On piano, and decorously, is Tony Gorody, George Feyer's eminently satisfying summertime stand-in. He is on point duty from eight-thirty until one-thirty. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): Eureka, Europa! The old Viennese salon as before, with a dance trio setting to at half past eight during the week, at seven-thirty Sunday and Monday. Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, who are given to food-of-love violin, piano, and concertina, are prevalent, too, but the only instrument they play on Sunday and Monday is hooky. They begin at five-thirty. . . . **WINE CELLAR,** 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Another part of another forest, and a



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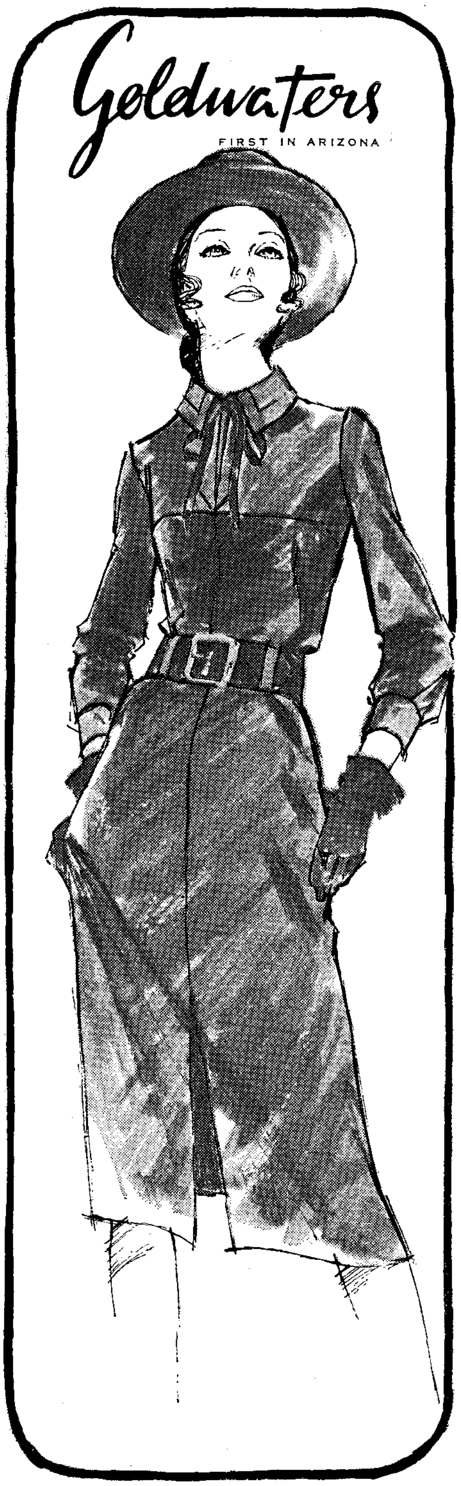

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

far-away one, but still of the original Village villagey. On the lower deck, circumnavigating song and guitar, which go well with the local mulled wine, every night until around two; on the boat deck, piano (beginning at ten-thirty, every night but Sunday). . . . **BLUE WHALE**, 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): Beach-front property, right on the boardwalk. The magisterial Buddy Barnes provides diners with piano that remembers with affection the best of this year and all other years. Closes Saturday, Aug. 15, for the summer. . . . **PROMENADE CAFÉ**, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5731): Care and thought have gone into preparing the open-air court for diners (there are even umbrellas to ward off City Fallout) and listeners (music, live, from noon to two-thirty, from eight to one, except Sundays).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ALEXANDER ARCHIPENKO (1887-1964)—Thirty-six works of this pioneer Cubist sculptor's American period, 1923 to 1963. It is running concurrently with his show at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Friday, Aug. 14. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

DOROTHY GILLESPIE AND IRENE MOSS—Abstract paintings; through Aug. 28. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Mondays through Fridays, 8 to 8.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Paintings by scores of artists—Shahn, Sheeler, Sloan, Avery, Bellows, Dove, Henri, and Marin, to mention a few; through Aug. 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Fifty Latin-American artists; through Sept. 4. (Closed mornings.). . . **FEIGEN**, 141 Greene St., at Houston St.: Works by nineteen artists, including Breder, Castro-Cid, Ray Johnson, Gerald Laing, and Alphonse Schilling; through Sept. 4. . . . **FRENCH & CO.**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Sculptures, drawings on glass, and paintings by young artists; through Aug. 28. . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: An assortment of oils and watercolors by, among others, Fosburg, Kuhn, Albright, Rattner, Burchfield, Marin, and Demuth; through Friday, Aug. 14. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists; through Aug. 28. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Klee, Léger, Masson, Picasso, and Trivigno; through Aug. 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and constructions by such gallery artists as Elizabeth Frink, William Pye, Augustine Filipovic, and Sue Fuller; through Sept. 9. . . . **TIROCHE**, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by Impressionist and School of Paris artists; through Sept. 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than two hundred paintings, thirty-five pieces of sculpture, and three hundred pieces of furniture and decorative objects of nineteenth-century America, some exhibited in period rooms; through Sept. 7. Optional contribution for admission. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.). . . ¶ Twenty etchings and lithographs opposed to violence by Jacques Callot, Goya, and Daumier; through Sunday, Aug. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-six sculptures and seven works on paper produced by Alexander Archipenko during his Paris period, 1908 to 1921; through Oct. 18. A good complement to this exhibit is the Archipenko show (ending Friday) at the Danenberg Galleries, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . ¶ Works by about a hundred painters, sculptors, and filmmakers from European and Latin-American countries, Canada, Japan, and the United States representing new directions, such as earthworks and conceptual art; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions—a drawing by Matisse, a sculpture by Melotti, and paintings by Braque, Klee, Kokoschka, Miró, and Sophie Taeuber-Arp; through Sept. 11. (No admission charge on Mondays, 1 to 8; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 10, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.75 will be charged.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The tenth anniversary show of selections, arranged chronologically, from the Museum's permanent collection of works done since 1900 by Kandinsky, Chagall, Klee, Delaunay, Miró, Léger, and many others; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Twenty-two large dramatic scenes depicting events in the trek of the Mormons to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, painted by Carl Christensen, a member of the colony who made the trip; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Visionary architecture and city planning exploring possibilities of future living by Paolo Soleri, an Italian-born architect who studied with Frank Lloyd Wright; through Sept. 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The seventeenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and fifty works by artists (among them Al Held, Robert Indiana, Roy Lichtenstein, and Saul Steinberg) from every section of the country; through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Mexico and Central America houses an outstanding collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest in 1521 A.D. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—A hundred and seventy-five objects from Africa, the Americas, and the South Pacific representing birds, beasts, and fantastic creatures; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred color linoleum prints by Picasso, done from 1958 to 1963; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Works consisting of photographic documentation, labels, tape recordings, slides, maps, charts, and texts by thirty-one conceptual artists from seven different countries; through Aug. 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings and garments by a group of Chicago artists; through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ Contemporary paintings, prints, textiles, metal sculptures, and reliefs by thirteen artists working in West Africa; through Nov. 1. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—A four-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs—Wednesday, Aug. 12: Mario Bernardi conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Lili Kraus, piano, and Paul Ingraham, horn. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 13: A film, "The Life of Mozart.". . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 14-15: Julius Rudel conducting the orchestra, with Hans Richter-Haaser, piano, and Theodore Weis, trumpet. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 17, and Wednesday, Aug. 19: Sergiu Comissiona conducting the orchestra, with Paul Badura-Skoda and Jörg Demus, pianos, and Leslie Parnas, cello. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 18: The Messrs. Badura-Skoda and Demus in a recital of music for two pianos and piano four hands. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 20: A program of chamber music performed by Benita Valente, soprano; Mr. Demus; Charles Russo, clarinet; and David Schwartz, viola. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21-22: Geza Anda conducting the orchestra and acting as piano soloist in an all-Mozart program. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 29.)

BERKSHIRE BOY CHOIR—George Guest directing. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Tuesday, Aug. 18, at 4, in the Blumenthal Patio, and at 7:30, in the Medieval Sculpture Court. No tickets necessary.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

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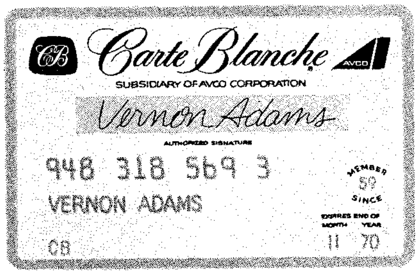
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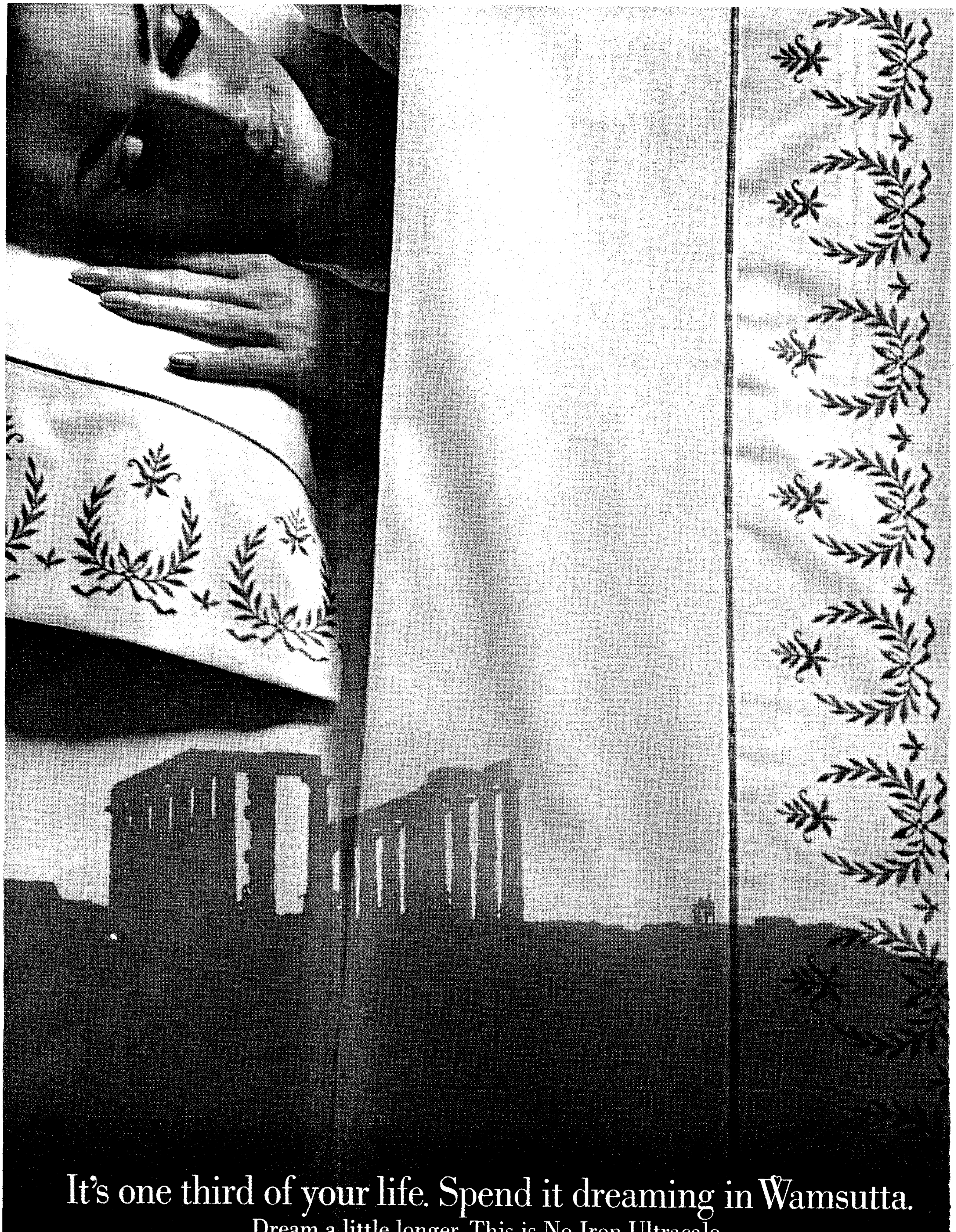

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

6th St. 777-5260. Wednesday, Aug. 12, at 8 and 11:30.

Pazant Brothers and Betty Barney—Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, Aug. 13, at 7:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

Procol Harum, Country Joe McDonald, and Toe Fat—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 14-15, at 8 and 11:30.

Moog Concert by Dick Hyman, and the Children of All Ages—Museum of Modern Art. Thursday, Aug. 20, at 7:30.

Youngbloods, Blues Image, and Tim Hardin—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21-22, at 8 and 11:30.

MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 734-1002 for news.)

New York Philharmonic—Final concerts in the parks, sponsored by the Schlitz beer people. This week and next, Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos will conduct Program III (Rossini, de Falla, Ravel, and Beethoven), with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. **CROCHERON PARK**, Bayside, Friday, Aug. 14, at 8:30. . . . **PROSPECT PARK**, Brooklyn, Sunday, Aug. 16, at 8:30. . . . **CLOVE LAKES PARK**, Staten Island, Monday, Aug. 17, at 8:30. . . . **BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL**, Bronx, Tuesday, Aug. 18, at 8:30.

Central Park Mall—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in the last in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursday, Aug. 13, and Sunday, Aug. 16, at 8.)

Wollman Rink—More beer music, this time the Schaefer brewery's annual summer upheaval, which ends Saturday, Aug. 22. Wednesday, Aug. 12, at 7 and 9:30: The Supremes and the Meters. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 14, at 7:30 and 10: The Everly Brothers and John Denver. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 15, at 7:30 and 10: Buffy Sainte-Marie and Dion. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 17, at 7 and 9:30: Mountain. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 21, at 7:30 and 10: The Guess Who and Kathy McCord. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 22, at 7:30 and 10: Fleetwood Mac, Blood Rock, and Zephyr. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in the last in this series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesday, Aug. 12, and Friday, Aug. 14, at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 14, at 7: Claude Frank, piano, in an all-Beethoven recital. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 14, at 9: William Steinberg conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: William Steinberg directing another all-Beethoven program, this one with Jerome Lowenthal, piano; Gwendolin Sims, soprano; Eunice Alberts, contralto; William Cochran, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass; the Chorus Pro Musica; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 16, at 2:30: Max Rudolf conducting still another all-Beethoven program, with Mr. Lowenthal. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 18, at 6: A concert by Santana, Miles Davis, and the Voices of East Harlem. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 21, at 7: A piano recital by Alexis Weissenberg. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 21, at 9: Gunther Schuller conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program, with Paul Zukofsky, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 22, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a varied program, with Mr. Weissenberg. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 23, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing a performance of Berlioz's Requiem, with Leopold Simoneau, tenor; the Tanglewood Festival Chorus; the Framingham Choral Society; and the M.I.T. Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final performances of the season by the Philadelphia Orchestra—Thursday, Aug. 13, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Rudolf Serkin, piano; Benita Valente, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; and others. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: Donald Johanos conducting a varied program, with Peter Nero, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy di-

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recting a performance of Mahler's Second Symphony, with Evelyn Mandac, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; the Capitol Hill Choral Society; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 16, at 3:30: Franz Allers conducting a Rodgers and Hammerstein program, with Joy Clements, soprano; Miss Simon; John Walker, tenor; and Bruce Yarnell, baritone. . . . [**NOTE:** Special performances will be given by the Ballets Africains on Monday, Aug. 17, at 8:30, and by Rod McKuen on Tuesday, Aug. 18, at 8:30.] . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 20, at 8:30: Daniel Barenboim conducting another all-Beethoven program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 21, at 8:30: Daniel Barenboim conducting a varied program, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 22, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting a varied program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 23, at 3:30: Julius Rudel conducting a Verdi-Puccini program, with Gilda Cruz-Romo, soprano, and John Alexander, tenor. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 15: The Murray Louis Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 18-22: The Dance Théatre of Harlem. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Aug. 12, at 8, and Thursday, Aug. 13, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, Aug. 14, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 15-16, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Mets, Monday, Aug. 17, at 7 (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sandlot baseball). . . . **shea stadium:** Mets vs. Houston, Tuesday, Aug. 18, at 8:05, and Wednesday, Aug. 19, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Friday, Aug. 21, at 8:05, and Saturday, Aug. 22, at 2:15.

Golf—U.S.G.A. Women's Amateur Championship. (Wee Burn Country Club, Darien. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 17-22.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **saratoga:** Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 29. The Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 15, and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 22. . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Buses to the track leave the Consolidated Bus Terminal, 201 W. 41st St., between 9:30 and 11:30.) . . . **liberty bell,** Philadelphia: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 22. (Buses to the track leave the Port Authority Bus Terminal, Eighth Ave. at 41st St., between 9:45 and 11.)

Sports-Car Racing—At **watkins glen:** Saturday, Aug. 15, at 1, and Sunday, Aug. 16, at 1:30. . . . **lime rock park,** Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Aug. 22, at 1.

Tennis—U.S.L.T.A. Men's Amateur Grass Court Championships. (Meadow Club, Southampton. Through Sunday, Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania Open Lawn Tennis Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 17-23.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 17. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 14.

Yachting—America's Cup final trials. (Newport, R.I. Starting Tuesday, Aug. 18.) . . . ¶ Australia vs. France, in an elimination series for the right to challenge the United States in the America's Cup races. (Newport. Starting Friday, Aug. 21.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next several weeks; there may, however, be periodic meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays.

]

(General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

WALKING TOURS—"Lower Broadway," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, Aug. 16. Meets outside the Bowling Green subway station at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Wednesday, Aug. 12 at 2 and 5:30: "Nanook of the North" (1922), directed and photographed by Robert Flaherty; and "Drifters" (1929), directed by John Grierson....¶ Aug. 13 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Mother" (1926), a Russian film, directed by V. Pudovkin....¶ Aug. 14 at 2 and 5:30: "Nanook of the North" (1922) and "Drifters" (1929)....¶ Aug. 15 at 11:30: "Prelude to War" (1943) and "Divide and Conquer" (1942), directed by Frank Capra and Anatole Litvak as part of the U.S. War Department's "Why We Fight" series....¶ Aug. 15 at 3 and 5:30: "Mother" (1926)....¶ Aug. 16 at 2 and 5:30: "The Crowd" (1928), directed by King Vidor. ...¶ Aug. 17 at 1:30: "Zvenigora" (1928), a Russian film, directed by Aleksander Dovzhenko....¶ Aug. 17 at 3:30: "The Bridge" (1928), "Rain" (1929), and "Portrait of a Young Man" (1931)....¶ Aug. 17 at 6 and Aug. 18 at 2: "The Mollycoddle" (1920), directed by Victor Fleming, with Douglas Fairbanks and Wallace Beery.... ¶ Aug. 18 at 5:30: "The Crowd" (1928). ...¶ Aug. 19 at 2 and 5:30: "Zvenigora" (1928)....¶ Aug. 20 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Broken Blossoms" (1919), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Aug. 12: "Run for Cover" (1955), with James Cagney and Viveca Lindfors....¶ Aug. 13: "The Spoilers" (1942), with Marlene Dietrich and Randolph Scott....¶ Aug. 14: "Horizon West" (1952), with Robert Ryan and Julie Adams....¶ Aug. 15: "Man Without a Star" (1955), with Kirk Douglas and Jeanne Crain....¶ Aug. 16: "The Far Country" (1955), with James Stewart and Ruth Roman....¶ Aug. 19: "Destry Rides Again" (1939), with Marlene Dietrich and James Stewart....¶ Aug. 20: "Bend of the River" (1952), with James Stewart and Arthur Kennedy. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St.—A five-week series of international films from the Cinémathèque Française, in Paris, Aug. 12 at 6: Feyder's "Crainquebille" (France, 1922)....¶ Aug. 12 at 9: Bougermouh's "Ten Years of Hell" (Algeria, 1968; no English titles)....¶ Aug. 13 at 6: Brass's "L'Urlo" (Italy, 1970)....¶ Aug. 13 at 9: Hondo's "Soleil O" (Mauritania, 1970).... ¶ Aug. 14 at 6: Murnau's "Faust" (Germany, 1926)....¶ Aug. 14 at 9: Rochlin's "Paradise Now" (United States, 1970).... ¶ Aug. 15 at 6: Semon's "The Wizard of Oz" (United States, 1925)....¶ Aug. 15 at 9: Mallku's "The Blood of the Condor" (Bolivia, 1969; no English titles)....¶ Aug. 16 at 6: Walsh's "The Big Trail" (United States, 1930)....¶ Aug. 16 at 9: Lang's "Liliom" (United States, 1930)....¶ Aug. 17 at 6: Pick's "Scherben" (Germany, 1920). ...¶ Aug. 17 at 9: Stangerup's "Give God a Chance on Sundays" (Denmark, 1970).... ¶ Aug. 18 at 6: DeMille's "Manslaughter" (United States, 1922; no English titles). ...¶ Aug. 18 at 9: DeMille's "Male and Female" (United States, 1919; no English titles)....¶ Aug. 19 at 6: Kulechov's "2 Bold 2" (Russia, 1929)....¶ Aug. 19 at 9: Sen's "Bhubam Shome" (India, 1969)....¶ Aug. 20 at 6: Shankar's "Kalpana" (India, 1948). ...¶ Aug. 20 at 9: Rossellini's "India" (Italy, 1954; French titles only). (For information about tickets, call 879-5500, Ext. 656.)... **EISNER AND LUBIN AUDITORIUM**, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.—Additional films from the Cinémathèque Française are being shown Mondays through Fridays, except Wednesday, Aug. 12, at 2 and 4. For information about programs, call 598-3015.

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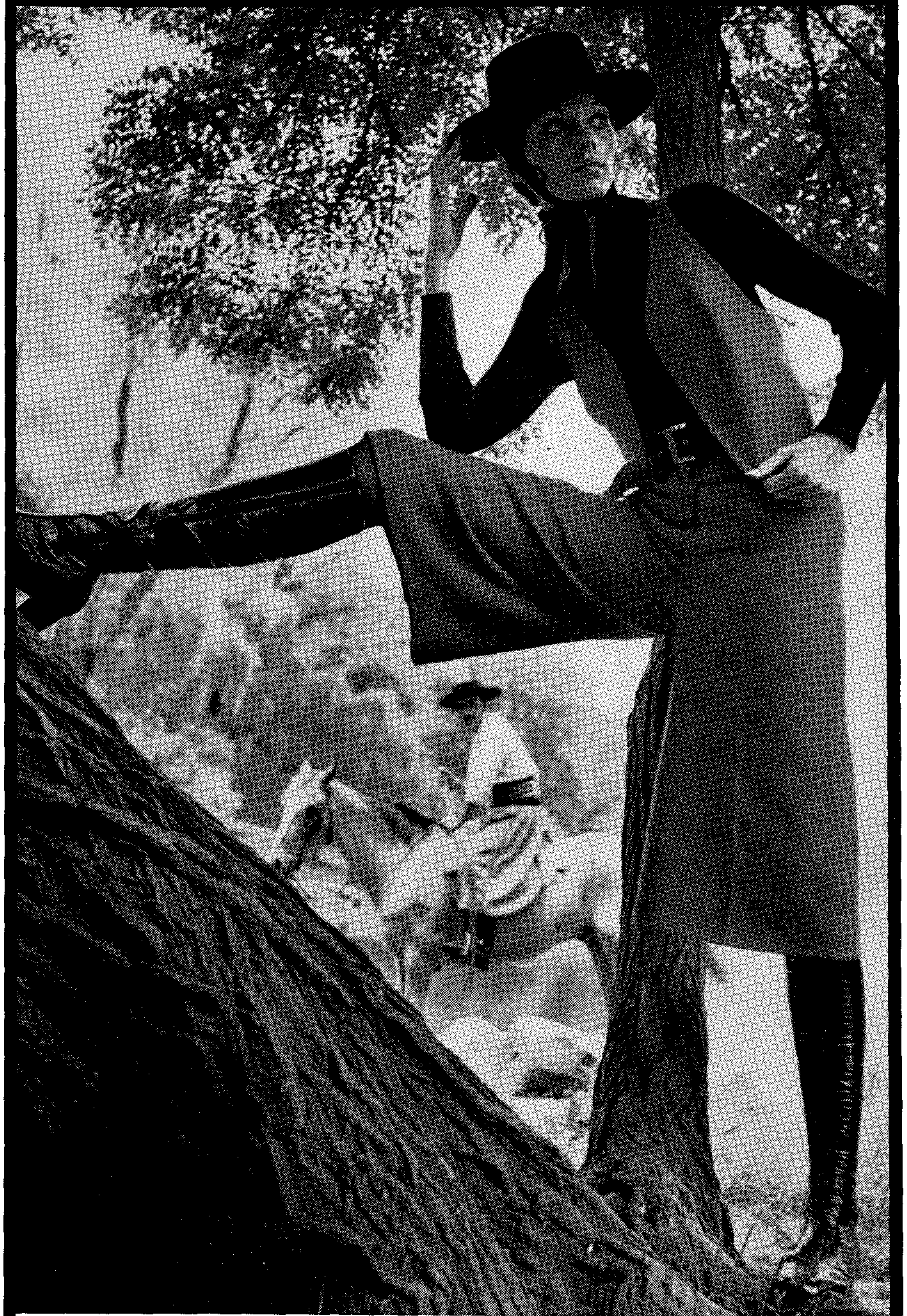

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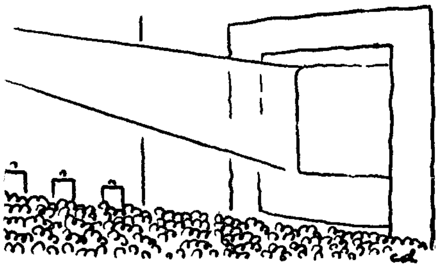

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16	17	18	19	20		

The African Queen (1951)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart, as a gin-soaked river-boat captain, and Katharine Hepburn as an ironclad spinster named Rosie. It's a great comedy-romance. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 13-19.)

Alphaville (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard ventures into science fiction with mixed results. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 15.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart (married to Gina Lollobrigida), a pack of uranium swindlers that includes Robert Morley and Peter Lorre, and a compulsive liar played by a blond Jennifer Jones. These are just a few of the oddly assorted ingredients in this classic put-on international thriller written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed by the latter. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 12.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice (1969)—A very commercial but also very funny American comedy on modern sexual mores. Dyan Cannon and Elliott Gould give a classic portrait of a dreadful modern marriage; Robert Culp and Natalie Wood are the other couple. Written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Mazursky directed. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Aug. 19.)

The Boys in the Band—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a butch faggot, a nellie faggot, a hustler, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. (Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 15.)

Les Carabiniers (1963)—A Jean-Luc Godard film about two numbered soldiers who are pleased to go to war because of the chances it offers, in their Candide reckoning. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 13.)

Catch-22—Political and moral omens of the present in the absurd situation of a Second World War American bomber squadron at loose ends. Directed by Mike Nichols. Alan Arkin is perfect as Captain Yossarian. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; and Paramount, B'way at 61st, 247-5071.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade (1968)—Tony Richardson's satirical epic on the Crimean War—and on the English. Written by Charles Wood. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 16.)

La Chinoise (1967)—Jean-Luc Godard's fast, clever political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. His fourteenth feature film, and one of his best. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 18.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, sometimes maddening film about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey." With Brigitte Bardot, Michel Piccoli, and Jack Palance. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 14.)

Cotton Comes to Harlem—Grave Digger Jones and Coffin Ed Johnson, two New York City police detectives, on the trail of various villains. A mixture of hardboiled detective story and very broad farce, with an intricate plot skillfully directed by Ossie Davis. Based on the novel of Chester Himes and featuring Raymond St. Jacques, Godfrey Cambridge, Calvin Lockhart, and Redd Foxx. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Aug. 18.)

Cyrano de Bergerac (1950)—José Ferrer in a mediocre version of the Edmond Rostand play, directed by Michael Gordon, with Mala Powers, William Prince, and Morris Carnovsky. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 19.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's celebrated comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Aug. 18.)

Downhill Racer (1969)—How Robert Redford wins the Olympic downhill race. The story is thin but the ski footage is exciting, and the film has a lot of zip. Michael Ritchie directed. (Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd, SC 4-6745; starting Aug. 19.)

Dreams (1954)—Bergman on the battles of the sexes, with Eva Dahlbeck as a fashion editor and Harriet Andersson as a young model. The editor visits a former lover (Ulf Palme); the model gives an old goat (Gunnar Björnstrand) a run for his money. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 18.)

Easy Rider (1969)—Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper motorcycle east across America. With Jack Nicholson as a boozing liberal Southern lawyer. Directed by Dennis Hopper. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. Directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, Claudia Cardinale, and a harem. In Italian. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333; through Aug. 16.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A brilliant text by the late, young Joe Orton, scripted for film by Clive Exton, and directed by Douglas Hickox. The piece caused a furore in London when it opened on stage in 1964. Here it is marvellously acted, very funny, and forcibly shocking, with a knowingness that causes a degree of ruin now and then. Beryl Reid, Alan Webb, Harry Andrews, Peter McEnery. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

The Fox (1968)—Two lesbians (Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood) on a chicken farm, and along comes a marauding fox (Keir Dullea, with his voice lowered). If you haven't read the D. H. Lawrence novella, you might think that this was what it was about. Mark Rydell directed. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Aug. 18.)

Gaily, Gaily—Norman Jewison's frenzied version of Ben Hecht's reminiscences of Chicago yellow journalism. The richness of the material may still be glimpsed under the over-elaborate, cluttered production. With likeable young Beau Bridges and not-so-young but even more likeable Brian Keith, and Melina Mercouri as a harlot whose flashing eyes are rivalled only by her flashing teeth. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Aug. 18.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—Exquisitely designed and photographed, and directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa with a delicate feeling for flowing movement. The setting is twelfth-century Kyoto; the story, which resembles "The Rape of Lucrece," is about a warrior's passion for a married noblewoman (Machiko Kyo). In Japanese. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 13-17.)

Greetings (1968)—Brian De Palma's comedy about a draft evader. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 13-19.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Jorge Semprun wrote and Alain Resnais directed this ambivalent study of a failed radical. Yves Montand is a Communist courier who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. With Ingrid Thulin and Genevieve Bujold. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Aug. 17.)

Hello, Dolly!—The whole archaic big-musical circus surrounds a Happening—Barbra Streisand—and it's all worth seeing in order to see her. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting Aug. 19.)

The Idiot (1947)—The young Gérard Philipe is an extraordinarily sensitive Prince Myshkin, and Edwige Feuillère, that remarkable mistress of the language of gesture, is a spectacular Nastasya in this emotional, surprisingly effective version of the Dostoevski novel. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 14.)

M (1932)—Peter Lorre in a great, classic performance as a sexual psychopath. This famous thriller was directed by Fritz Lang. In German. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 14.)

Masculine Feminine (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's graceful, intuitive examination of the courtship rites of "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola." With Jean-Pierre Léaud as a young radical in love with Chantal Goya, a *yé-yé* singer. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 17.)

M*A*S*H—Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, and Tom Skerritt as hip Galahads—combat surgeons patching up casualties a few miles from the front during the Korean war. Robert Altman directed this loose, cheery, and scabrous comedy about how adolescent humor and games help to keep men sane in insane situations. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; and Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

My Life to Live (1962)—Anna Karina as a shopgirl who drifts into prostitution and doesn't do too well at it (though she looks lovely). Jean-Luc Godard's film has some brilliant moments—and some foolish ones. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 15.)

My Uncle (1958)—Jacques Tati's gentle, intermittently inventive satire about depersonalization, plastics, and modern design. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 17.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a dreamy, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). The last Federico Fellini film before his flamboyant style became overpowering, and perhaps his finest. In Italian. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333; through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 18.)

Ordet (1955)—A modern Resurrection, treated with extreme literalness by Carl Dreyer. Considered a masterpiece by many, interminable by others. From the Kaj Munk play. In Danish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 12.)

The Out-of-Towners—Prospective citizens of New York City come up against a holdup man named Murray, among other hazards of urban life. Jack Lemmon and Sandy Dennis. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; through Aug. 13.)

The Passion of Anna—A wonderful new piece of work by Ingmar Bergman, even better than "Persona." The new film does without Bergman's familiar apparatus of symbols and occultism. Its powerful theology is conveyed simply through the intensity of its watch on behavior. Its clear sight of characters in predicaments irremediably their own—in the uttering of lies for anxious reasons, in re-enactments of past crises that make them unable to move and to renew their lives—is expressive about Bergman's wish that people should extend charity to themselves. Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, and Bibi Andersson are all at the top of their powers, seen in continual closeups that are like the stare of conscience. In Swedish. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through Aug. 18.)

The Passion of Joan of Arc (1927)—One of the few truly great films; Carl Dreyer based the script on the trial records and, keeping the camera close to the fleshly faces of Joan and her persecutors, subtly—and shockingly—linked eroticism to religious persecution. Ma-

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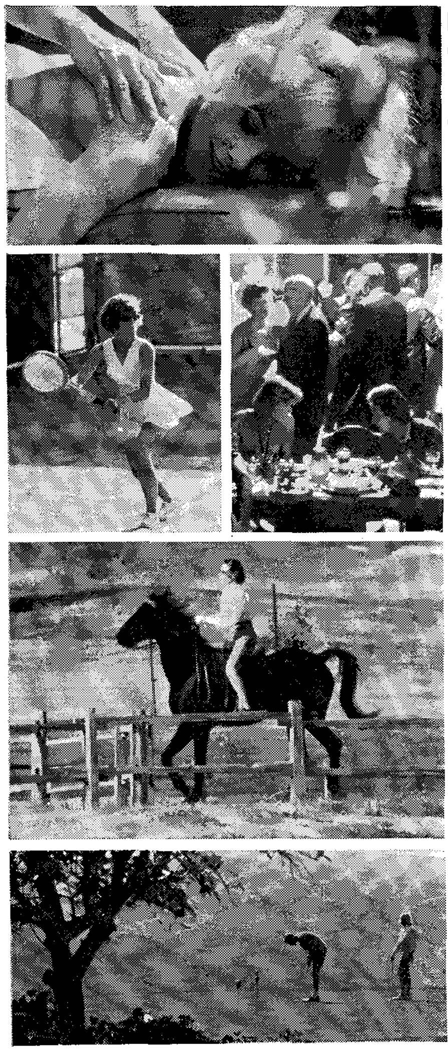

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Home of the Tournament of Champions

ria Falconetti's Joan may be the finest performance ever recorded on film. With Antonin Artaud. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 12.)

Pather Panchali (1954)—The first film by Satyajit Ray—beautiful, sometimes funny, and full of love; an extraordinary beginning in the career of a modern master. This reverie about the life of an impoverished Brahman family in a Bengali village brought a new vision of India to the screen. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 20.)

Patton—This huge epic was made in a style that might be called imperial; it's very impressive, despite the indications that it was designed to satisfy both war lovers and pacifists. It begs every question that it raises. George C. Scott is Patton; Franklin J. Schaffner directed. (U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100.)

Le Petit Soldat (1960)—Godard's first foray into politics, with romance and political extremism and torture and talk of cinema all suspended in an Existential mixture. Technically an innovative work, but humanly a baffling one. With Anna Karina and Michel Subor. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 12.)

Portrait of Jason (1967)—A Negro homosexual hustler talks directly to Shirley Clarke's camera crew in this monologue film. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Aug. 20.)

The Revolutionary—A good film by Paul Williams, aged twenty-five, about the progression of a middle-class student from a bookish left-winger into a radical agitator. The film is set vaguely in present-day America, but there is also a tang of Europe and the Old Left, and the casting mixes yippies with people who look authentically like the C.P. members of the thirties. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, 877-4040; starting Aug. 19.)

La Ronde (1950)—Love makes the world go 'round in Max Ophuls' romantic, intricate, and rather tired version of the Schnitzler play, and the actors who move from one affair to the next include Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, Jean-Louis Barrault, Daniel Gélin, and Simone Simon. This 1950 film had censorship trouble and was cut in the hey-day of its art-house fame; this version includes the cut footage. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Aug. 20.)

Room at the Top (1958)—Jack Clayton's capable, intelligent version of the John Braine novel was one of the break-through English films of the late fifties that got out of the studios and into modern England. Laurence Harvey is the social and economic climber who sacrifices Simone Signoret on the way up; their extraordinarily convincing scenes together are among the best love scenes in movies. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 13.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece: a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Aug. 20.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Overdirected (by Karel Reisz) and with too many set pieces, this study of working-class energies and frustrations has the advantages of Albert Finney as the hero and a fine cast that includes Rachel Roberts, Norman Rossington, and Shirley Anne Field. Alan Sillitoe adapted his own novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 13.)

Scorpio Rising (1966)—Kenneth Anger's account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult, with a witty musical track. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 12.)

The Silence (1964)—Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are sisters travelling together in this Ingmar Bergman film—one of those that are generally (and accurately) described as bleak and brooding. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 12.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—Robert Walker, in brilliant, perverse form, as dear, degenerate Bruno, and Farley Granger as Guy, the tennis player, in Hitchcock's best American thriller, which—thanks to the elegant Raymond Chandler dialogue—is also his most malicious. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 13-19.)

The Strawberry Statement—One way of looking at student "unrest": fondly, and as a matter of pure emotions untainted by brains. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Swing Time (1936)—Rogers and Astaire at their peak as a team. The continuity is functional and uninspired, but the numbers are sublime ("The Way You Look Tonight," "Bojangles of Harlem," "A Fine Romance," "Pick Yourself Up," "Never Gonna Dance"). George Stevens directed; the songs are by Dorothy Fields and Jerome Kern; and the cast includes Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 18-19.)

Tom Jones (1963)—Tony Richardson whizzes through the Fielding novel, but he pauses long enough for a great lewd eating scene. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 16.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. This is the one with "The Piccolino," as well as "Isn't This a Lovely Day—to Be Caught in the Rain?" and "Cheek to Cheek;" and it's a lovely movie. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 18-19.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' brand of outrageousness is especially unsuited to the matter-of-fact horror of the Kafka novel, but he manages some striking effects. With Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 12.)

Ugetsu (1953)—Kenji Mizoguchi's complex, violent, and at times magical fable of an artist-potter (Masayuki Mori), a phantom lady (Machiko Kyo), and the family he left behind. Heavy going in spots, but with marvellous passages that are worth a bit of patience. In Japanese. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 13-17.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her confirmation day, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 12.)

Volpone (1939)—Louis Jouvet is the shameless, swindling Mosca to the crafty, raucous old Volpone of the great Harry Baur, but they both seem tired, and the Ben Jonson satire is weighed down by the lavish production. The cast includes Jacqueline Delubac and Charles Dullin. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 19.)

The White Sheik (1951)—An affectionate satire on glamour and delusion by Fellini—pleasant but a little flat. Brunella Bova is the star-struck bride who leaves her husband on their honeymoon when she meets a cheap actor—Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance. With Giulietta Masina and Leopoldo Trieste. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 20.)

A Woman Is a Woman (1961)—A parody-imitation of an American musical: an experiment that Godard, fortunately, never repeated. With Anna Karina, Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy, and all too damned cute. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 16.)

Woodstock—An amiable gloss on the Woodstock Festival, which was the mob scene we got away with. None of the troubles are shown, none of the muddles of organization, none of the freak-outs. Michael Wadleigh directs. The good-natured hippies who put up with so much are depicted in a way that is perfectly true, but not enough of the whole truth, so that the picture emerges with an odd obsequiousness to the law-and-order paternalists who want mostly manners out of the young. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; starting Aug. 19.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's an entertaining catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

Z—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras' extraordinary thriller is based on recent Greek history. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON PREVIOUS PAGES

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Z (in French).

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"Censorship in Denmark: A New Approach," a documentary film.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
YELLOW SUBMARINE; and "Let It Be," the Beatles.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Aug. 18: **COTTON COMES TO HARLEM**; and **GAILY, GAILY**.
From Aug. 19: **BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE**; and "Otley" (1969), Tom Courtenay.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 13: **THE OUT-OF-TOWNERS**.
From Aug. 14: "Getting Straight," Candice Bergen, Elliott Gould.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
EASY RIDER.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Joe," Peter Boyle.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
M*A*S*H.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
CATCH-22.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Performance," Mick Jagger, James Fox.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
ENTERTAINING MR. SLOANE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Aug. 16: "Rider on the Rain" (in French), Charles Bronson.
From Aug. 17: "Pound," a Robert Downey film.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Move," Elliott Gould, Paula Prentiss.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx," Gene Wilder.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Bird with the Crystal Plumage," Tony Musante, Suzy Kendall.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
THE BOYS IN THE BAND.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Aug. 12: "Getting Straight," Candice Bergen, Elliott Gould.
From Aug. 13: "Borsalino" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Alain Delon.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Diary of a Mad Housewife," Richard Benjamin.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Virgin and the Gypsy," Joanna Shimkus, Franco Nero.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Lovers and Other Strangers."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 15: "101 Dalmatians" (1961), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.
From Aug. 16: "Dreams of Glass," John Denos.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
PATTON.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Up in the Cellar," Wes Stern, Joan Collins.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"On a Clear Day You Can See Forever," Barbra Streisand, Yves Montand.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Boatniks," Robert Morse.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 12: **SCORPIO RISING**; and "Brand X," Taylor Mead, Sally Kirkland.
Aug. 13-19: **GREETINGS**; and "Hi, Mom!," Robert De Niro.
From Aug. 20: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Airport," Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Aug. 12: **LE PETIT SOLDAT** (in French).
Aug. 13: **LES CARABINIERS** (in French).
Aug. 14: **CONTEMPT** (in French).
Aug. 15: **ALPHAVILLE** (in French).
Aug. 16: **A WOMAN IS A WOMAN** (in French).
Aug. 17: **MASCULINE FEMININE** (in French).
Aug. 18: **LA CHINOISE** (in French).
From Aug. 19: "Rider on the Rain" (in French), Charles Bronson.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Aug. 17: **LA GUERRE EST FINIE**.
From Aug. 18: "The Rise of Louis XIV" (in French).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Aug. 13: **THE OUT-OF-TOWNERS**.
From Aug. 14: "Getting Straight," Candice Bergen, Elliott Gould.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Aug. 12: **THE VIRGIN SPRING** and **THE SILENCE** (both in Swedish).
Aug. 13-17: **GATE OF HELL** and **UGETSU** (both in Japanese).
Aug. 18-19: **TOP HAT**; and **SWING TIME**.
From Aug. 20: **LA RONDE** and **RULES OF THE GAME** (both in French).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Aug. 18: "Too Late the Hero," Michael Caine, Cliff Robertson.
From Aug. 19: **WOODSTOCK**.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Aug. 18: **DR. STRANGELOVE**.
From Aug. 19: **HELLO, DOLLY!**

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Darling Lili," Julie Andrews, Rock Hudson.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Soldier Blue," Candice Bergen.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Out of It," Barry Gordon, Jon Voight.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
M*A*S*H.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Angel Levine," Zero Mostel, Harry Belafonte.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Ann and Eve," Gio Petré.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Aug. 16: **8½** and **NIGHTS OF CABIRIA** (both in Italian).
From Aug. 17: "The Swimming Pool" (in French), Alain Delon, Romy Schneider.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Something for Everyone," Angela Lansbury, Michael York.

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5071)
CATCH-22.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Aug. 18: "They Call Me Mister Tibbs!," Sidney Poitier, Martin Landau.
From Aug. 19: **THE REVOLUTIONARY**.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Aug. 18: **THE PASSION OF ANNA** (in Swedish).
From Aug. 19: "Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon," Liza Minnelli.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Aug. 18: "Paint Your Wagon" (1969), Lee Marvin, Clint Eastwood; and "The Brain" (1969), David Niven, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Aug. 19: **DOWNHILL RACER**; and "Jenny," Marlo Thomas, Alan Alda.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 12: **THE TRIAL**; and **BEAT THE DEVIL**.
Aug. 13-19: **THE AFRICAN QUEEN**; and **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**.
From Aug. 20: **PORTRAIT OF JASON**; and "Lonesome Cowboys" (1969), an Andy Warhol film.

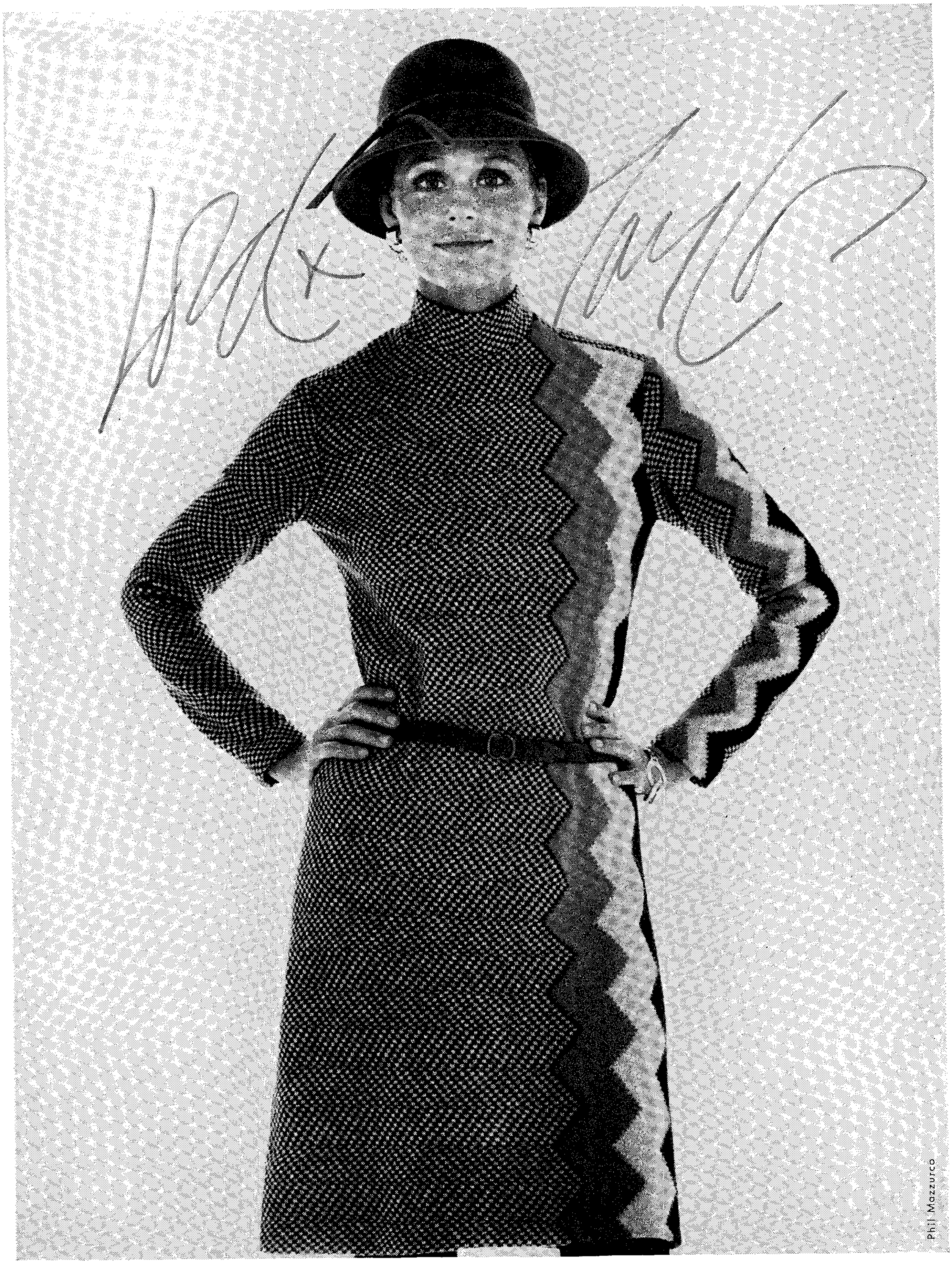
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 18: **THE FOX**; and "The Ballad of Cable Hogue," Jason Robards, Stella Stevens.
From Aug. 19: "The Christine Jorgensen Story," John Hansen; and "Lock Up Your Daughters" (1969), Christopher Plummer, Susannah York.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 12: **THE PASSION OF JOAN OF ARC**; and **ORDET** (in Danish).
Aug. 13: **ROOM AT THE TOP**; and **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING**.
Aug. 14: **THE IDIOT** (in French); and **M** (in German).
Aug. 15: **BREATHLESS** and **MY LIFE TO LIVE** (both in French).
Aug. 16: **THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE**; and **TOM JONES**.
Aug. 17: **MY UNCLE** (in French); and "My Wife's Husband" (1965; in French), Fernandel, Bourvil.
Aug. 18: **NIGHTS OF CABIRIA** (in Italian); and **DREAMS** (in Swedish).
Aug. 19: **CYRANO DE BERGERAC**; and **VOLPONE** (in French).
Aug. 20: **PATHER PANCHALI** (in Bengali); and **THE WHITE SHEIK** (in Italian).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Z (in French).

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Persian replica. Just one of the remarkable prints re-created from Oriental rugs and tapestries by Bob Goldworm for S.F.A. Here, capturing the Eastern spirit in gold-and-blue or wine-and-green, on the lightest chiffon wool knit. 6 to 16 sizes, $80. The Knit Shop.



Phil Mazzurco

DESIGNER BOUTIQUES AT LORD & TAYLOR makes a bold statement for fall in black-and-white checks zig-zagged with red and white. It's Chuck Howard Boutique's wear-everywhere dress, in wool and angora rabbit hair, 110.00 Designer Boutiques, Third Floor, and all Lord & Taylor stores.

THE NEW YORKER

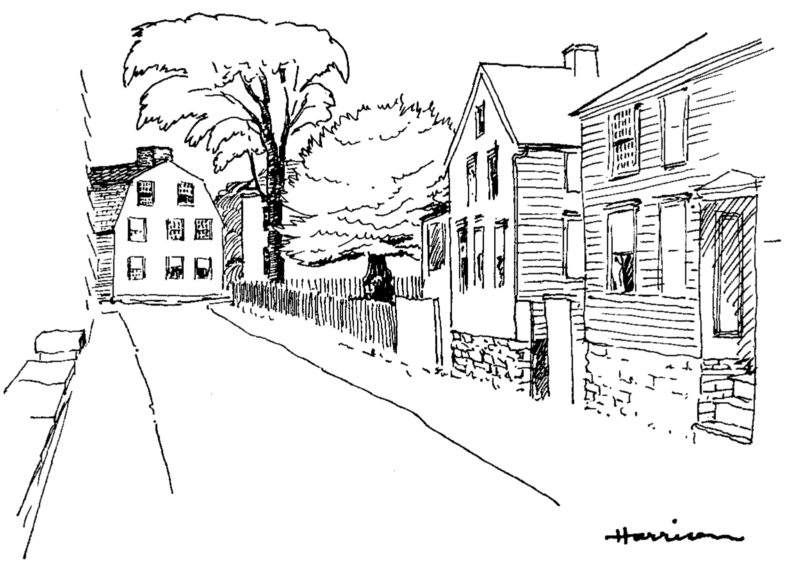
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LETTER from a Boston friend who, with his family, owns and sails a thirty-three-foot yawl: "Pulpit Harbor is a small anchorage on the western shore of North Haven Island, in Penobscot Bay. The place is much used and loved by cruising Maine sailors, who know it as a snug berth in every kind of weather; it has also been celebrated as a favorite nesting ground of Cabots (*Brahmin bostoniensis*) and ospreys (*Pandion haliaetus*). A pair of the latter have customarily maintained residence in an enormous nest perched on top of the steep, elevated brown ledge that lies just southwest of the channel entrance and gives the harbor its name. The nest is a thick, rubbishy stack of jumbled sticks and twigs which looks as if it had just been raked together from a woodlot after a windstorm. Its transient look is entirely illusory, however. I first saw this osprey's nest more than thirty years ago, and the reliable *Cruising Guide to the New England Coast* states that the nest, by local report, has been in use for more than three hundred years, which means that it is certainly the oldest seaport residence anywhere between Castine and Camden. I must add, though, that this long tenancy has not been continuous. Starting about ten years ago, I began to notice that ospreys, which are fishing hawks, were less frequently to be seen soaring above a nearby black-green island headland or plummeting in a splashy dive into the shallow water of our evening cove. Then (almost the very next summer, it seemed) I saw no ospreys at all on our annual two-week cruise—not even in the famous nest at Pulpit. I remember coming in there often in recent years and looking up at the familiar spiky old compost heap on that rock and finding it deserted—finding a part of summer empty. It was the old story, of course—the old *new* story: ospreys are fish-eaters, and fish, minutely and accidentally, are DDT-eaters. The DDT had caused more and more osprey eggs to be infertile; the birds were endangered, suddenly rare.

"I skipped Pulpit Harbor last summer, but two weeks ago we stood in there under power at the end of the afternoon after beating all day against a stiff southerly. I was up forward, preparing to take in the jib, when I became aware of a shape somewhere above me in the chilly air. Holding the forestay with one hand, I peered up and saw a big osprey sailing in for Pulpit on a course parallel with ours. There was no mistaking him—the heavy, dangerous body, the crooked scimitar wings, the powerful and purposeful flight. Just to help us make the identification sure, he had a freshly caught mackerel in his talons, carried neatly fore and aft, and still gleaming from the sea. I yelled and pointed. My wife, at the helm, yelled and waved. Our fourteen-year-old son yelled and jumped up and down. A few minutes later, with sails furled, we chugged in under the lee of Pulpit Rock and saw the osprey and his mate on the nest; there was no way of knowing whether there were any young birds down inside the deep nest, but both of the ospreys seemed to be looking at something there.

"That's all there is to tell, really. The next morning, when we left, we saw both birds out fishing over the flat, shining morning water, one of them far off and one very close. We watched as the nearer one flapped and soared, flapped and soared, and then somehow paused, fluttering, dead in the air, before suddenly dropping like a falling boulder sixty feet down and into the water—*splash!*—after his breakfast. Before our cruise ended, ten days later, we saw seven more ospreys. I am not an ornithologist or a marine biologist or (any more than we all have become of late) an environmentalist, so I cannot interpret this true report. These nine chance birds do not constitute redress or a countertrend to a decade made hawkless by progress and chemicals and stupidity, and what we saw at Pulpit Harbor this year may well continue to live in our memories only because it will prove to have been an accident—the last, chance flutter of something that is in fact already lost forever. But maybe not. That's what I keep telling myself: maybe not. I know that with DDT, at least, we have been doing a little better. Less of it, I have read, is being used and getting into the water and into bays and fishes and birds. I also know that all of



us need a little good news right now about what's left of our world and about our chances of turning things around in the end, before we find ourselves entirely alone in the quiet, wild places of summertime. What we need, along with courage and determination and anger, is a little hope. And hope, somebody once wrote, is the thing with feathers."

Immunity

IT has come to our attention that the sister who does the food buying for an upper East Side nunnery, where she resides with twelve other handmaids of the Lord, on occasion picks up TV dinners at the local supermarket. We find that fact arresting in itself, but we are further informed that when she unloaded her choice at the checkout counter the other day, the clerk, after assaying it, looked up in alarm. "Hey, thirteen's bad lu—" he began, in protest, and then he quickly reconsidered. "Well, I suppose it's O.K. in your case," he added.

Silly String

A PUBLIC-RELATIONS man who signs his letters "Best regards, Tony" sent us two cans of Silly String, a new product from the Wham-O Manufacturing Company. Wham-O are the folks responsible for Frisbees, Hula Hoops, Super Balls, etc. We sent the cans over to Talk-O'-The-Town Consumer Testing Institute, Inc., a wholly owned, non-profit subsidiary of this department, with offices near Manhattan's Hotel Mansfield.

Twenty minutes later, we received the following report:

TALK-O'-THE-TOWN CONSUMER
TESTING INSTITUTE, INC.

Talk-O' tests only products sent unsolicited by public-relations men. Ratings are based on exhaustive laboratory tests, controlled-use tests, and/but primarily on expert judgments. Other laboratories will tell you that no test results can provide infallible guidance. Talk-O' does not make that claim.

Products are rated over-all according to the following scale: Preferred, Acceptable, Not Acceptable, Bummer.

Facts and Figures:

Product name—Silly String
Manufacturer—Wham-O Mfg. Co.
Container—Aerosol can
Weight—4 oz.
Choice of colors—Day-Glo pink and Day-Glo green.

Ratings on Manufacturer's Claims:

"Squirting Plastic Fun!" and "¼ Mile of Plastic Fun!"—Frankly, we found Silly String to be more like two or three blocks of mild amusement. Instead of producing the toothpaste-like strands promised on the label, our Silly String tended to squirt like Jackson Pollock drippings, and, on the few occasions it did form "string," demonstrated an impractically low tensile strength.

"Make Little Animals! Puff Into Shapes!"—In a number of tries, we were unable to make a little animal anywhere near the complexity of the grinning pig illustrated in the instructions. Our animals were of a lower order, resembling one-celled creatures of the phylum that reproduces by fission or budding.

"More Fun Than Throwing Custard Pie!"—We have never thrown a custard pie, but, recalling the "Soupy Sales Show," we judge Silly String to be less fun than throwing custard pie. We would, however, regard Silly String as more fun than its leading competitor, Crazy Foam.

"Decorate Your Bike!"—Unfortunately, we had no access to a bicycle in our nineteenth-floor laboratory, but we did successfully scrawl a number of slogans on the walls, and so determined, to our complete satisfaction, that Silly String is excellent for decorating most things, including bicycles.

Other:

Jiffy Costumes—Noting how well Silly String adhered to skin, we conceived of "jiffy costumes," which could be whipped up in scant seconds by merely spraying the product directly onto the regions to be garbed. Caution is advised, however, since Silly String is somewhat difficult to remove, often requiring, as the back of the can advises, the use of "ordinary paint thinner."

Staying Power—Staying power was deemed to be high. Hours after the experiment, shards of Silly String that had escaped from the laboratory could still be found on the sidewalk of West 44th Street.

Final Rating:

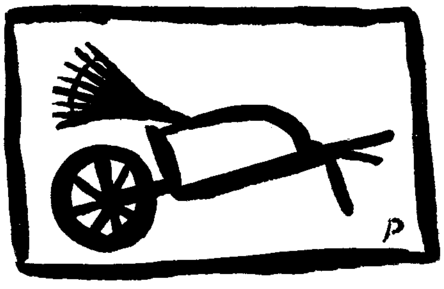
Acceptable

Additional Comments:

Although it was not mentioned by the Wham-O Mfg. Co. people, we would judge the best use of Silly String to be as instant ticker tape during ticker-tape parades, provided the parade participants had an ample supply of ordinary paint thinner.

Adaptation

A FRIEND tells us that he had the pleasure of observing on Job's Lane, in Southampton, the other weekend a young dandy in the modern mode with a gold chain around his turtled neck and, suspended from the chain, a Phi Beta Kappa key.



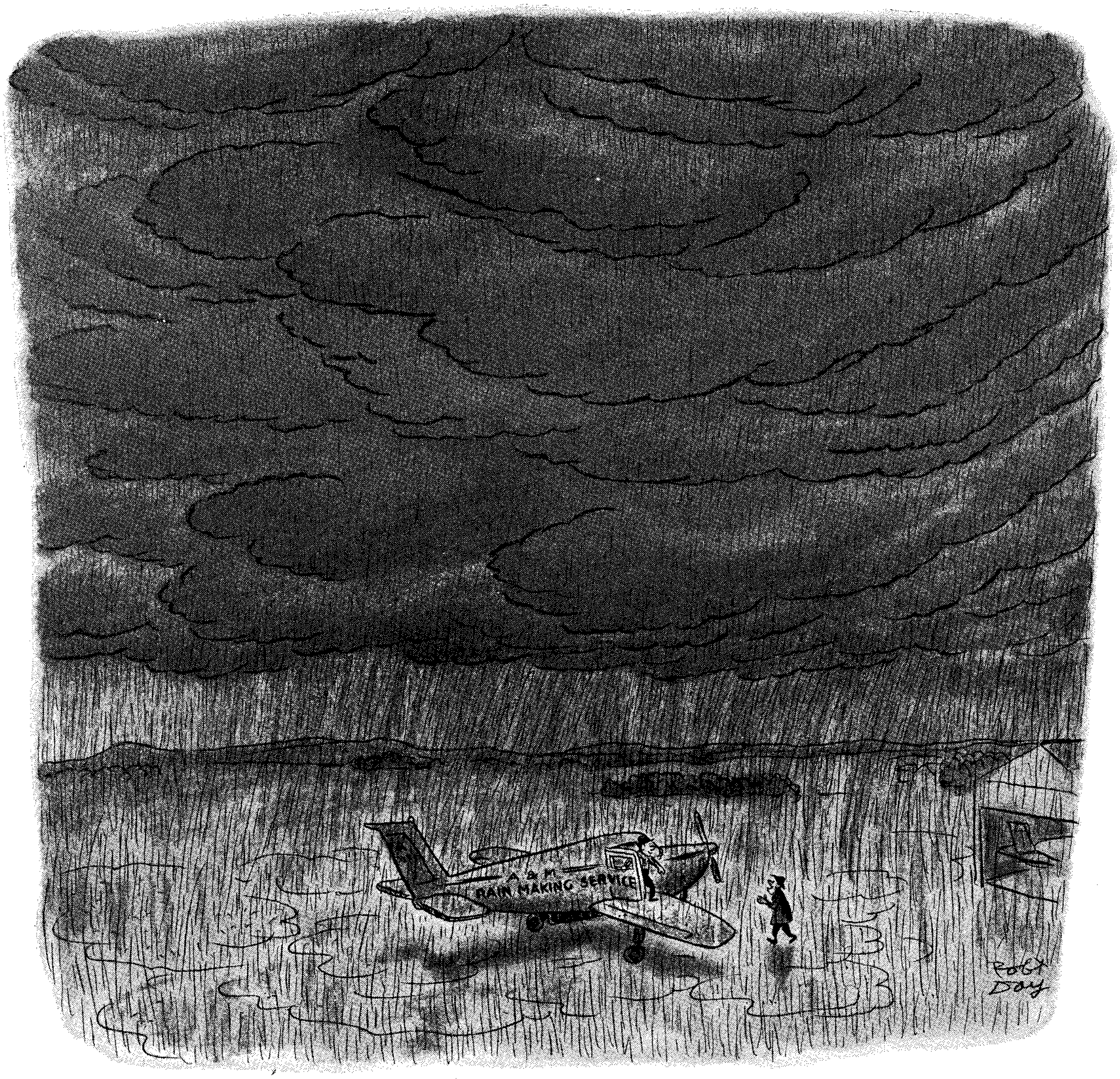
Lunch at Ten-Thirty

ONE day recently, the sanitationmen of Section 305, District 30, in Brooklyn, who as often as not get nothing but grief from the people they serve, got a free lunch instead. The lunch was provided by the Seventh Avenue Neighbors Association as its way of thanking men who do a notoriously thankless job. The Association is proud of its neighborhood, which it describes on its letterhead as "Gateway to Park Slope—A Great Place to Live, Work, and Love." Sanitationmen generally work from six in the morning until two in the afternoon, with a half-hour break for lunch at ten-thirty. Seventeen of them arrived precisely on time at 12 Seventh Avenue, just off Flatbush, and traipsed through the house to the garden in back, where they were greeted by Emile James, the owner of the house, and some two dozen of his neighbors. A table on the wooden back porch was set with fruit, potato salad, homemade sandwiches, and paper plates, and a big pail nearby was filled with ice and bottles of beer provided by the F. & M. Schaefer Brewing Company.

An initial shyness among both groups faded away quickly, and within a few minutes everybody was sitting in the garden, eating and chatting. We sat next to Ralph Brasco, a rangy man with plenty of laugh lines around his eyes, who has been with the Department of Sanitation for ten years. "I was surprised when I heard they were going to do this," Mr. Brasco told us. "Sometimes people bring out coffee and doughnuts when we're having a cleanup drive, but that's when they're getting special attention. This is out of the blue—it's just for everyday service, and everyday service hasn't been all that great, either. It's nice. It's nice to see people showing a little respect for the men."

At eleven, the foreman, Andrew Somma, decided to extend the lunch break half an hour. We asked Mr. Somma whether anything like this had ever happened to him before.

"Hmm," he said, and he thought for a few moments. "I've been in the Department twenty-two years—three years in this district." He thought for another few moments. "When I was in District 45, there was a block party on Ocean Parkway. That was seventeen years ago."



"A good job well done, I'd say."

• •

On the porch, Fred Loetterle, a young reporter from the *News*, was interviewing Mrs. Audrey Wilson, vice-president of the Seventh Avenue Neighbors Association, and Sam Azadian, who, as chairman of the Mayor's Urban Task Force for South Brooklyn, maintains liaison between the city and about a hundred community organizations.

"We just wanted to have a display of humanity," Mrs. Wilson said. "We depend on them and they depend on us."

"Once people realize that not only can you organize but you can organize and *do* something, there's no stopping them," Mr. Azadian said.

"This is beautiful," said Mr. Loetterle, who has long hair and a big, bushy beard. "It reminds me of Woodstock."

We joined a group of sanitationmen who were talking about the pros and cons of their work.

"It's a good job but a dangerous job," said Robert Miller. "They say we have more injuries than anyone except lumberjacks. And working with the public is rough. The only time they really remember you is when they're trying to go to work and your truck holds them up."

"I saw a story in a Catholic paper about who the children have as their heroes," said Jerry Primiano. "This isn't to say anything against the firemen or the police, but the story said it was the garbagemen. The children are fascinated with the trucks—especially the one with the water that cleans the streets. We are the heroes of the children."

Michael Taranto, a former college football player, who was a high-school physical-education teacher before becoming a sanitationman, demonstrated the proper technique of opening a garbage can. "You're supposed to do it like this, because of the rats," he said, holding an imaginary garbage can cover in front of his chest, like a shield. "A rat will panic just as much as you panic."

After the sanitationmen left, emptying three garbage cans on their way out, most of the neighbors stayed to talk. "We've tried to get beyond the usual thing of just getting together to talk about where to buy marble fireplaces," said Bruce Graham, who serves as head of the Association's sanitation committee. "We're concerned with neighbors as neighbors and people as people. We have around a hundred members, about forty of whom are active—homeowners, tenants, roomers, all kinds of people." As for the lunch, everyone agreed it had been a big success.

•

DIALOGUE overheard in the take-out line of a midtown coffee shop, between two healthily tanned working girls:

First Girl: Did you see where Susan moved into a new apartment?

Second Girl: No kidding. Where?

First Girl: Someplace down near the East Village.

Second Girl: I'd be scared to live in that neighborhood.

First Girl: Oh, she's not worried. She and her roommate had the place completely burglarized.

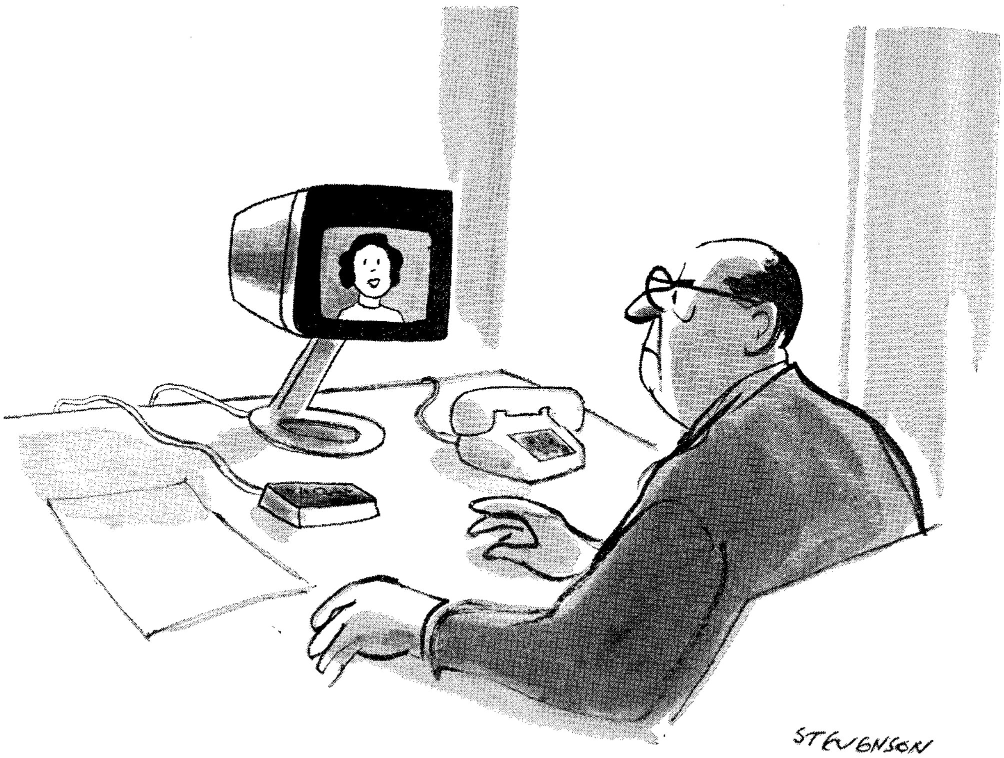
Theodorakis

THREE years after the coup that transformed Greece into a military dictatorship, the colonels who run the country can point to one major achievement: they have united politically inclined citizens from the far right to the far left in a movement to overthrow the government and restore democracy to the country that invented it. In recent months, we have reported in these pages on two members of this loosely knit coalition—Helen Vlachos, a conservative newspaper publisher, who escaped from house arrest in Athens, and George Mylonas, a liberal Cabinet Minister, who was rescued from detention on the remote island of Amorgos. To complete the picture, we arranged to meet Mikis Theodorakis, a left-wing deputy in the now abolished Parliament, who was born on the island of Chios but represented a district in Piraeus, and who owes his life and his present freedom to the fact that he is Greece's most celebrated composer. Theodorakis, a forty-five-year-old self-proclaimed Marxist, is a man of wide-ranging talents. His classical works—among them a symphony, a piano concerto, a cantata, and three orchestral suites—are highly regarded in musical circles; his popular songs are sung throughout Greece, although they were officially banned in 1967; and his film scores—for "Zorba the Greek" and "Z"—have made him internationally famous. On the day of the coup, Theodorakis dropped out of sight and began to organize the Patriotic Front, one of the resistance groups that are now operating in Greece. He was arrested five months later, was held in several prisons, and then was exiled to Zatouna, a primitive mountain village in the Peloponnesus. Last fall, after two letters and the score for "Z" had been smuggled out of Zatouna, the authorities transferred Theodorakis, who had become seriously ill with tuberculosis, to Oropos, a tight-security concentration camp near Athens. When reports circulated that his health was getting worse, a great many prominent people petitioned the Greek government for his release. On April 13th, Theodorakis was unexpectedly handed over to Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, the French politician and journalist, who happened to be in Athens negotiating an amnesty for a group of political prisoners.

Recently, when Theodorakis paid a brief visit to New York as a delegate to the World Youth Assembly—the conference of student groups sponsored by the United Nations—he agreed to meet us in the Delegates Lounge between afternoon sessions. We arrived, by chance, a few minutes after he had walked out of the Assembly for good, declaring that he could not sit in the same hall as representatives of the present Greek government. He is a tall, bulky man of infinite charm, who has the close-set eyes and aquiline features of a Byzantine saint topped by a secular aureole of fuzzy brown hair. We asked him what group he represented at the Assembly (delegates came from youth organizations as well as from countries), and he replied that he had come as a delegate for the World Federation of Democratic Youth. He added that he was the last president of Democratic Youth Lambrakis, an organization, since suppressed, that he had helped found in 1963, after the murder of his friend Gregorios Lambrakis. (The political assassination of Lambrakis forms the plot of "Z.") "It's true I am a bit old for a youth conference now," he said, "but it happens that all the other democratically elected representatives of Greek youth are in jail."

"Why did they let you out?" we asked.

"I was a difficult prisoner," Mr. Theodorakis replied. "There were so many committees, so many petitions bearing my name that the junta became worried about world public opinion. Two months before my release, when I was very ill at Oropos, my father asked that I be given medical treatment. He told the commanding general, 'For me it will be a per-



"This is a recording, and I am a photograph. Your call did not go through as dialled. Please dial again.... This is a..."

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sonal tragedy if he dies. For you it will be a scandal.' "

We asked Theodorakis about his musical activities, and he told us that his current project is the score for "The Trojan Women," a new film by Michael Cacoyannis, who directed "Zorba." Theodorakis spends the rest of his time publishing a hundred-odd songs that he composed during his two and a half years in jail, and conducting recordings and concerts. "Like Beethoven, I can divide my creative work into periods," he said, with a smile. "But *my* periods correspond to my prisons. First, there were the resistance songs I wrote for the underground. Then, when they nearly killed me at Police Headquarters in Athens, I wrote 'The Sun and Time,' a song cycle that reflects the experience of being very near death. When I was transferred to Averoff Prison, I wrote 'Epifania' and 'Mythistorema,' musical settings of works by George Seferis, and 'State of Siege,' a forty-minute song-river based on the words of a woman prisoner I knew only as Marina. Then I was released under house arrest and wrote a group of songs for Andreas Lentakis, a member of Lambrakis Youth, who had been in the cell next to mine at Police Headquarters. We'd talked by tapping messages through the wall, and in this way he'd told me how he was being tortured. At Zatouna, I wrote 'Arkadies,' a group of country songs, and 'March of the Spirit,' an oratorio, which was presented recently at the Royal Albert Hall, in London. Finally, at the Oropos concentration camp, I wrote another song-river, based on the Seferis poem 'Raven,' and three songs using texts by the African poet Leopold Senghor. At Zatouna, I had a very bad piano, but in the prisons I had to compose in my head, and I beat out rhythms on the bars."

"Why have you written mainly songs in recent years?" we asked.

"I want to communicate emotionally with large masses of people, and I think that popular music is the only way to do this," Mr. Theodorakis replied. "When I studied at the Athens Conservatory, there was admiration for Western art and contempt for our national materials. Then, in the nineteen-fifties, we began two parallel movements—a political struggle, to free the country from foreign domination, and a cultural awakening, aimed at the rebirth of the Greek spirit. At first, I used the language and clothes of Western music to express Greek ideas, but in 1959 I decided to take off these clothes and present the body naked. Since then, I have been writing personal music based on popular and Byzantine sources. I take for my lyrics the poetry of contemporary Greece—one of the greatest sources of poetry in the world today—because I want to convey our national heritage to the Greek people. The junta considers my work subversive, but even at Zatouna most of the guards were singing my songs."

We observed that the future of democratic government in Greece looks bleak.

"In modern times, Greece has been a protectorate controlled by foreign interests operating behind a façade of parliamentary democracy," Theodorakis said. "Now, with a military junta that rules through terror, the issue of outside control is much clearer. How can these colonels remain in power when they are supported by only one-thousandth of the Greek people? Because they are propped up by the United States and by the generals of NATO, who seem to regard our country as one vast military base. It is a tragic mistake for America to aid these people. We don't expect help from your government anymore, but we do want the American people to know what crimes are being committed in their name."

Two days later, Mr. Theodorakis appeared at an anti-junta rally in Manhattan Center to sing and play several of his songs and describe the circumstances that had led him to compose them. "When I was held at Police Headquarters, they tortured people constantly in a room above my cell," he told a hushed Greek-speaking audience. "First, I would hear the steps of many people bringing in the prisoner. Then silence—they were tying him up. Then I would hear the first blow—they were beating him on the feet with iron bars. Then many blows. Each foot would swell up, so that the shoes could not be taken off afterward. In most cases, the bones of the feet were completely broken. They would fill the prisoner's mouth with dirty rags, but his efforts were so strong that he would usually spit them out and shout. Quite often, I would hear women shout. Then more silence, and then another prisoner. Listen now to a song for Andreas Lentakis, and for all my other friends who have endured this terrible suffering."

Mr. Theodorakis sat down at a battered piano beneath bright television lights and sang a solemn, haunting melody. The final stanza, which seemed to hit the audience with immense force, went as follows:

"You are Greek.
You drink betrayal mixed with milk,
You drink betrayal mixed with wine,
So that your degradation be perfected.
Yes, you must see,
You must become
The man you were before.
You must become again."

A LOOK AT ORGANIZED CRIME

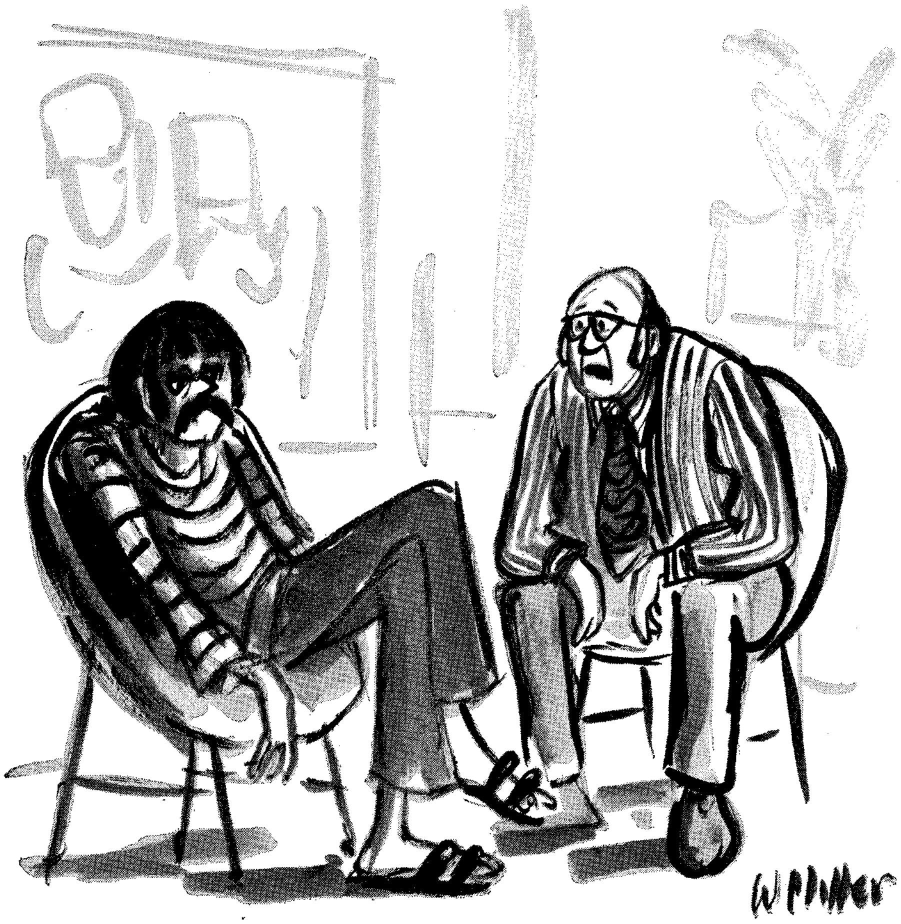
IT is no secret that organized crime in America takes in over forty billion dollars a year. This is quite a profitable sum, especially when one considers that the Mafia spends very little for office supplies. Reliable sources indicate that the Cosa Nostra laid out no more than six thousand dollars last year for personalized stationery, and even less for staples. Furthermore, they have one secretary who does all the typing, and only three small rooms for headquarters, which they share with the Fred Persky Dance Studio.

Last year, organized crime was directly responsible for more than one hundred murders, and *mafiosi* participated indirectly in several hundred more, either by lending the killers carfare or by holding their coats. Other illicit activities engaged in by Cosa Nostra members included gambling, narcotics, prostitution, hijacking, loan-sharking, and the transportation of a large whitefish across a state line for immoral purposes. The tentacles of this corrupt empire even reach into the government itself. Only a few months ago, two gang lords under federal indictment spent the night at the White House, and the President slept on the sofa.

History of Organized Crime in the United States

IN 1921, Thomas (The Butcher) Covello and Ciro (The Tailor) Santucci attempted to organize disparate ethnic groups of the underworld and thus take over Chicago. This was foiled when Albert (The Logical Positivist) Corillo assassinated Kid Lipsky by locking him in a closet and sucking all the air out through a straw. Lipsky's brother Mendy (alias Mendy Lewis, alias Mendy Larsen, alias Mendy Alias) avenged Lipsky's murder by abducting Santucci's brother Gaetano (also known as Little Tony, or Rabbi Henry Sharpstein) and returning him several weeks later in twenty-seven separate mason jars. This signalled the beginning of a bloodbath.

Dominick (The Herpetologist) Mione shot Lucky Lorenzo (so nicknamed when a bomb that went off in his hat failed to kill him) outside a bar in Chicago. In return, Corillo and his men traced Mione to Newark and made his head into a wind instrument.



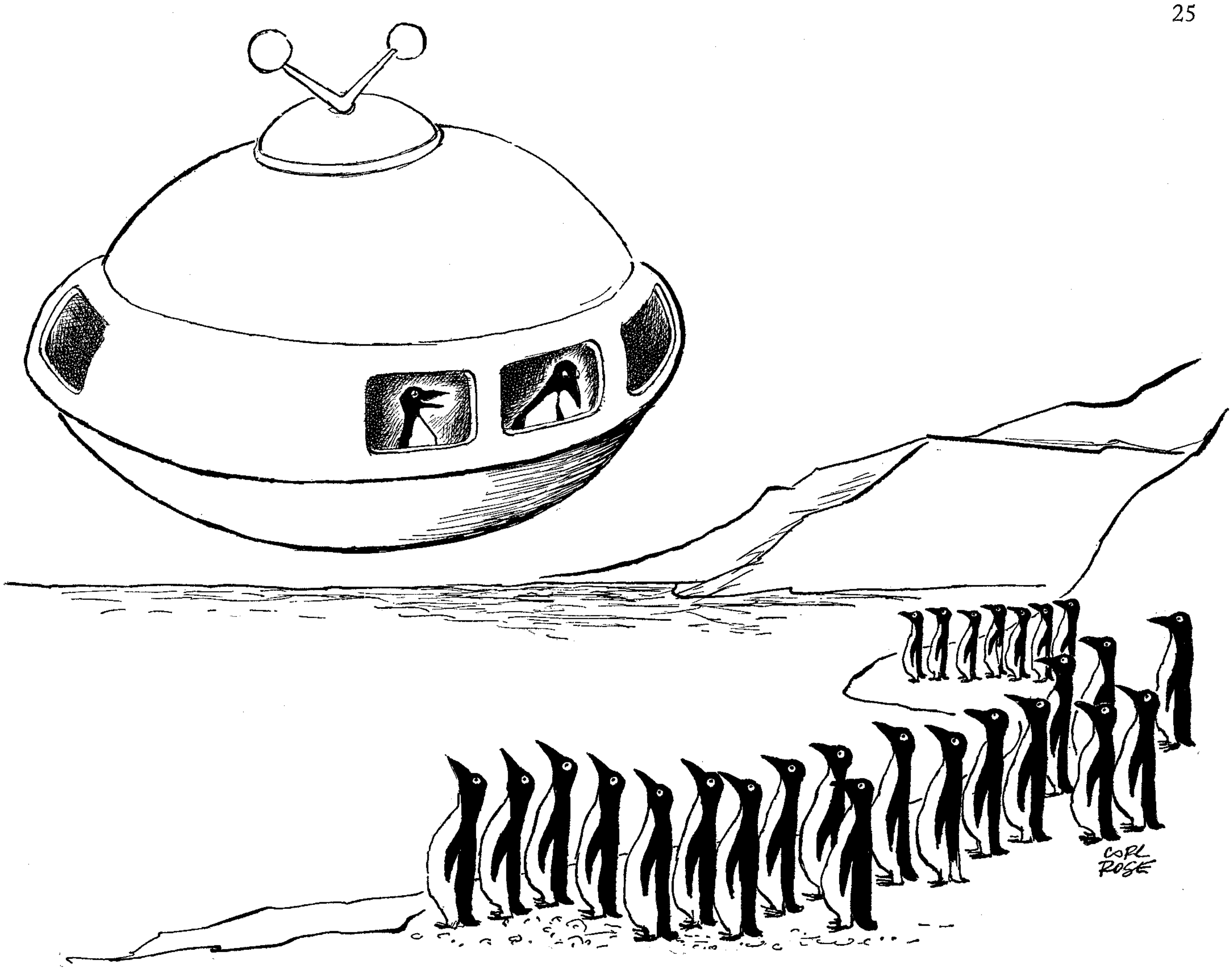
"Son, is something bothering you? You haven't touched your Porsche in weeks!*"*

At this point, the Vitale gang, run by Giuseppe Vitale (real name Quincy Baedeker), made their move to take over all bootlegging in Harlem from Irish Larry Doyle—a racketeer so suspicious that he refused to let anybody in New York ever get behind him, and walked down the street constantly pirouetting and spinning around. Doyle was killed when the Squillante Construction Company decided to erect their new offices on the bridge of his nose. Doyle's lieutenant, Little Petey (Big Petey) Ross, now took command; he resisted the Vitale takeover and lured Vitale to an empty midtown garage on the pretext that a costume party was being held there. Unsuspecting, Vitale walked into the garage dressed as a giant mouse, and was instantly riddled with machine-gun bullets. Out of loyalty to their slain chief, Vitale's men immediately defected to Ross. So did Vitale's fiancée, Bea Moretti, a showgirl and star of the hit Broadway musical "Say Kaddish," who wound up marrying Ross, although she later sued him for divorce, charging that he once spread an unpleasant ointment on her.

Fearing federal intervention, Vincent Columbraro, the Buttered Toast King, called for a truce. (Columbraro had such tight control over all buttered toast moving in and out of New Jersey that one word from him could ruin breakfast for two-thirds of the nation.) All members of the underworld were summoned to a diner in Perth Amboy, where Columbraro told them that internal warfare must stop and that from then on they had to dress decently and stop slinking around. Letters formerly signed with a black hand would in the future be signed "Best Wishes," and all territory would be divided equally, with New Jersey going to Columbraro's mother. Thus the Mafia, or Cosa Nostra (literally, "my underwear" or "our underwear"), was born. Two days later, Columbraro got into a nice hot tub to take a bath and has been missing for the past forty-six years.

Mob Structure

THE Cosa Nostra is structured like any government or large corporation—or group of gangsters, for that matter. At the top is the *capo di tutti capi*, or boss of all bosses. Meetings are held at his house, and he is responsible for supplying cold cuts and ice cubes. Failure to do so means instant death. (Death, incidentally, is one of the worst things that can happen to a Cosa Nostra member, and many prefer simply to pay a fine.) Under the boss of



"This certainly confounds Professor Kwakk's theory that we are unique in the universe."

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bosses are his lieutenants, each of whom runs one section of town with his "family." Mafia families do not consist of a wife and children who always go places like the circus or on picnics. They are actually groups of rather serious men, whose main joy in life comes from seeing how long certain people can stay under the East River before they start gurgling.

Initiation into the Mafia is quite complicated. A proposed member is blindfolded and led into a dark room. Pieces of Cranshaw melon are placed in his pockets, and he is required to hop around on one foot and cry out, "Toodles! Toodles!" Next, his lower lip is pulled out and snapped back by all the members of the board, or *commissione;* some may even wish to do it twice. Following this, some oats are put on his head. If he complains, he is disqualified. If, however, he says, "Good, I like oats on my head," he is welcomed into the brotherhood. This is done by kissing him on the cheek and shaking his hand. From that moment on, he is not permitted to eat chutney, to amuse his friends by imitating a hen, or to kill anybody named Vito.

CONCLUSIONS

ORGANIZED crime is a blight on our nation. While many young Americans are lured into a career of crime by its promise of an easy life, most criminals actually must work long hours, frequently in buildings without air-conditioning. Identifying criminals is up to each of us. Usually they can be recognized by their large cufflinks and their failure to stop eating when the man sitting next to them is hit by a falling anvil. The best methods of combatting organized crime are:

1. Telling the criminals you are not at home.
2. Calling the police whenever an unusual number of men from the Sicilian Laundry Company begin singing in your foyer.
3. Wiretapping.

Wiretapping cannot be employed indiscriminately, but its effectiveness is illustrated by this transcript of a conversation between two gang bosses in the New York area whose phones had been tapped by the F.B.I.:

ANTHONY: Hello? Rico?
RICO: Hello?
ANTHONY: Rico?
RICO: Hello.
ANTHONY: Rico?
RICO: I can't hear you.
ANTHONY: Is that you, Rico? I can't hear you.
RICO: What?
ANTHONY: Can you hear me?
RICO: Hello?
ANTHONY: Rico?
RICO: We have a bad connection.
ANTHONY: Can you hear me?
RICO: Hello?
ANTHONY: Rico?
RICO: Hello?
ANTHONY: Operator, we have a bad connection.
OPERATOR: Hang up and dial again, sir.
RICO: Hello?

Because of this evidence, Anthony (The Fish) Rotunno and Rico Panzini were convicted and are currently serving fifteen years in Sing Sing for illegal possession of Bensonhurst.

—WOODY ALLEN

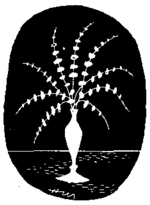
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

ON returning from a long absence, I am always surprised and even resentful to find friends and landmarks changed. I never seem to remember that I, too, must have changed, but lately I've been thinking a little about that side of it, and I've come to the conclusion that inveterate wanderers like me must be pretty hard for their families to take. A nephew brought it home to me the other day. After having remained silent on the subject for more than twenty-five years, he told me how he'd reacted back in 1943 to the news that his Aunt Mickey was coming home from China. "I didn't like it at all," he admitted. "I wished that you'd stay away."

"But you didn't even know me!" I protested.

"Of course I didn't," he said. "I was about two weeks old when you left that time, but you don't understand—you yourself had nothing to do with this. It was just that all the time you were over there I could boast about my aunt in China. None of the other kids I knew in Winnetka had a relative so exciting, and it gave me a certain standing. In fact—though it's an awful thing to say, and I apologize—things got even better after the war started, when you were supposed to have been killed by the Japanese. I was riding high until we got the word that you hadn't been killed after all and were on the way home with a baby daughter, named Carola. It seemed sort of flat."

I suppose it always does seem flat when a traveller returns. Even Marco Polo, back in Venice after years in the Far East, met with a disappointing reception from the townspeople. They respected him for bringing home a fortune, I'm sure, but they refused to listen to what he had to tell. All the glitter and pageantry of the court of Kublai Khan—the temples and the silk and the spiced foods, the Forbidden City, the lakes like jewels, the caves of idols, the tombs, and the incense, and the junks with painted eyes, the arched bridges, the wind bells—the Venetians said he'd made it up.



Their disappointing reaction is on record, but what is not written is a description of how Marco Polo's *relatives* felt about the situation. I'm willing to hazard a guess, however. I'll bet anything that they found their celebrated kinsman an awful nuisance to have around. For one thing, there was the way he expected the young people to listen whenever he felt like telling an anecdote. And the extravagant habits he'd cultivated. Though slaves were a luxury, Marco Polo expected to be served as if he were a Chinese emperor. If it hadn't been for his wealth and the children's prospects . . .

Ulysses is another case in point. No doubt Penelope was glad to have him back to rescue her from that difficult situation, but, once the excitement of homecoming was over, she may well have found it difficult to adjust to him—a man who had grown all too used to the rough life of the seafarer. By day, he would complain that Ithaca was dull, and would mope around the estate. By night, he would sleep badly, often starting up out of a nightmare to shout hoarsely about alarms and excursions. Anxious times for Penelope.

There is no doubt that people away from home collect unfortunate habits and forget to slough them off after returning, but—characteristically—I didn't think of this when I stepped off the Gripsholm late in 1943, an exchanged prisoner of war from Hong Kong. It's hard to remember what I *was* thinking. At best, I was pretty groggy after the hours of questioning I'd been put through by armed-forces Intelligence men who were suspicious of me because I hadn't lived in a prison camp with the other Americans caught in Hong Kong. I realized that they had every reason to be suspicious, and I wasn't indignant about it, but I was awfully tired, especially of telling them the truth over and over—how I'd seen a loophole right after the surrender and had grabbed it by telling the Japanese officials in charge of internment that I was Eurasian. They were mostly young, green, and bewildered, and they believed me and let me stay out of camp because they figured any Eurasian should have the benefit of his Asian blood. So I'd taken my chances with the other non-internees—the Chinese and neutrals who went on living at large in the town as best they could. I'd tried to tell the Intelligence men why I did it, but I couldn't have been very clear—they kept asking the same questions all over again, and I kept replying that the comparative freedom I had got out of the lie was important. It wasn't only that the very idea of being herded behind barbed wire was revolting. Outside, I was able to carry food and medicine to the military camp where Charles, Carola's father, was incarcerated. We all went to camp, every week, a draggletailed group of women whose men were locked up—Chinese women, and Swiss and French and Danish and Eurasian and Russian, and me. The thing grew, too. There were two military camps, and in time we were visiting not just our own particular camp but the other one as well, whether or not we had somebody inside.

Even a Mrs. Weston sometimes showed up with her daughters, though she lived over on Pakfulam, a long way off, and everybody knew her husband wasn't even in Hong Kong but had been caught, as it happened, in Manila. What saved Mrs. Weston from being interned as the Englishwoman she was born was the fact that her husband was Irish, and Ireland wasn't at war with Japan. Perhaps I should have cited her case to my questioners. But I wasn't thinking about her, of all people, that day on the dock in Jersey City. I probably wasn't thinking anything except that it must be awfully cold in New York and that Carola seemed heavier than usual. At two, a child has the right to be heavier than a newborn infant, but she was a very small two-year-old. She was almost hairless. She cried a lot. She'd cried steadily all the time I was being questioned, until the Intelligence men got tired of the noise and gave me permission to take her off the ship and hand her to my sister Helen, who, according to a note I'd received, was waiting for me on the dock. Then I must come back for more questioning, they said, and, to make sure I did, a woman in uniform came along with me.

As I stepped down from the gangplank, a whole lot of lights flared up in our faces. Carola screamed, of course, and started hitting out at the world, most of the blows landing on me. Beyond the ring of lights I could just see the dark figures of men trying to get closer, past the policemen who were keeping them at a distance. The men shouted, "Names? What are your names?" They were reporters and photographers who had been there for hours to catch us repatriated people and get our stories as we disembarked. They were cold and damp in the Jersey City fog, but still excited—far more excited than I was. I just stood there blinking and holding down Carola's fists, until a woman broke through the wall and came over past the policemen and said, "Mickey!"

I stared at her utterly strange, emotion-suffused face, and then, just before she put her arms around us, she turned into my sister Helen. I almost laughed because I hadn't known her at once, but there was no time to tell her about it.

"And then they decided to divide baseball into innings, so they could have breaks for commercials."

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The uniformed woman was waiting grimly, so I pushed Carola at Helen and said, "Here, take her home with you, will you? She's awfully tired. I'll be along as soon as I can. Oh, and if she makes a fuss, sing to her. She knows 'Six Honest Servingmen' — remember? By the way, where do you live? Where shall I go?"

A man who had come up behind Helen said, "That's all right. I'm waiting for you until you're off for good. I'll take you to Helen's."

Several hours later, I joined the man—a friend of Helen's husband—again on the dock. Almost everybody else was gone by that time, and even to my eyes the city looked strangely dim in the night as we came out through the gate. The man said, "You must have had quite a session up there. How many panels did you go through?"

"Panels?" I repeated blankly.

"Groups of people. You had different groups interviewing you, didn't you?"

"Oh, groups. Yes, there were a lot. There were—let's see—eight different groups, I think."

"Eight panels!" He whistled, and stopped short. "Listen," he said. "It's late, and Helen's probably worrying her head off wondering what's happened. Let's telephone and say we're on our way." He found a drugstore, got Helen on the phone, and handed it over to me.

I said, "Helen? I forgot to tell you—Carola doesn't speak English."

Her voice sounded tense. "We—have—already—found—that—out," she said, clearly controlling herself with great effort. "Hurry up."

I said I would try to. Outside, the man had hailed a taxi. "Your brother-in-law asked me to stand by. That's where I come in," he explained as we got into it. "But I've got a lot of work piling up at the office, and if you don't mind I'll just take your things up to the door and leave you. O.K.?"

I was alone, therefore, when I rang the bell at last—Ulysses back from his wanderings, Marco Polo with a head full of visions. The door opened; Mother stood there. I knew her at once. She said, "Well, *Mickey*," just as Penelope might have spoken—more crossly than anything else. I half expected her to continue, as she so often had in the past, "This is a fine time . . ." Instead, she hurried me through the little hall, saying, "We've been having a real struggle with that child of yours. Helen! Here she is, and high time, too."

Helen and her husband, who stood gloomily contemplating a large sofa along one wall, gave me only a short glance and turned back to the sofa. It was at an angle, having apparently been shoved out at one end. A bowl of water that stood on the carpet had slopped over, and near it lay a gnawed piece of bread. Under a chair was a small shoe that I recognized as Carola's. Helen said, "Oh, hello, Mickey. The baby's under the sofa. She's been there a long time. She won't come out."

I extracted Carola, wiped her dirty, wet face, and sat down on the sofa. The others found seats, too. We all looked at each other. I said, "How's everybody, and where are they?"

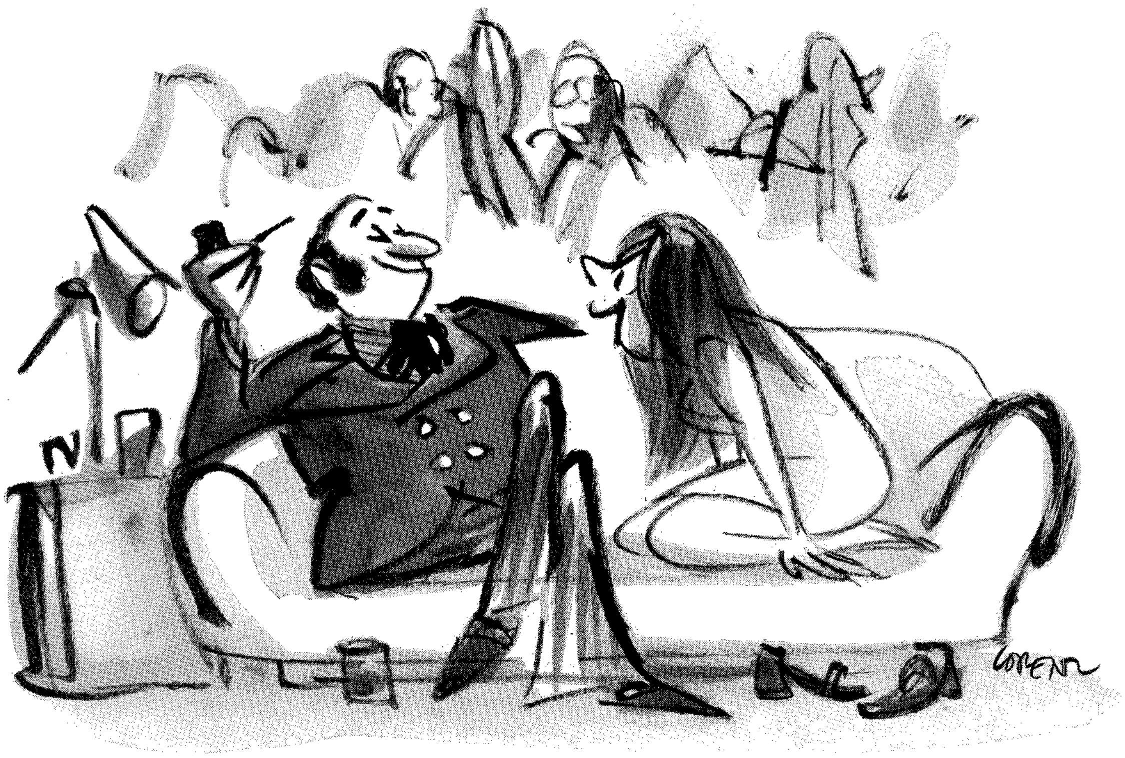
They told me. It took a long time, naturally—it always does—and there was more than usual to say, what with the way they kept interrupting each other to contribute more information. We hadn't been able to exchange letters for two years. Little by little, the clan was charted: Rose and Dauphine and Mannel in Winnetka, with their children; Dot in Burlington, with hers. Charless and Hattie had a daughter just Carola's age, or did I know that? Mitchell's nephew was dead from an accident at his Army camp. It went on until Carola fell asleep on my lap and I nodded over her, nearly asleep myself. Ulysses was home again.

IT wasn't to be simple in the following days, either for the others or for me. Momentarily, however, the pressure relaxed. I moved into an apartment and found a nursery school for Carola, the principal of which advised me to have her thoroughly examined by a doctor. She said, "Let me recommend our man. He's a perfect darling—just a young man, but he knows his job. I'll give you the name. Benjamin Spock."

Dr. Spock did examine Carola, though it must have been difficult, since she spoke only Cantonese. She had sternly resisted all blandishments and refused to learn English. And, as was to be expected, she wept several times during the interview.

"An apprehensive child," the Doctor said when he had finished. "Doesn't she ever seem happy?"

I said, "Yes, she's happy enough when we go to Chinese restaurants, where the waiters gather around to watch her eat with chopsticks. They talk to her, and she talks to them. Oh, she's fine in Chinese restaurants, but we can't spend all our time there, and—



"Gee whizz, Mr. Fleischer, I can't get over all your insights and everything, and you with no sensitivity training at all."

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well, you can see for yourself. And she doesn't sleep well, either. She's apt to wake up any time in the night and howl."

He mentioned something about children's reflecting the moods of their parents.

"But I'm all right," I said. "I'm perfectly all right. I'm just waiting for the war to finish, that's all. Her father's in prison camp."

Dr. Spock nodded, and repeated that the child seemed apprehensive. "I don't see anything wrong otherwise—nothing we can put a finger on. The lack of hair is probably due to malnutrition, and the growth should speed up now. Keep an eye on her teeth. For the rest, if I were you I'd spoil her, let her have what she wants, within reason. At night, don't let her go on crying in the dark. You might move her bed into your room—anything to give her reassurance. Get a night light."

I got a night light and did the other things, and, sure enough, Carola improved. Her hair grew out, she learned to eat American food, and soon she was speaking English, having dropped the Cantonese completely. At nursery school, she made friends and enemies. By the time we went out to Winnetka for a visit, she could have been any child in town. The family had no problems at all with Carola. It was I who gave trouble. I didn't mean to—I was never aware I was doing it until it was too late—but there it was: I bothered them. There was the time, for instance, when I went out shopping for a blouse with my sister Rose at a place she often patronized. Among the blouses the salesgirl showed us was one that particularly pleased us. The girl said to me, "Would you like to try it on?"

I assented, and began forthwith to unbutton my own garments right there in the middle of the floor. Rose said my name in a horrified tone and stopped me. "Go into the dressing room," she said.

I muttered an apology and trotted off, blushing, toward the curtained alcove. Behind me I could hear her saying apologetically to the salesgirl, ". . . no inhibitions left. Absolutely none."

There was an explanation I could have made. Living six or eight in a room and sleeping all over the floor—customs not conducive to modesty—had been my way of life for two years, and you don't drop all such habits in a hurry. But what would have been the use of explaining? You can't learn things like that at second hand. Rose would have listened courteously and accepted what I said, but she'd have had mental reservations just the same.

Additional awkwardnesses arose. I swore a lot—quite unconscious of what I was doing until it was too late—and ladies don't swear in Winnetka. When rebuked, I reverted to childishness and swore even more. Who did they think I was, anyway? And, though nobody liked to mention it to me, my table manners were quite deplorable, for I would start eating as soon as food was on my plate, regardless of whether other people had been served or not—a hangover from mealtimes in Hong Kong, when if you didn't gobble you didn't get enough. However, all these misdemeanors were relatively insignificant in my family's eyes compared with one outstanding, glaring trait I had developed: I had become dishonest. Not only did I deal in the black market in New York, I *talked* about it. I seemed proud of it.

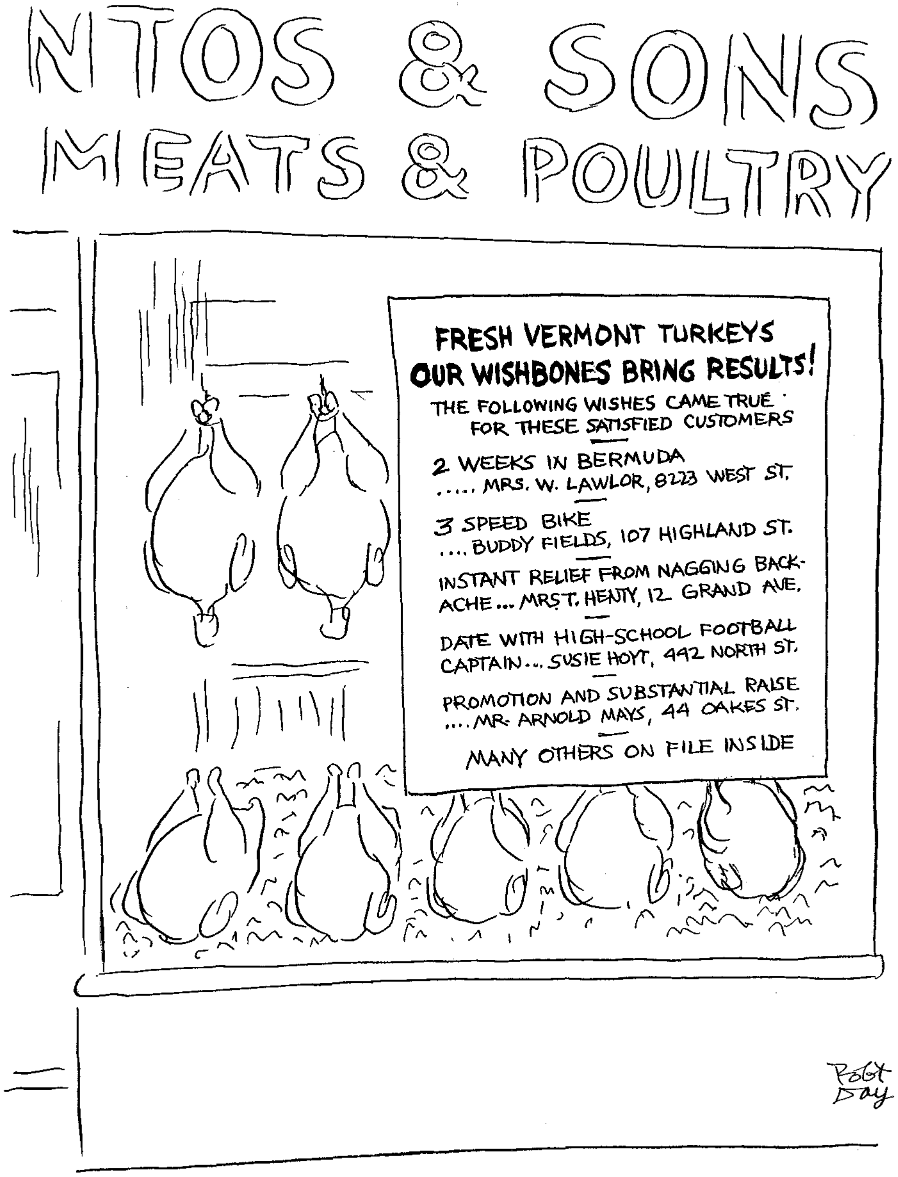
I still think it was natural enough, that period when I was half a criminal. If you look at it from my point of view— Well, it was this way. In Hong Kong, there were good reasons for black-marketing. If you tried to live on the rations the Japanese granted, you starved. The rice ration alone, for example, would have been insufficient even if it had been honored, and most of the time it wasn't. Peculations, graft, and plain mismanagement emptied the storehouses, so that day after day cardholders were either told to come back later or given a miserable dollop of floor sweepings. Within the first few weeks, most of us gave up trying to use our ration cards for rice; instead, we sought it on the black market. The same thing happened with cooking fat, sugar, and all the rest of it. Like everyone else at large in the town, I had sold things, bartered, begged, and black-marketed without the slightest sense of shame. Of course without shame; what was shameful about it? The overriding consideration, it hardly needs saying, was to feed Carola and myself, but if I'd ever been challenged and asked to justify myself I would have added that it was a good thing in any case to buy and sell on the black market because the Japanese had ordered us not to do it. Under enemy rule, it doesn't take a person long to become chronically anti-government. What does take long—longer, at any rate—is to shake off such almost instinctive feelings when the person gets out from under. I'd come home from Hong Kong wearing a chip on my shoulder, and it wasn't to be jiggled off all that quickly. I couldn't have explained any of this to the family—I didn't understand it myself. As I look back, however, it's clear enough, and so is my realization of an additional reason I black-marketed: doing these things in occupied territory is fun.

To anyone who hasn't experienced it, it would be hard to describe the boredom of life under enemy occupation. You might not expect a person who is harried and apprehensive to have the time to be bored, but in fact he has all the time in the world, because constant fear and worry are not demanding of attention. They move in, select their places, and adhere firmly to the sides of the heart, but when the host has got used to the slight discomfort they are just added parts of the furniture. Time remains as it always has been, but the host is in a grayer world and his day-to-day life is less punctuated. In fact, it is endless. In Hong Kong, the only alleviation of this ennui, aside from the occasional alarm of a drunken soldier in the street or a spot-check search of the house, was the black market. It could be deliciously exciting to buy or sell commodities you had no right to deal in. I learned to love the intrigue of it—the whispered colloquies on street corners, the dropped word on the ferry as an acquaintance passed by seemingly unacknowledged, the furtive deliveries in the dark, and the little parcels at the bottom of a shopping basket smuggled past a guard. Of course, it terrified me—that was the whole point. I grew to love being terrified and all that went with it, including shaking knees and breath that refused to fill the lungs. I loved it all. No other addiction could have been as satisfying.

Admittedly, that was in Hong Kong, whereas in New York it was different. Looked at with clear eyes, the black market in New York was just trading—a question of buying stuff under the counter. There was no spice in it, no real danger. It wasn't even a pallid imitation of the real thing. But I wasn't looking at it, or at anything else in New York, with clear eyes. I had the black-market habit. I had a grudge, too, against law and order, and I still had my reasons for that. Time still stretched ahead with no break in sight, since nobody could possibly guess when the prison-camp doors would open, and Charles might well be dead anyway. And even though Carola and I were safe at home, surrounded by friends and relatives, I was lonely, because the friends and family seemed shadowy, not quite real—nothing like as real as people I'd lived among in danger. The only bit of solid life that remained was the black market. There, at least, even though I was acquiring butter and nylons instead of peanut oil and powdered milk, I could feel that I had my feet on the ground. Once again, I could experience the old familiar thrill of outwitting authority. That I had changed governments since leaving Hong Kong meant nothing. Logic didn't enter into it. How could I explain this to my relatives? They would never understand me, just as I would never understand them—never again. The situation was a stalemate.

OR so it seemed at the time. I am not sure even now what broke it up and brought me back to normal. Probably it was just ordinary attrition, the erosion of the once-familiar, that sandpapered me into recognizable shape at last, but I can be pretty certain when the change began making itself felt. It was on the day I wondered what had happened to Mrs. Weston.

Until the summer of 1943, a couple of months before I found I was being sent back to America, I knew her story well enough—how she and her two little girls had stayed on in their old flat, the way people in Hong Kong did, until they were evicted by a Japanese officer who wanted the place. Then how they'd found less desirable premises where, presumably, they wouldn't be disturbed again. She'd told me all this when we met at the prison-camp gate to hand in our offerings. Sometimes we happened to meet otherwise—at the new shopping center (rows and rows of barrows along the sidewalks downtown) that sprang up after the Japanese closed all the shops—but we weren't really chummy, in spite of having so much in common. For one thing, she lived so far away, and both she and I were too busy scrounging to


NTOS & SONS
MEATS & POULTRY
FRESH VERMONT TURKEYS
OUR WISHBONES BRING RESULTS!
THE FOLLOWING WISHES CAME TRUE FOR THESE SATISFIED CUSTOMERS
2 WEEKS IN BERMUDA ..... MRS. W. LAWLOR, 8223 WEST ST.
3 SPEED BIKE .... BUDDY FIELDS, 107 HIGHLAND ST.
INSTANT RELIEF FROM NAGGING BACKACHE ... MRS T. HENTY, 12 GRAND AVE.
DATE WITH HIGH-SCHOOL FOOTBALL CAPTAIN ... SUSIE HOYT, 442 NORTH ST.
PROMOTION AND SUBSTANTIAL RAISE .... MR. ARNOLD MAYS, 44 OAKES ST.
MANY OTHERS ON FILE INSIDE
Robt Day

spare effort for mere sociability. However, when I thought of her—*if* I thought of her—it was as a nice woman and a courageous one, and I owed her gratitude for at least one favor she had done. When we did happen to encounter each other—the Weston girls taller and thinner every time I saw them—we would swap useful bits of information about available supplies and current rumors. That time, she told me I'd better stay at home next day because a friendly guard had told the girls that a Japanese prince was going to pay a visit to the island. We all knew what that would mean—a curfew. I don't know why the Japanese used the word as they did, since it had nothing to do with nighttime regulations. It meant that all persons out-of-doors, as soon as they got the signal from policemen or guards, had to stop, kneel down, and freeze there until they were given the order to relax and continue on their way. A curfew was called every time an important visitor—a general or admiral from overseas, usually—was in town and moving around on a tour of inspection. They were tense, uncomfortable periods, and could go on for hours.

All this, however, is by the way and not what I thought about in New York when I suddenly remembered Mrs. Weston. What I thought about was the last time I had seen her, in the summer of 1943, when I met her, as usual, among the barrows downtown. She was alone, for once, but otherwise looked the same as always, shabby and determined. I asked about the girls, and she said they were busy at home, getting ready. Before I could ask, "Getting ready for what, for God's sake?," Mrs. Weston stepped closer, looked furtively over her shoulder to make sure she wouldn't be overheard, and said in a low voice, "We're leaving, you know—we start out tonight."

I knew enough not to exclaim, though I was startled. It had been months since anyone I knew had slipped out of Hong Kong. At the beginning, during all the confusion, it hadn't been too hard. You hired a junk and sailed off during the night, and the crew landed you somewhere on the mainland where the Japanese weren't in strict control and you could make your way overland to Free China. In those early days, some people even left Kowloon, over on the mainland, by bicycle, crossing the border. It was that simple. Then there was the time-honored system of disguising yourself as a Chinese peasant and hiking past the guards, though it wasn't advisable to try this unless you talked fluent Cantonese or Swatow dialect. On further thought, I decided that all these systems might still work, though the controls along the border were tighter. Mrs. Weston was probably bribing somebody with a promissory note.

"I'm telling you so you won't say anything about it when you don't see us around anymore," she said in a half whisper. "If you didn't know any better, you might ask somebody quite innocently where we are and start an inquiry—not that they have any reason to keep us here, for heaven's sake, but you know how it is with them." She paused. "I'd better not tell you anything more—how we're going to get out and so on."

"Well," I said, "all the best."

"I've been thinking of doing it for some time," Mrs. Weston continued, an apologetic note in her voice—people on the eve of escaping always felt apologetic, for some reason. "At first, I thought we'd just see it out. It might be an adventure. That was when everybody believed it would be over in a few months, remember? It looked like an amusing game for the girls, if we lived like gypsies, and I admit that I quite enjoyed it myself." She pushed back a strand of gray hair and looked over her shoulder again, purely out of habit. "But for days and days now it hasn't been at all amusing. Goodness knows when it *will* be over, and the girls have been growing up so fast—" She paused as if she had just realized whom she was talking to. Then she went on, "Now, in your case it's quite a different thing. You've got something to stay for, your husband here as a military prisoner and all. But for us, what's the point? Still, I might never have come to the decision if it hadn't been for a small thing—the smallest thing, really. Let me tell you. Just a few days ago, we were walking near our house, the three of us, through a little market that's grown up there, where we often look for supplies. We walked and stopped here and there and compared prices—you know how one does—and then we went on toward home, and just around a bend in the road my Joan—that's the younger one—pulled out an orange from under her jacket and showed it to us. *Proudly*."

Mrs. Weston paused and searched my eyes for signs of horror. I don't know if she found any, but I think not, because she became urgent. "She'd filched it from one of the barrows, you know. She'd *stolen* it. Well, the incident set me back on my heels, I can tell you. I thought it over and asked myself, 'How is she to know the difference?' You see, from the beginning of all this, we've lived on what we could find in abandoned houses—everybody else has, too; I expect you have—and we took whatever we could find that was left by the first looters. Pieces of furniture for fuel. Piping. Sheets. Tins of food where they'd been overlooked. Everything, really. Now, strictly speaking, those things did belong to other people. It doesn't matter—if one's speaking strictly—that the owners had been taken away. We appropriated things, and a child like Joan couldn't be expected to know the difference between picking up such, well, flotsam and jetsam and stealing an orange from a barrow. Not in these surroundings, and in this life." She rubbed her forehead as if to smooth out the wrinkles of worry. "At any rate, there it is. Suddenly I saw it all quite clearly. I have no right—I had no right—to take such a risk. I blame myself."

"You didn't have much choice," I pointed out.

"Perhaps not at the very beginning, when everything was so desperate, but I could have tried to get away before now. So we're really going at last, before it's quite too late."

We didn't shake hands, because people might have noticed, but we nodded before she strode away.

It was months later, as I've said, that I thought about Mrs. Weston again—just about the time I gave up blackmarketing, because it wasn't fun anymore. The truth is, I suppose, that I'd stopped being bored, and the people I'd left behind were getting shadowy. In New York, on the other hand, they'd become quite distinct and real. By the end of the war, when Charles got out of camp and the relocating began, I was actually feeling respectable.

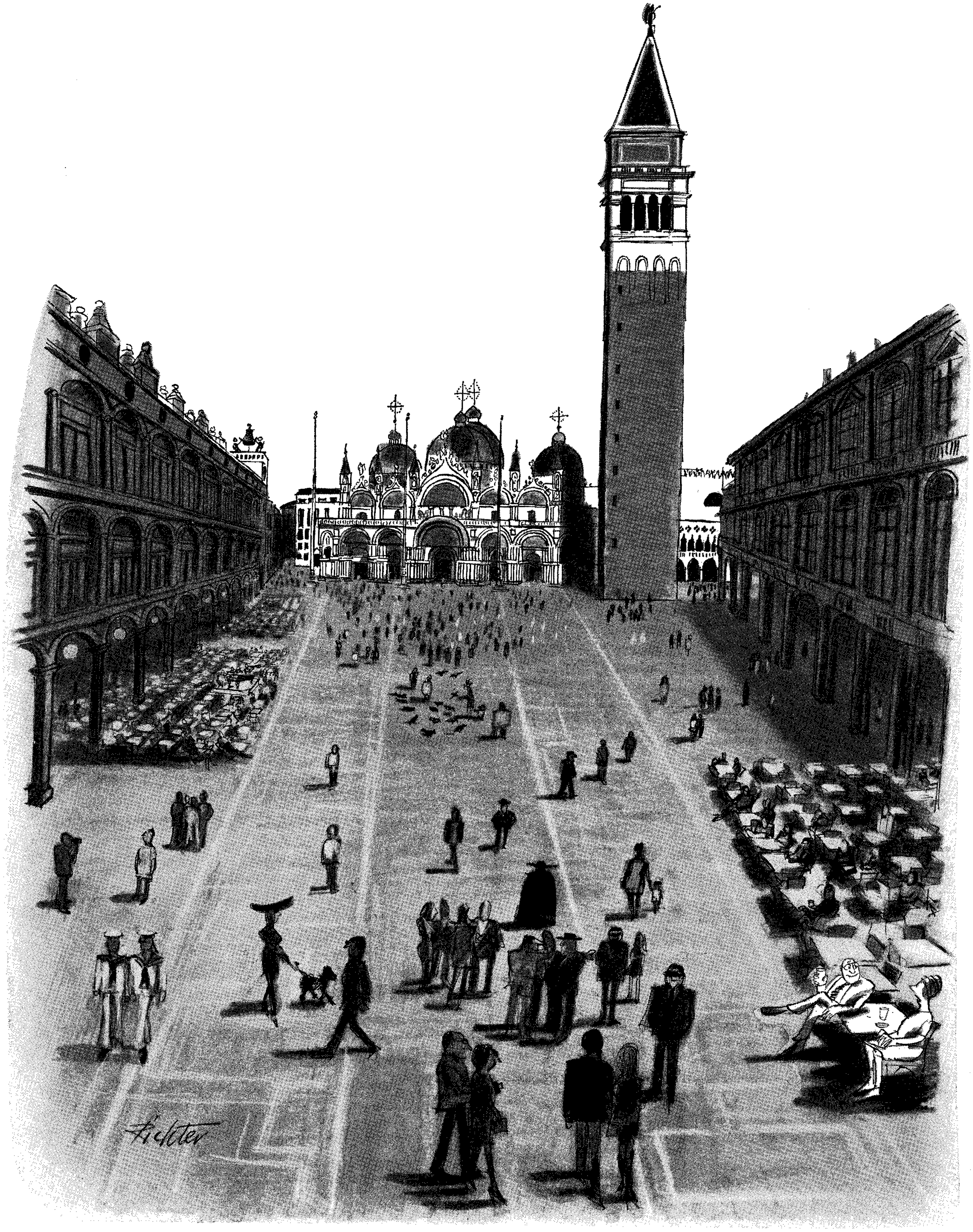
—Emily Hahn

COME, NOW!

Not till our time, or while
awaits us yet
a way to travel, an untasted cup,
comes the unend-
ing sleep.

But, at our hour, keep
your lips upon our breath—
and no nodding, Death!—
lest, darkness coming up
too late, our eyes forget
to smile,
Good luck—and courage, friend.

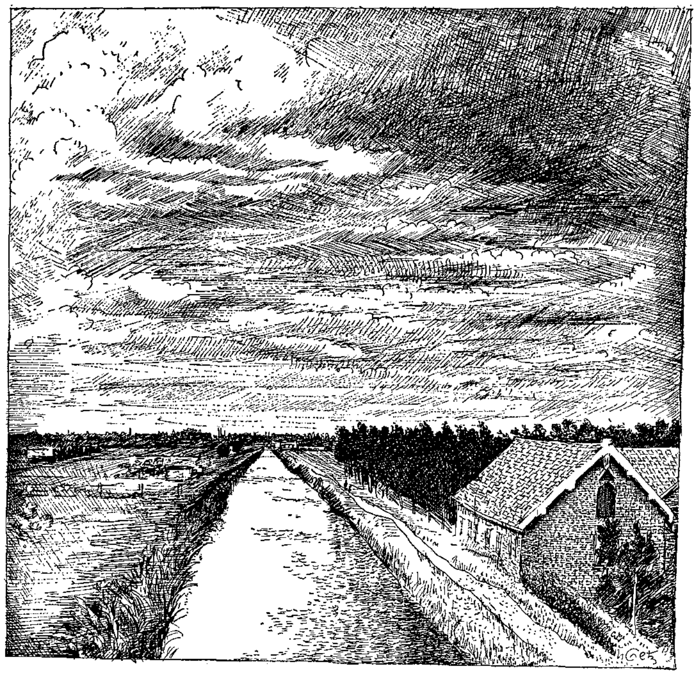
—Hawley Truax



"How can you sit there calmly sipping your vermouth cassis when the whole place is sinking?"

PROFILES

THE LITTLE ROOM—II



IT is to me one of the most beautiful landscapes in the world. It lies flat under a huge sky, stretched low to a far and flat horizon, against which any interruption, such as a distant town, a line of trees, a church, or a barn roof, makes an emphatic silhouette. Trees run along the straight lines of the dikes, banking the canals, and at right angles, Mondrian-fashion, in hedges dividing the canal-drained fields. Seven-eighths of what you can see is sky, with clouds filling it, and much of the other eighth is water, reflecting sky, clouds, the leaves of trees, and the red brick of buildings. The rest is green, undershot or overfilled with sand, and in the west, beyond the fields of flowers, banked with the dunes that once ran all the way from the Hook of Holland to Denmark. The dunes are the natural dikes that make the Netherlands possible. This sea-built and wind-formed wall of sand encouraged settlement behind it on stretches of moor and—after parts of the moor had been dug away for peat—on the islanded clumps of boggy ground that remained. In some places, mounds of habitation rose amid lakes and marshes; ditches and canals were dug, draining the marshes, connecting the lakes. The well-known saying, attributed to a Frenchman, that God created the world but the Dutch made Holland perhaps suggests that the Supreme Being would have had the sense to leave this spongy porridge swamp severely alone. But the Dutch persevered. Until this generation, they knew as individuals what it meant to dig with a spade, what the power of water was, and how difficult and dirty any sort of reclamation work could be. Nothing in Holland has come without cost. And this cost and difficulty has had its advantages in the orderly Dutch creation—making possible, for one thing, a sharp demarcation between man-made town and man-made country. Communities grew on piles of earth that were slowly and expensively enlarged to make room for more buildings. Villages spread slowly along widened and heightened sections of dike. To build a house in the western part of the Netherlands, where trade and settlement perversely thrived, was to involve oneself in a great deal of communal organization, sand-carrying, and pile-driving. In the Middle Ages, laws were put into force to help win the battle against water. "No feuds were allowed once the dikes needed repairs," writes Dr. J. van Veen, the historian of Dutch reclamation. Anyone breaking the dike peace by fighting was sentenced to death. "In some parts, any man refusing to do his share could be buried alive in the breach with a pole stuck through his body," van Veen notes. "The people who lived farther inland had to come and work at the dike. 'Dike or depart' was the old saying. Any man who was unable to repair the breach in his section of the dike had to put his spade in the dike and leave it there. This was the sign by which he gave his farm to any man who pulled the spade out of the dike . . . who felt powerful enough to close the breach. This was the Law of the Spade."

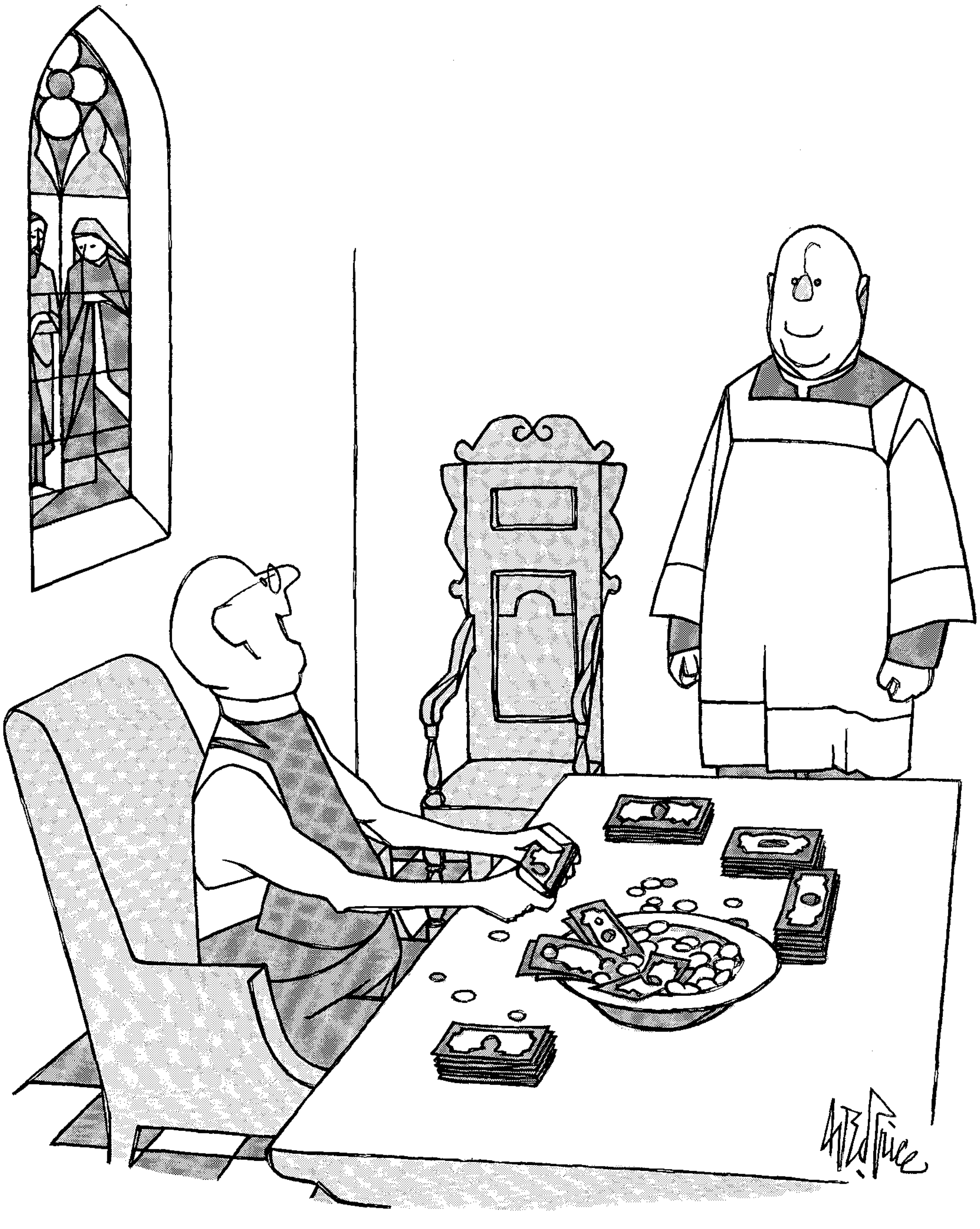
Leeuwarden, the capital of the province of Friesland, began as a collection of *terpen*—mounds built as refuges against storm tides and floods. Towns like Leiden and Middelburg were founded in the ninth and tenth centuries on similar man-made hills, several hundred feet in diameter and perhaps fifty feet high. In most towns and cities, haphazard growth has been impossible; the only way to put up a building has been to prepare a special site for it. Today, only municipal and regional authorities can bear the huge expense of making the land fit to build on. The recent development of Amsterdam's western dormitory sections—Slotervaart, Slotermeer, Osdorp, and Geuzenveld—involved raising the subsoil level by at least six feet. To do this, the Sloterplas polder was excavated over an area roughly a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide, to a depth of ninety feet. The rich polder topsoil was used for parks, lawns, and recreation land, and the twenty-six million cubic yards of sand that were excavated from beneath were used for the preparation of the building sites. The excavation pit was turned into a lake.

The difficult conditions of construction in the past have not made for drab communities. An Englishman, Gerald Burke, has written, in a book called "The Making of Dutch Towns," "The strict regulation of development produced no stereotyped plan, no regimentation, no overbuilding to extract the maximum use from the last square yard." Although houses looked similar, there were often subtle and harmonious differences. Adjacent seventeenth-century houses along an Amsterdam canal "were seldom the work of the same architect," Burke notes, "but, although differing in detail as regards façade and gable treatment and window and cornice lines, they usually stood as good neighbours architecturally." Moreover, one city "had a rectangular motif, another a concentric, another a cellular," Burke says. "Yet they were all united by characteristic features, calm, tree-lined canals, some flanked by elegant mansions and others by . . . workshops and warehouses. . . . Above all they shared . . . the dramatic silhouette of tall spires of church, town hall, and gate soaring out of the flatness of the landscape, and the pronounced line of demarcation between town and country enforced by the encircling canal." The line still exists. My family and I, during a recent stay of about half a year in Holland, lived for a month in a house that was the very last house in its particular quadrant of Amsterdam. On one side were other houses, a school, gardens, a little street. On the other side was a six-foot-wide, rowboat-sized canal and, beyond it, green, watery fields lined with similar ditches and inhabited by ducks, swans, herons, lapwings, and a herd of fourteen black-and-white cows.

If you are used to the straggle of the American or English metropolitan landscape, you are almost certain to be impressed in Holland not only by this crisp break between town and country but by the accessibility of nature and natural things. The core of the Randstad—the horseshoe-shaped western megalopolis, whose biggest cities are Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and The Hague—remains agricultural, and water, with ducks, is everywhere. So a drive of ten minutes from any of the tight-packed ring of towns will bring you to a place beside a river or canal where you can sit on grass, pick wild flowers, and watch birds—more kinds of birds than you are used to seeing in a Western industrial country. Meanwhile, grass and flowers are stirring with the wind, which, like water, is a Dutch constant. In Holland, the wind blows without high hills to hinder it, brushing over the dunes and across towns and meadows, bringing low clouds and rain from the Atlantic west in all seasons, now and then bringing the summer warmth and freezing winter cold of Central Europe from the east, bending trees and turning the few working windmills that survive.

In fine easterly weather, you can climb above Holland in a glider, towed up a thousand feet from the airstrip at Valkenburg, between Katwijk and Leiden, and then, catching the right thermals, making use of the wind, lifting in wide arcs until the country below has become a toy landscape, banking so that the long white finger of a wing points south toward the Rhine delta, turn in a lazy circle that takes in the dunes, polders, and lakes, the haze above the blast furnaces at Ijmuiden and the oil refineries in Rotterdam's new Europoort, old cities and new developments, all spun together with railroads, motorways, and canals, with pipelines carrying natural gas or sand for building sites. Soaring thus, you can begin to comprehend this little country, which on the ground seems so tight and tense, so complacent and yet so restless, so public-spirited and so privacy-seeking, busy, booming, and yet, for one reason or another, more under control than other countries facing the same problems it faces, as if it were, in one little room, a tidy model of the world.

"IF you regard the whole of Holland as one settlement," said Dr. Arie Querido, an eminent public-health expert at the University of Amsterdam, "it's a house with a garden, and quite a pleasant one." It is also the most densely settled nation in the Western world. For centuries in Holland, there has been competition for space between town and country—a competition that has grown more intense with time—but there has also been strong rivalry among the separate towns, with the result that they have all stayed independent and healthy and no one city has dominated the rest. (Rotterdam and Amsterdam keep up this rivalry today. If one has an airport, the other must; a subway system or a river tunnel in one city is soon matched by a subway or a tunnel in the other.) The original provinces of Holland were predominantly urban by the fifteenth century. The Dutch historian Johan Huizinga writes, "The economy of our leading region was thus based on a



"That eleven-o'clock crowd never fails to ring my chimes."

multiplicity of small towns crowded together in a small space and leaving by far the largest portion of the land covered by water, heath, fields, and pastures." With such a start, the Netherlands is now in the vanguard of a world on the verge of total urbanization—a prospect that gives some Dutchmen cause for anxiety. Jac. P. Thijsse, professor emeritus at the Institute of Social Studies in The Hague, has said, "In 1950, this planet was still about twenty per cent urban. At present, from fifty to sixty million people are added every year to the world's total population, mainly to its urban areas. This rate of growth . . . may reach a hundred and twenty-five million in the year 2000. At that time, about six billion people may live on earth and two-thirds may be urban. . . . Thus, a tolerable urban development will have to be built in half a century for thirteen times as many people as in the previous hundred and fifty years—at a rate forty times that of the past."

In the struggle for space that urbanization portends, the Dutch, in their little room, have had some advantages. For one thing, the hard communal struggle to gain and hold land has given them a common concern—a common ground—causing them, in the words of the British architect William Holford, "to sink lesser differences and [accept] a certain discipline in their environment." If planning is, as Dr. Querido has neatly put it, the organization of shortage ("The elaborate planning of town and country, with its distribution of living, working, shopping and recreation areas, traffic dispositions, green belts, building zones, and satellite settlements, is nothing but the organization of shortage on a very large scale"), then the Dutch have been planners since the first tribes moved out of the German forests and settled on the coastal heath and marshes. Since 1901, moreover, planning has meant, explicitly, encouraging the improvement, by national legislation, of the conditions of city dwellers. The Housing Act of that year merely called for cities with more than ten thousand people to draw up extension plans for adjacent and as yet undeveloped land, but in time these plans—originally no more than street plans—became development schemes for entire municipal areas. Laws were framed to give cities the power to acquire all land involved in a planning scheme and then make various sites available for building purposes.

Today, more than two-thirds of the land inside the municipal limits of Amsterdam is owned by the city, and the city pursues what it calls "an active land policy," acquiring by agreement or condemnation the land it needs, and physically preparing nearly all new building sites. These sites, such as the ones in the new dormitory developments, are not sold but, rather, are let out on long, sometimes even perpetual, leases; the termination of a lease occurs only when the city wishes to change the use or the zoning of the land or to alter the form or the nature of the buildings on it, the leaseholder then being compensated for his buildings. By this means, the city not only keeps a careful, controlling hand on the land but receives an annual ground rent for its property; this rent is generally adjusted every five years to reflect inflation and changed land values. Rotterdam expropriated much of its land just after it was blitzed by the Germans in May, 1940. Thus, a harmonious and coherent redevelopment plan could be made for rebuilding it. (The only jarring note in the new Rotterdam is struck by the ponderous office of the Amsterdam-Rotterdam Bank, an institution that, according to local legend, stepped in the day after the air raid and bought a still smoldering prime site.)

* *

CLAMMING AT ST. JAMES HARBOR

I

As I dragged the bullrake belted at my waist,
backed away, my weight against the chain,
my arms hauling at the crossbars,
and brought the basket up

filled with waterlogged driftwood, starfish,
stones, spidercrabs, snails, shells,
and sorted out the few clams
big enough to keep,

flounders scribbled ahead of their mud wakes,
schools of transparent minnows dotted
and dashed codes against my legs,
young eels kissed my sneakers

with words: this you shall always remember.
This water is the true blood, this
shore is the true body, this
sky the incarnate light.

II

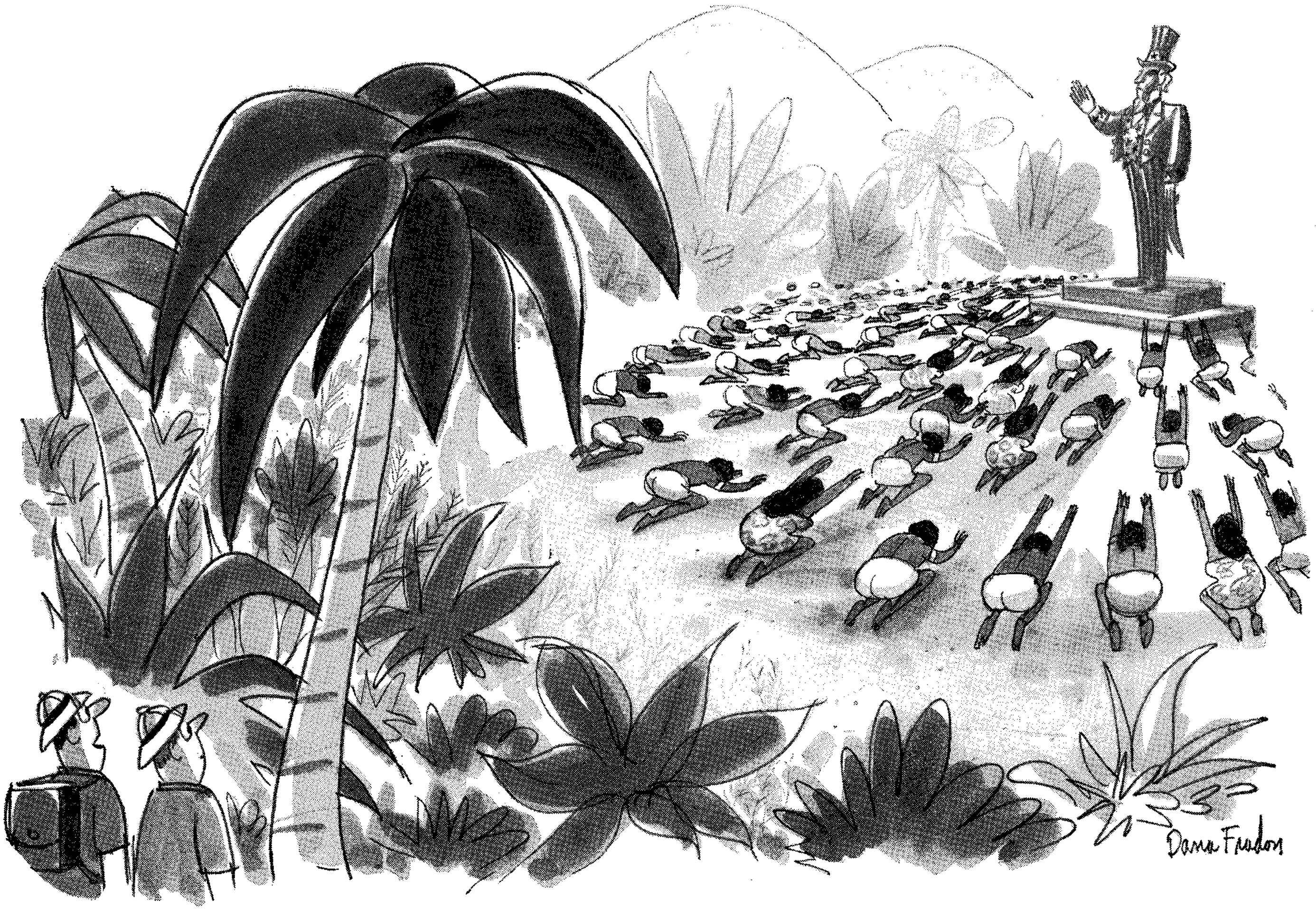
Now, years later, perhaps walking, or reading,
or talking to someone I've long loved,
I leave my self to kneel
down at my own grave.

I kneel in a flat of the harbor at low tide, beside
a trench I've raked, facing the mill's oars
that now whirl down a lattice
of sun and shadow.

I hold relics in my arms: the jewelled claws of crabs,
strands of seaweed shining like saints' hair,
skates' eggs like black scarabs,
clamshells white as time's

waters could wash them. Each time now I kneel longer,
until the tide shall turn, the sun's red blade
drop, gulls fall from the night's tree
to my eyes like dark leaves.

—WILLIAM HEYEN



"It seems the C.I.A. has not been inactive in this area."

• •

Nationally, a Physical Planning Act came into force in 1965, setting up state planning commissions, agencies, and councils in a workable hierarchy, establishing the interdependence of municipal and regional plans, and giving a government minister the right to lay down final, binding regulations. Under this act, there is no formal national plan, but there is a more flexible alternative—a national physical planning policy, outlined in two reports in 1960 and 1966. "We are not planning for a final thing but for a process, and for a never-ending process at that," according to Mr. J. Vink, the former director of the State Physical Planning Agency. The 1966 report foresees a heavily motorized nation of twenty million by the year 2000, and proposes a "structural scheme" for the country that will encourage "concentrated deconcentration," maintaining the central open space within the Randstad and stimulating growth in the less developed northern, eastern, and southern areas.

To a foreign reader, the 1966 planning report seems characteristically (and wisely) Dutch when it emphasizes the need to look after the elements of land, air, and water and to preserve the distinctions between one sort of environment and another, so that they don't coalesce into a formless mess. And the Dutch people seem to be aware of the need for such care and distinctions, and don't seem to mind (at least in these prosperous times) paying the cost of the planning process. Part of this willingness to pay may be due to the shoulder-to-shoulder-together-on-the-dike tradition. One should perhaps also give them credit for consciously taking the public-spirited, long-term view. Sir William Temple, a seventeenth-century British Ambassador to the Netherlands, noted in his book "Observations on the United Provinces of the Netherlands" that the Dutch were remarkably willing to be taxed for community projects, and added, "This makes the beauty and strength of their Towns, the commodiousness of travelling in their Country . . . the pleasantness of their Walks . . . and, in short, the Beauty, Convenience, and sometimes Magnificence, of their Publique Works, to which every Man pays as willingly, and takes as much pleasure and vanity in them, as those of other Countrys do in the same circumstances among the Possessions of their Families, or private Inheritance."

Over all, Dutch planning seems to have maintained a high standard through the centuries, but there are those who feel that at the level of "layout," or design, the Dutch in recent years have not equalled the achievements of their golden age, from about 1600 to 1675, or even the brief brilliant flashes of the age of glass and concrete, earlier in this century. The architectural historian G. E. Kidder Smith, surveying postwar Dutch building, finds many structures that are "outstanding recent Continental horrors." Among Dutch architects, the feeling has also been strong that almost everything built in Holland since the war has been done in the name of speed and quantity and that now has to be the time to seek quality. Several of the architects, including Aldo van Eyck and Herman Hertzberger, are members of a group called New Ways of Living, which brings together a variety of experts in planning and men from other fields, like the eminent child-care specialist Dr. Fiedeldy Dop, to discuss all the aspects of building and of living in buildings. Some of the impetus of the

New Ways of Living group seems to derive from a need to assert individuality in a time of standardization. I suspect that the big, system-built developments are spawning in Holland a school of radical, individualist architects—an almost poetic reaction against an age of prose. Yet I got the impression of an attitude quite different from intransigent independence in talking with Herman Klunder, a tall, twenty-nine-year-old architect who was once a champion miler and who now practices his profession in a condemned building in Rotterdam (which he is allowed to use until its demolition). The youngest member of New Ways of Living, Klunder admits to an admiration for Frank Lloyd Wright and Le Corbusier (of these two, particularly the latter, for Wright, he says, was not a "social" architect). Klunder complains that recent architecture in Holland has not been "social" enough. He believes in an architecture that mirrors the complexity of things and promotes an integrated communal life, and he thinks that one reason the new developments outside Rotterdam and Amsterdam are horrible is that they are not dense enough. "Their average density is from twenty to thirty units per hectare, which is two and a half acres," he says. "Why, then, does everyone have this pipe dream of living in a house in the old center of Amsterdam, where the density is two hundred to three hundred units per hectare?" The new developments, he says, are a kind of cellular packaging, which fails to promote either privacy or community. Klunder thinks architecture should reflect and encourage the stress between man as a free agent in the cosmos and man as a small but necessary contributor to the whole immense natural scheme of things.

NOTHING is free in Holland, and nothing is wasted. From 1932 to 1968, all the refuse from The Hague was carted daily in special trains to Overijssel, two hundred and fifty kilometres away, where it was used as compost for improving the sandy soil. Slag from mines is used to make blocks for paving the inner slopes of dikes, thus helping to clear up mine areas and also saving the cost of stone or concrete. In Amsterdam, the chains hung at major street intersections to mark the areas where pedestrians may cross are decorated with pendants in the form of small metal advertisement placards, for while you are being prevented from jaywalking you might as well think about buying something. (There are, however, very few billboards on the roads.) In all but a few Amsterdam cinemas, you must leave the theatre when the lights go on at the end of the film. If you missed the first twenty minutes and want to see them, you have to go out and buy another ticket and come in again. To walk in certain sections of the coastal dunes, you need a permit called a *wandelvergunning*. It has to be paid for. As a Dutchman pointed out to me, what you have to pay for you don't take for granted.

At Katwijk aan Zee, a seaside resort near Leiden where we stayed for a time, the dunes were a local wilderness and, for us, a salvation. On days when we felt oppressed by the Randstad, by the never-changing view of the sea, and by our fussy landlord, we would walk to the south end of the boulevard, past the sanatorium, past the camping and the midget golf, past the radar station and the wartime German bunkers, beyond the bicycle path leading to Wassenaar and Scheveningen, and through the turnstile in the high wire fence surrounding the dunes. (There was also a hole under the fence through which we could crawl if for some reason the turnstile was locked.) In the dunes, for a change, the horizon was close and bumpy and ill-kempt, with ragged grass, nettles, thornbushes, scrubby trees. It was a landscape in which everything had a purpose, but a less obvious one than that of the level meadows. The dunes are waves, convex on the windward side, slightly concave to leeward. Under the force of the wind, they have been moving and changing for two thousand years or so, driven forward and built up, shaped and made shapeless, turned into ridges, heaps, and great piles. Sit for a moment on the dune slope above the beach when there's an onshore breeze and you can feel the sand moving. In fifteen minutes, you'll be covered with a thin layer of fine-grained sand. But the dunes would move faster if nothing grew on them. Marram grass protects the surface against the wind, and its roots hold the sandy soil together underneath. Rabbits fertilize the soil with their droppings (as do the herring gulls that nest in and migrate along the dunes and hunt the rabbits). Sea spurge, sea holly, lichens, and convolvulus come in the wake of the marram. Thornbushes are planted on the outside of the existing dunes to catch the sand blown by the wind and cause new dunes to form.

The dunes are a place where the ingredients of interest are sparse, and consequently one's powers of observation are taken up with the few things that are there: to begin with, birds, insects, and such flowers as forget-me-nots, speedwell, fireweed, and ragged robin. On pools and ditches dragonflies hover, and everywhere are ants, bees, and midges. In places, the ground is hollow underfoot with rabbit warrens, and just before dark the slopes are alive with the animals, nibbling and listening, then bounding off at one's approach. Overhead fly lapwings, oyster catchers, chaffinches, and swallows. Every scrap or knoll looks much like every other, and it is easy to feel lost, but if you keep going long enough you come over a rise and see the real treasure of the dunes: water, fresh water, lying in a series of

still lakes, which are covered with coot and ducks of many kinds—mallard, pintail, shelduck, tufted duck, scoters, and mergansers. Some are swimming, others bobbing up and down while courting; some seem to call to one another, and some go whirring off or come splashing down. I sat for a long time one evening watching the ducks on such a lake, listening to their sounds, the sounds of frogs croaking, and the sounds of the breeze brushing the sand and the dune vegetation. After a while, I became aware of another sound—a mechanical whirring. I traced it to a concrete-lidded caisson sunk in the ground. From deep within came the sound of a pump.

At the turn of the century, in a cold winter, people skated through the dunes on the chain of frozen lakes that ran for nearly ten miles, from Katwijk to Scheveningen. By 1935, with no great change of climate, this was no longer possible. There wasn't enough water, because the lakes were drying up. They were doing so because they formed the main drinking-water reservoir for the west of Holland, and although the Dutch use only about a third as much water per capita as Americans do, the people in the Randstad were increasing in numbers and were using all the water they had. This dune-water shortage had serious side effects. Rain, falling in the dunes, sifts down through the sand and hangs in a deep sac underneath, forming a fresh-water barrier to the salt water that would otherwise seep in from the sea and get into the soil of the low-lying land behind the dunes. (Salt water has a greater specific gravity than fresh water, and thus must travel beneath it.) As the salinity of the soil increases, the greater amounts of chlorine begin to affect plant life: the yield of tomatoes and tulips declines; so does the milk yield of cows. In order to preserve the intensive agriculture of the Randstad, then, the Dutch had to preserve the fresh-water barrier under the dunes. For that matter, since they were running out of drinking water, and the waters of the Rhine and the Maas coming down from Germany and France were heavily polluted, they had to find a way of acquiring more fresh water to drink and at the same time keep the salt out.

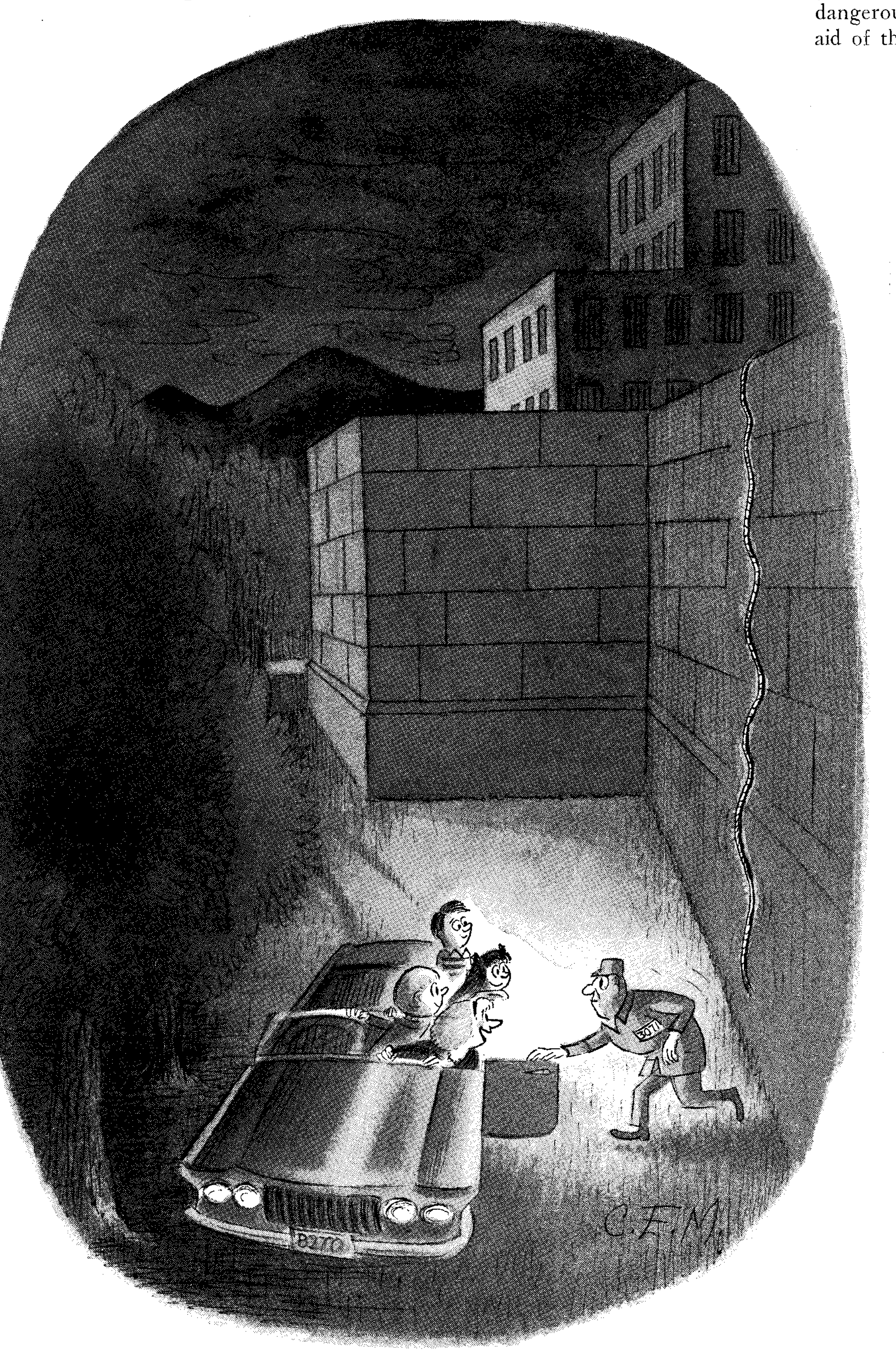
The Dutch use different words for water and for drinking water, and you soon understand why. Most of the surface water in the west of Holland is either brackish or heavily polluted. A recent poll indicated that the Dutch believe that the greatest threat to public health comes not from traffic or smoking but from air and water pollution. The water source that particularly affects them is the Rhine, whose wide branches run through the country to their huge delta. Rotterdam is washed by the Rhine, and people who work there but live elsewhere generally bring a flask of water with them in the mornings to make their coffee or tea. Water taken from the river is kept in open basins for a month and treated with active carbon and a little chlorine, but it never becomes what one water expert I talked with called "top quality." In spring and summer, it is much less than top. Sewage and phenols and other chemicals have left their mark. Rainier seasons help, and so does anything that reduces industrial activity on the upper Rhine and its tributaries, like the French general strike of 1968 or the collapse of Germany in 1945—two occasions when the Dutch noticed a great improvement in the quality of the water. Because the Rhine is an international river, with five countries bordering it and with Holland at the low end, the Dutch have pushed hard for international action. In 1950, their initiative produced the International Commission for Protection Against Pollution, which took inventories and made reports. In 1963, the Commission was given legal status. It set up a headquarters in Coblentz, and established pollution limits. The Germans, who cause most of the pollution, have been encouraged to invest five and a half million marks in sanitation projects. Holland has been merging some of its too numerous, too autonomous water boards, building more and better sewage-treatment plants, and forcing certain factories to move if they cannot meet stricter requirements. Some success has been achieved: although more people live by the river and more factories have been built there, the pollution has not got worse.

One reason the quality of Rhine water is so important is that the natural dune-water supply is now only one-sixth of what is needed, and since 1955 the dune ponds have been recharged with water piped from the Rhine. (Hence the pump I heard.) Since 1963, the Rhine water has been forcing back the salt water that was rising dangerously high beneath the dunes. The dune ponds also act as a stage in the purification of this river water for drinking; it has been partly treated at the start of its fifty-kilometre journey from the Rhine, and after sinking down through the sand and being pumped up again it is further treated just before it is piped out to consumers. In the last few years, the greater wetness of the dunes has changed the environment: some plants have come back that hadn't been seen for a generation. Pike are doing well in the lakes, and so is wildlife in general in the surrounding terrain.

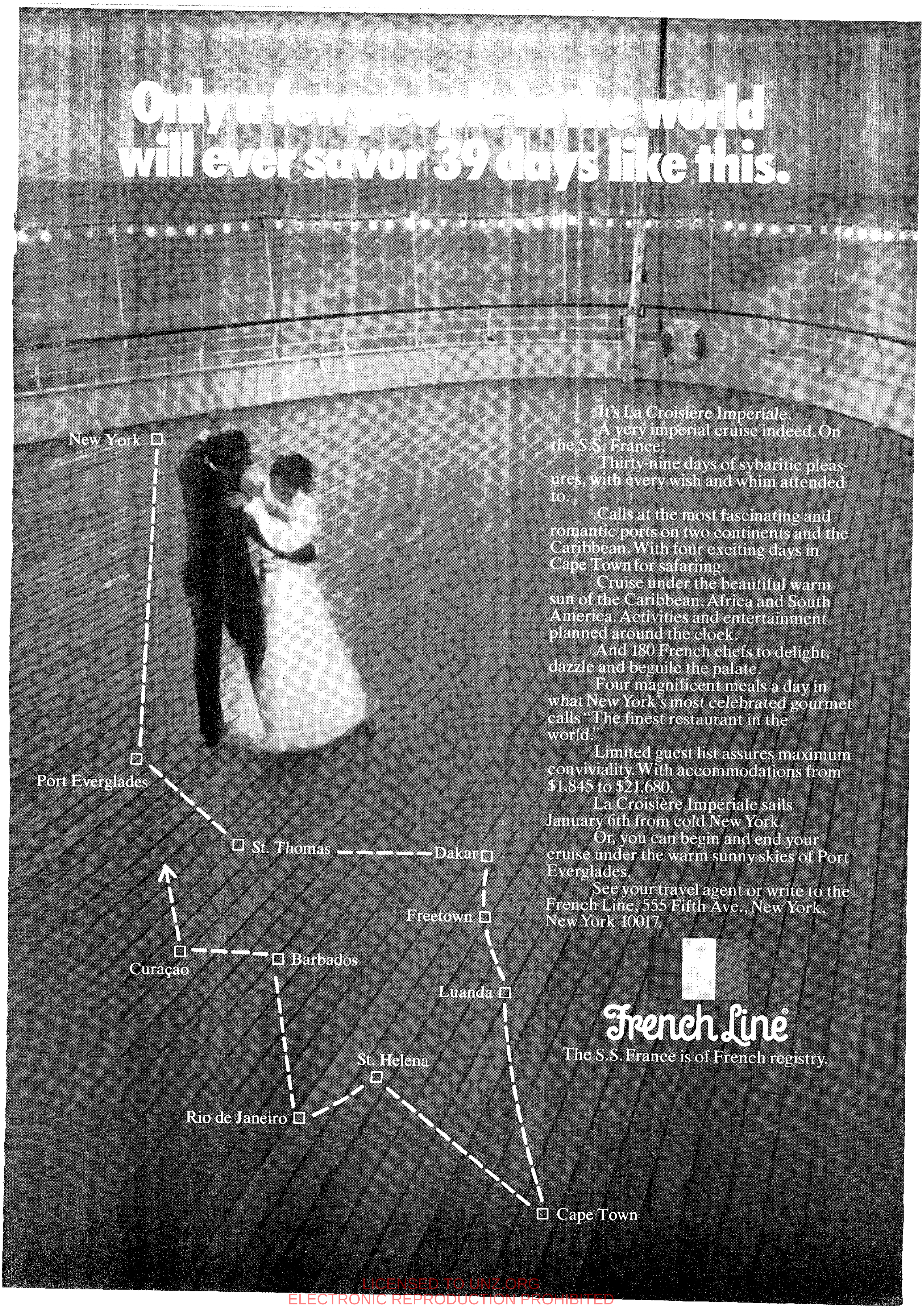
THE Dutch take a rightful pride in their long struggle for land and space. It is the patriotism of people who know that they are responsible for the creation and preservation of their *patrie*. Since the year 1200, roughly 1,400,000 acres have been lost and 1,700,000 gained. There are very few Dutch families who do not own a book or two on land-reclamation works, and many can bring forth a set of annual reports, issued between the two world wars, which describe the construction of the dam—the Afsluitdijk—that closed the Zuider Zee, turning it into a fresh-water lake, renamed the Ijsselmeer, and making possible the empoldering of part of its waters. In the spring of 1967, many people made informal pilgrimages to see the first new land appear as a result of the draining of the third of four planned Ijsselmeer polders. The Dutch find romance in the details of engineering, and at Delft there is a fascinating hydraulics laboratory, filled with working models of riverbeds, dikes, harbor entrances, and the sluices of enclosure dams. Swell generators create the effects of sea; wind flumes make waves, even gale-driven waves; and small, spinning cylinders, which cause water particles to move, reproduce the Coriolis effect—the effect that the daily rotation of the earth has on the flow of water in oceans, lakes, and wide rivers. The problems of encroaching salt water are studied in an ingenious device that allows two different sorts of water to flow in one model. Studies have been done here for British Columbia and for Belgium, and at an associated and similar laboratory research has been carried on for Nigerian harbors and for projects in the Persian Gulf. But in recent years the big task of the laboratory has been model-making for the complicated system of dams, sluices, storm barrages, and strengthened dikes that are being built on the vulnerable coastline of the Rhine-Maas-Scheldt delta region. In 1840, the salt coastline of Holland was 1,187 miles. It is now 840 miles, and when the delta plan is finished, in 1980, it will be reduced to 420 miles.

I spent a week wandering in Zeeland, the western province that is most affected by the delta plan. The motto of Zeeland is "*Luctor et emergo*" ("I struggle and emerge"), and its emergence continues—not only from the dangerous grip of the sea, with the aid of the plan, but from the past. At Yerseke, there are still medieval oyster sheds, but there are also billboards advertising vacation bungalows and camping sites near the yacht basin. The oysters will go, and the summer people will come, in the course of the next ten years, as the Eastern Scheldt is dammed. Dams and dikes are bringing construction machines and materials, men, and money into the backwater of Zeeland. Roads are being built, and bridges to connect islands. Distances are shortening, scale is enlarging, and industry is finding new room, land, and labor at better prices. In Zierikzee, an old market town that you enter through a slightly cockeyed medieval gateway and where you are apt to have to drive around a woman beating a rug in the middle of the main street, people say they are annoyed by modern intrusions, but the banks have international exchange rates posted in their windows, and the Hotel Concordia flies the flags of twelve nations.

I had lunch at the Concordia with Mr. K. J. M. Gerritzen, of the Ministry of Transport and Waterways. Mr. Gerritzen, a trim, genial man in his mid-forties, told me about the delta plan, whose only large drawback he believed to be the loss of the oyster and mussel beds in the Eastern Scheldt. He explained that in this region, which looks from above like a farmer's spread-out hand—the thick fingers being islands and peninsulas—most of the openings will be blocked, shortening the coastline. The Western Scheldt will remain open, giving access to Antwerp, and so



"I thought it would be a fun thing for the children."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will the New Waterway, which leads to Rotterdam. A new system of dams and sluices will divert the so-called fresh water of the Rhine down the New Waterway, helping to push back the incoming salt water, and providing fresh water for the irrigation of the Zeeland fields. Most important of all, calculations of tides and weather in the North Sea over the past hundred years show that the delta plan will reduce to roughly one in ten thousand the chances of a flood disaster like the one in 1953, which took almost two thousand lives and inundated nearly four hundred thousand acres. The cost will be about three billion guilders, or nearly a billion dollars, spread over twenty years. However, the Dutch, in their thrifty way, have worked it out so that there is a direct return of half that amount in savings and profit.

After lunch, I drove with Mr. Gerritzen to the Haringvliet, one of the major estuaries in the delta. It allows the escape of more than half the Rhine-Maas flow, and when it is dammed and this flow has been diverted down the New Waterway, there will have to be a means of getting rid of overflow at this point. In the mouth of the Haringvliet, therefore, a set of giant sluices is being built, capable of letting through not just water but great quantities of drift ice, for ice will form faster when the water behind the dam is less salty and is not moving. The dam carries a four-lane roadway—part of the new Rotterdam-Vlissingen highway joining the delta islands. In the dam are incorporated a shipping lock and a fishing harbor for boats from the villages of Goedereede and Stellendam, which will soon be less accessible from the sea. The sluices are huge, but Mr. Gerritzen happily set forth details that tended to bring the gargantuan into scale: a bicycle track alongside the four motor-traffic lanes, and culverts to let fish in and out in every second pier. Men in a tower at one end of the sluices can control the gates with the aid of electronic data-processing equipment that analyzes information about water levels, discharge rates, wind force, wind direction, wave height, and salt content. "We don't think we have forgotten anything," said Mr. Gerritzen.

SOMETHING of the same skill in the ordering of an environment is evident in Europoort, the new harbor section of Rotterdam. Going from Zeeland to Europoort is a leap from time past to time future, yet it is the prosperity generated by Rotterdam that keeps the old Zeeland towns looking so pretty. Rotterdam is now the largest and busiest port in the world, having surpassed New York, the previous leader, in 1963. Everything in Rotterdam is the biggest: Europe's largest grain terminal, the world's tallest chimney (six hundred and fifty feet), the largest cargo-container facility in the world. The superlatives have a New World ring about them, but Rotterdam makes one wonder if in many ways the New World isn't getting rather old. The city had the advantage of a late start. Holland came into the Industrial Revolution after most other European countries. Its rivers and harbors had silted up badly, forcing Dutch ships to be of such shallow draft that they couldn't compete with the deeper, more commodious ships of England and France. In the early nineteenth century, machinery—especially mechanical dredges—rescued Holland from economic ruin, and one now has the impression that machinery and automation have given the Dutch the ability to go on digging and building and extending forever: after Rotterdam, Botlek, to the west; after Botlek, Europoort; after Europoort, Maasvlakte, pushing out from the present line of the coast into the North Sea. The fact that at the moment Maasvlakte is still under water means little. The Rotterdammers have the means and the enthusiasm to turn it into cargo-loading areas, warehouse facilities, deep channels, refineries, roads, and tunnels, and docks for bigger and bigger ships, with little more difficulty than the Katwijk children have making harbors in the sand.

In Rotterdam Harbor, the water, even in calm weather, is a white-capped jumble of wakes and bow waves from the mass of moving craft. Three hundred thousand barges pass through the harbor every year, many of them oil lighters heading for the Europoort refineries, where the big round storage tanks extend mile after mile. The tanks hold oil for the entire Ruhr Valley, oil to heat the houses, run the factories, and move the cars of Europe. A hundred years ago—one and a half lifetimes—the fuel in Holland was peat. The peat was dug by hand in the moors and loaded by hand into forty-ton sailing barges, which a man, with the help of his wife and a boy, could sail through Holland to sell his cargo to farmers and householders. Today, a barge of less than a hundred tons is uneconomical, and skippers of smaller barges are given government grants if they allow their vessels to go to the ship-breakers. Holland's fuel now is oil or natural gas, which comes in a pipe and is metered as it is used in the house—and in most places, particularly in the west of Holland, that house is not the result of a man's decision that it is what he wants for a home but, rather, is the result of dozens of decisions by planners, architects, engineers, politicians, housing associations, and committees. Proper names are replaced by initials and abbreviations, as if to simplify a complexity too great for us. And a three-hundred-thousand-ton tanker is no longer a ship, even an immense ship. It is the sum of a thousand technological possibilities, some of which we aren't sure we have even begun to grasp. Is this what we really wanted? Did we build this just because it could be built?

Rotterdam encourages such speculation on the kind of world man is actively, and perhaps not always thoughtfully, creating, for Rotterdam is in many ways a brand-new city. It is bustling, it is on the make, it pays more taxes to the nation than any other city, because of its big companies and big imports. It has its Eurotower, an up-to-date observation tower in concrete, and it has a shiny, quiet single-line subway. It is working on a World Trade Center. The city crystallizes in concrete, glass, and steel the phoenix feeling that every Dutchman inherits—the feeling of making things from scratch, starting from ashes. In this case, the ashes were left after the German air raid of May 14, 1940. What has been built in the city's center has been widely praised—particularly the Lijnbaan shopping district, with its pedestrian malls, its sidewalk cafés, its adjacent hotels and apartment buildings, its concert hall, and its underground parking garage. Yet, for all the pleasantness of its scale, and the pleasure one feels at being able to walk around it, the Lijnbaan seems drab and machine-made. The surrounding streets seem too wide for the height of the buildings placed along them, and this width emphasizes such distracting features as overhead tram wires and their supporting posts. (One of the Dutch architectural reactions to overcrowding has been this expansiveness where space exists. It can also be seen

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in the Amsterdam dormitory towns; in the new polder capital of Lelystad; and in Nagele, one of the new villages of the Northeastern Polder, where the rows of houses are set so far from each other that they scarcely form a community.) The Dutch themselves think Rotterdam is a cold town, and certainly on gray days concrete and glass are not the most cheerful materials.

Perhaps because their town is so cold and new, the Rotterdammers themselves are friendly. (In historic, charming, and cozy Amsterdam, the natives are more sophisticated and less hospitable.) But one soon notices that the place to which a friendly Rotterdammer invites a guest is not a spacious new Lijnbaan restaurant or his own modern apartment but some small, hole-in-the-wall bar in a crumbling nineteenth-century house. There are still a number of such houses here, most of them condemned, and many of the condemned ones have been lent by the city to artists and architects for use as studios until the time comes to pull them down. In others—in tenements on the Witte de Withstraat, for instance—there are these shabby refuges, these pubs in which newspapermen and sculptors and architects and engineers can drink their beer and *genever*. Such men have congregated in Rotterdam because it excites them and pays them, enabling them to work and then to take cover in one of these bars, where the friendly noise is so great that they can't hear the machine they have helped make—this great oil-dispensing, grain-handling, chemical-creating, apartment-building machine—working its way down the street and gobbling up the old buildings.

Progress is not quite running rampant, however. There is a growing official awareness in Rotterdam that what counts now is not the design of individual projects but the design of a region—that the greenhouse districts of the Westland and the open spaces of Voorne, south of Europoort, and the industrial development of smaller delta towns, like Oosterhout, are crucial items in a single juggling act. The Rotterdam region is currently working to control air pollution. A mast some two hundred and sixty feet high for the continuous measuring of pollution has been set up at Vlaardingen, in the center of the region, and a central, supramunicipal authority, called Rijnmond, has been established. Under its control is an environmental-health commission, which has the power to investigate complaints of pollution and to check pollution sources.

Even so, when the wind is in the southeast, as fortunately it isn't very often, The Hague is highly aware of Rotterdam, and government officials wonder whether it isn't so powerful a weight that the whole country will swing with it. A woman on the staff of the National Physical Planning Agency whom I talked with pondered aloud about the Dutch interest in money-making, and whether Rotterdam might not be expanding simply for expansion's sake. "We have a good reputation for looking after our land," she said. "But I'm not sure whether, on this scale, we have made all the correct calculations—whether a new oil refinery at this point actually brings money into the country or costs the country more than it makes. The deeper the channel of the New Waterway, the more salt enters. The more salt enters, the more danger there is to the drinking water of Rotterdam and to the adjoining agricultural land, and the more Rhine water will be needed to expel it. If you look at the development-possibilities map of the Rotterdam region, you'll see an anchorage area for mammoth tankers off the Hook of Holland. That gives us the possibility of offshore unloading, but it also gives us the possibility of more tankers, and the risk of more oil spillage—and even now the North Sea beaches from Scheveningen to Den Helder are often smeared with tar."

Our landlord in Katwijk kept a bottle of gasoline on the front porch, with a rag for applying it to the soles of our shoes when we came in from a walk along the beach, and he went into furious sulks if some tar escaped this treatment and got trodden onto his stair carpet.

ASKED where, ideally, they would like to live, most of the Dutch will say, "In the woods." People who work in the Randstad have as their great ambition living in a house—even a little cottage—in the woods of the Veluwe. The Veluwe is a wide belt of sandy soil running through the central province of Gelderland. Part of it, the Hooge Veluwe, which is some fourteen thousand acres of woodland and heath, is open only to paying visitors, but the entire area is accessible by roads, footpaths, cycle tracks, and bridle paths, nicely camouflaged with shrubs and trees. Along with the Kröller-Müller Museum, there are many public facilities scattered through the woods—swimming pools (here called *bosbaden*), camps, restaurants, playing fields, and riding stables. For though Holland has less recreation space per capita than the United States, or even England, it uses intensively what it has. Since the end of the nineteenth century, the amount of Dutch woodland has been increased by the Forest Service from five per cent of the area of the country to eight per cent. The Forest Service encourages public use of the woods, creating recreation spots in the poorest timber-growing areas, and elsewhere insuring that commercial forestry doesn't inhibit vacationers or day-trippers who might otherwise be driving on already crowded roads or sitting on already packed beaches. Well-designed maps let walkers in the woods know where they are. Small shelters offer cover in showers. Although boar roam in the Hooge Veluwe and falcons fly over it, these woods are far from being a wilderness. C. H. J. Maliepaard, a Dutch planner, has said, "On Monday morning the red deer in this park are so exhausted from running from cover to cover on the previous Sunday that they can be considered the most fanatical opponents of recreation." In the woods near Lunteren, I had the impression that if I felt lost all I needed to do was light a fire and immediately several Dutchmen would run up to tell me that fires were not permitted in the woods.

The Dutch park has traditionally been more of a wood than an English or American city park, and because the Common Market has created a situation in which certain crops can be grown more cheaply in other European countries, some Dutch agricultural land is being converted into woods. The latest National Planning Policy paper recommends the creation of twenty-eight day-recreation centers close to major cities, with woods an important part of them, and work has already begun on one such park, between Haarlem and Amsterdam. It will form a rural buffer zone between these cities, which are only fifteen minutes apart by train and car, and will be a place that residents of either city can come to without advance planning if they have a day or an afternoon to spare.

One model is taken into account in the design of all the wooded parks the Dutch are building now, and that is the Amsterdamse Bos—the Amsterdam Forest Park, or, more colloquially, "the Woods." Like many similar amenities in Holland, the Amsterdam Woods were created from scratch—or, in this case, from three polders occupying 2,230 acres thirteen feet below sea

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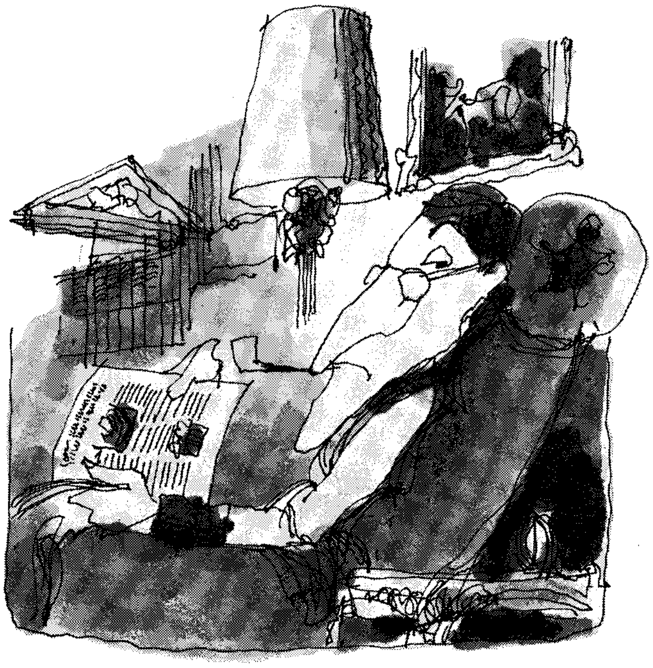

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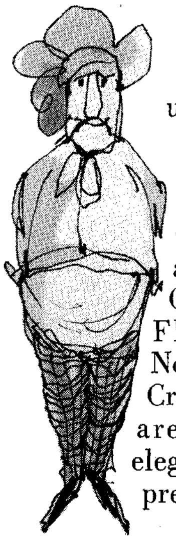

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Petite Marmite Henry IV, Steak Diane, Breast of Capon Escaloppee au Vermouth, Stone Crabs fresh from Florida, Omelette Norvegienne Glacee, Crepes Suzette—these are just a few of the elegant foods M. Douat prepares.

In addition to M. Douat, we have 1296 other people to serve you.

And since we have 600 rooms, that works out to about 2 hotel people per room. Not many New York or even European hotels can match that ratio.

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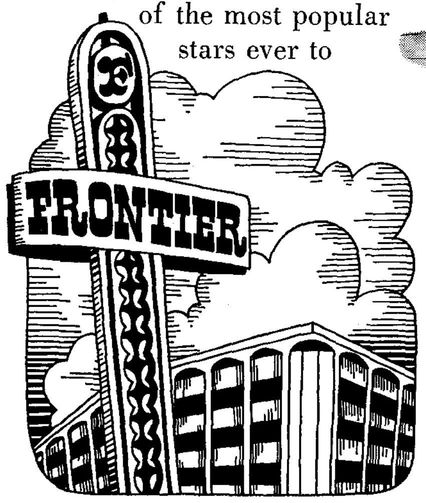
The suites are the size of small homes. The guest rooms are the largest in Las Vegas. And everything—the furniture, the appointments, the carpeting, the fabrics—has been chosen for elegance and comfort.

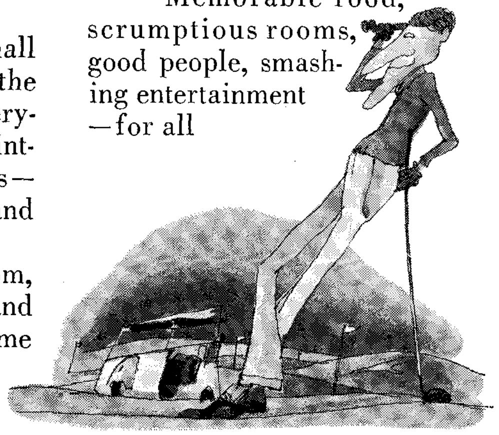
Once you do leave your room, you can stay right in the hotel and enjoy regular appearances of some of the most popular stars ever to appear in Las Vegas.



Vic Damone, Jimmy Durante, Robert Goulet, Phil Harris, Bob Newhart, Wayne Newton, Diana Ross, Frank Sinatra, Jr., The Supremes, Jerry Vale—it reads like something out of *Variety*.

And if you cotton to outdoor sports, we can offer you just about everything you could want.

An Olympic sized pool, a verdant 18-hole golf course, 6 great tennis courts, ping pong, a putting green. You can even go fishing if you like.



Memorable food, scrumptious rooms, good people, smashing entertainment—for all these reasons, we think we belong.

But there's another reason that's not so tangible. It's a feeling you'll get of being welcome. A warm, open-armed, genuine kind of welcome that many say is unique to the West.

One thing we're sure of.

It'll make you feel like you belong, too.

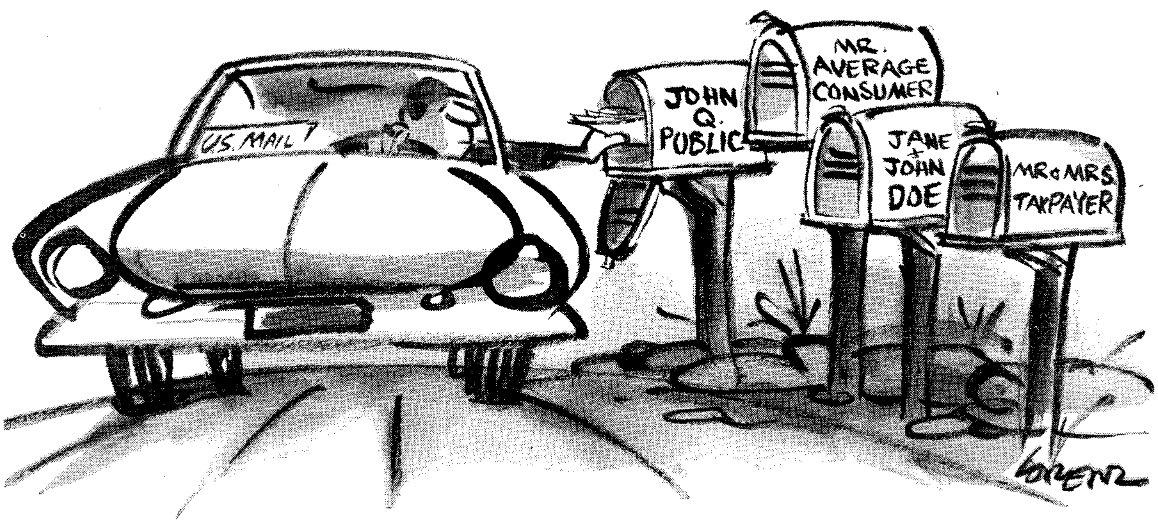
THE FRONTIER IN LAS VEGAS

level. It was the idea of the burgomaster and aldermen of Amsterdam in 1928, and work actually began on it in 1934 as a means of relieving unemployment. An extensive network of drainage pipes had to be laid throughout the future Woods, to maintain the correct water level in the subsoil so that trees would take proper root. Lakes were necessary for drainage purposes, and they were also necessary for swimming, for canoeing, and simply for their aesthetic value. The steep polder dikes were given more gentle slopes, so that they seemed less like walls. The construction of a hill was begun. All sorts of trees common to northwestern Europe were planted, covering nearly a thousand of the 2,230 acres. The result is something like the parks one sees in eighteenth-century English portraits, where country gentlemen and their families stand before a sylvan background of deer browsing in sunny clearings or by quiet pools. There are long, wooded slopes and open glades, with here and there a man fishing, a young man and a girl riding by on bicycles, holding hands, and some Icelandic ponies nibbling beyond the trees. Overnight camping is restricted to a small site at the south end, but the Woods are never closed. They are patrolled by the police of Amsterdam, Aalsmeer, and Amstelveen, the three municipalities in which they are situated, and by eight park rangers with dogs. The crime rate is about the same as the rate in Amsterdam itself; that is, low. The ground is always a little damp, because the Woods are below sea level, and there are never any forest fires. Holland, with its base of sand and water, is a good country for children, and in the Woods there are many specific sites where children can mix water, sand, and themselves in any quantity, and more such sites are now being constructed. The Dutch genius for the moderate use of things is evident in soccer goalposts consisting of continuous tubular frames, like those of aluminum garden chairs. The posts do not need to be planted in the ground but can be moved anywhere on a field, so one spot isn't continuously played on and the grass denuded. These posts also make possible a number of impromptu games on one field. Throughout the Woods, there are short emergency landing strips for aircraft, but they have never been used, and cows graze on them now. These are the stock of dairy farmers forced off land taken for dormitory developments, and their presence in the Woods not only helps the farmers but enhances the pastoral atmosphere; the cows I saw were wearing coats, and the effect of this was not only pastoral but *gezellig*—a word that the Dutch use constantly to convey the idea of being warm, comfortable, cozy.

The greenery around Dutch towns and cities grows not only in woods and parks but in allotments—areas given over to thousands of tiny gardens, where city workers can potter in the evenings, raising vegetables or flowers, and where whole families spend weekends, as if on their country estates. Just outside Amsterdam, in the Watergraafsmeer, you can see such an allotment city. There the little gardens cluster below a dike, and on each garden is a *huisje*—a garden shed that in the course of evenings and weekends, with accretions of tarpaper, shingles, tiles, and linoleum, has become a residence. Here each man has been his own builder, planner, and architect. Each cottage, with its flattish roof and leaning stovepipe, is slightly different from the one next door. Small cinder paths lined by trim hedges run between the houses and past white-painted gates to the front doors. It is a sort of permanent camping site. Inside each *huisje* are bunk beds, plywood cupboards, and a primus stove. There are plants on the windowsills, and around the house—the soil is rich black—are flower beds, for as the garden hut has become a second home, so the vegetable patch has become an ornamental garden.

The allotments are taken seriously by most Dutch town planners. They are not land that can be considered ripe for dormitory exploitation. They are needed the way they are. Amsterdam first leased out such allotments on an organized basis in 1909, formalizing a use that the city people had always made of land outside the city walls. Rotterdam has planned allotments in belts of parkland during recent expansions. Although apartment dwellers might seem to be in greatest need of allotments, people who live in houses want them, too. Around The Hague, a third of the allotment holders already live in houses with gardens, but they obviously want more than a place to grow things: they want to be farther away from the place where they live most of the time; they want peace and quiet in the open air.

If you wanted to find the apotheosis of all that being a contemporary Dutchman is not, you would probably find it in the imaginative literature of the eighteenth century—for example, in "Robinson Crusoe." Crusoe is a man without society, without community. He has no crowds to bother him, no traffic problems, no population explosion, no anxieties about government housing or the need for recreation or the power-hungry state. He makes his own house, plays his own games. More justly than an absolute monarch, he can say *"L'état c'est moi."* I discussed this subject with Dr. Querido. Addressing a recent conference on World Population and Mental Health, Dr. Querido had described an Eskimo couple, living in total isolation, who have a baby and, noticing with horror that it has no teeth, take it out to leave it in the snow to die. They are stopped by an old woman they meet, who tells them that the baby is normal—teeth will grow. The point is, Dr. Querido said, that there is a level of social density below which "mutual support becomes impossible, communication breaks down, and the transfer of knowledge, of traditional and cul-



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It's how the English keep their gin up!

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DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
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THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

"By Jove, Gordon's® *is* the dry one, wouldn't you say?" said the man in the bowler.

"Gin-uinely dry, my good man," answered the Cricketer.

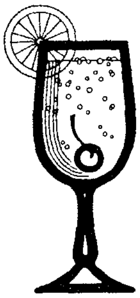
"Matter of fact . . . every bottle of Gordon's is *still* based on that original formula!" said the Admiral.

"Of course!" replied the Barrister. "Would you re-paint a Gainsborough?"

(All of England, America, the rest of the world has agreed for over 200 years that Mr. Gordon's wonderful discovery in 1769 is responsible for more Gin-uinely delicious drinks than any other.)

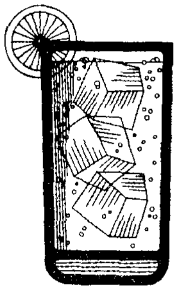
Gordon's Sour

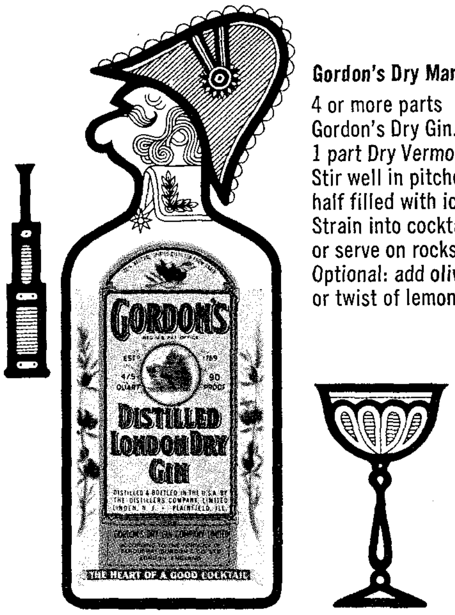
1½ oz. Gordon's Dry Gin.
Juice of ½ lemon.
½ teaspoon powdered sugar. Shake well in shaker half filled with cracked ice.
Strain into Sour glass.
Add dash of soda water.
Decorate with orange slice and cherry.



Gordon's Collins

1½ oz. Gordon's Dry Gin.
Juice of ½ lemon.
Pour into highball glass with ice cubes.
Fill with soda water.
Add a little powdered sugar.
Stir, decorate with orange slice.





Gordon's Dry Martini

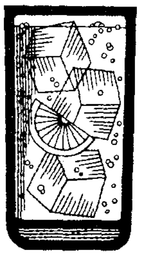
4 or more parts
Gordon's Dry Gin.
1 part Dry Vermouth.
Stir well in pitcher half filled with ice.
Strain into cocktail glass or serve on rocks.
Optional: add olive or twist of lemon peel.

Gordon's Old Fashioned

Muddle ½ lump sugar in dash of bitters.
Add 1½ oz. Gordon's Dry Gin over ice cubes.
Add splash of soda water.
Serve in Old Fashioned glass.
Decorate with orange slice.

Gordon's & Tonic

1½ oz.
Gordon's Dry Gin.
Pour into highball glass with ice cubes and fill with tonic water.
Add slice of lemon or lime.



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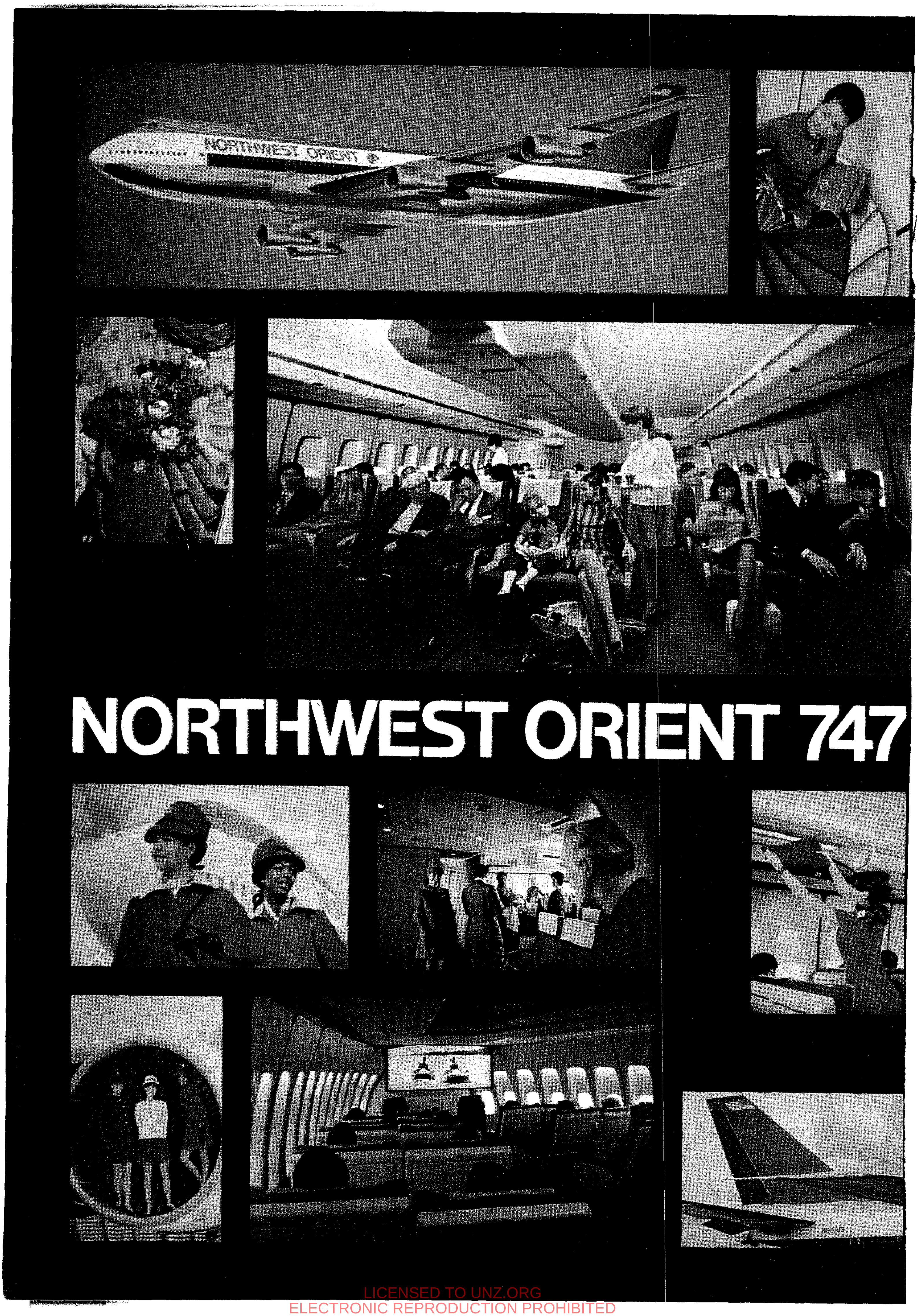
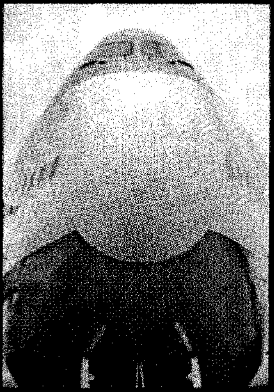

NORTHWEST ORIENT
NORTHWEST ORIENT 747



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NORTHWEST ORIENT 747
. . . come up where the living's beautiful.

Delta introduces a totally new concept in single handle faucets, the Delta Fjord.

To look at, it looks like the most elegant widespread you've seen. But to operate, it operates as simply as the rest of Delta's famous single handle line.

Frankly, all one handle does is work the pop-up control. The other handles all the necessities—on-off, volume, and control.

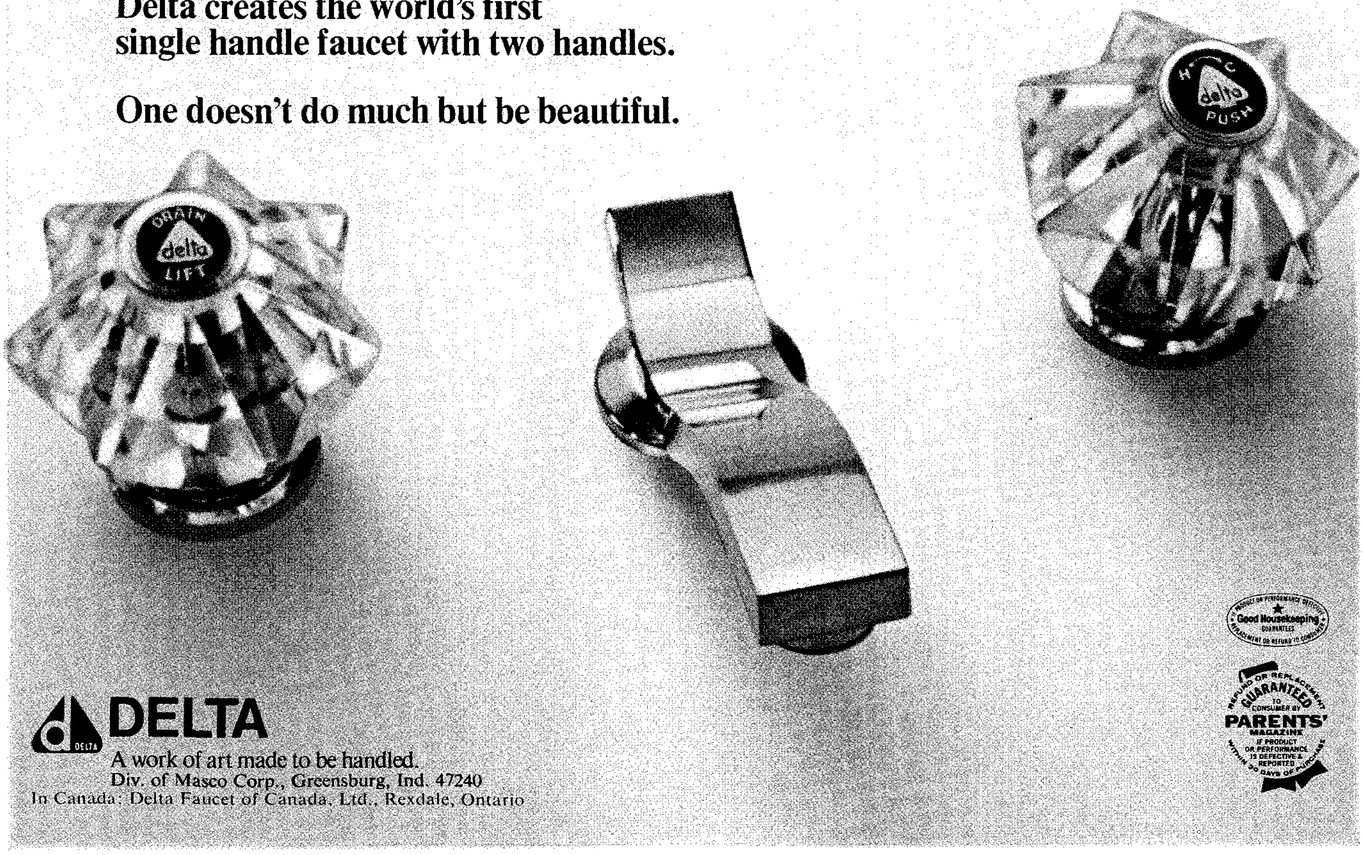
Delta designed the Fjord for what's happening in the bathroom—the new posh look you'd like your bathroom to look like. Unique. Elegant. Individual.

But we didn't want to throw out our own original idea . . . the handle with only one moving part . . . so we didn't. We combined them to give you the best of both; worry-free maintenance (after all, how much can go wrong with one moving part), and distinctive, decorating design that defies description.

You can see the Delta Fjord in chrome, brushed chrome, bright gold, or satin gold at your plumber's, architect's, or plumbing contractor's.

Now, proven Delta quality comes in a prize package of both drama and dependability.

It's not enough to be just beautiful.



Delta creates the world's first single handle faucet with two handles.

One doesn't do much but be beautiful.

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A work of art made to be handled.
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tural lore, is impeded." In other words, we need people.

The Dutch are at the other extreme from the Eskimos. They have a social density so high that, like a family in a crowded living room where one member is reading, one writing, one sewing, and one listening to the radio while Papa broods, they have learned how to pretend at any given moment that some of the people—particularly those that can be lumped in a group—are invisible or are not there. It is a course that the Dutch have had to follow since the sixteenth century, when the rebellion against Spanish rule underlined the religious disharmony of the so-called United Provinces. The Netherlands then contained many Roman Catholics in addition to the Calvinists who were in the forefront of the struggle, and the country has continued to contain them—indeed, more and more of them. It also holds more and more relatively moderate Protestants, whose zeal has gone into politics and commerce as well as religion, and more and more foreigners seeking sanctuary, such as Portuguese Jews, French Huguenots, and, in recent years, refugees from Indonesia. Both the Calvinists and the Roman Catholics have insisted that their children's education must have a religious framework. The farmers and the nonreligious political parties, like the Socialists, have made their own particular demands and formed their own identities. The result is a country that may at first seem Dutch through and through but will split open into half a dozen major fragments, each of which in turn will flake off into many parts. The word that the Dutch apply to this separateness within their society is "*verzuiling*." "*Zuilen*" are pillars, and "*verzuiling*" means the state of being in pillars, each pillar "valuable in its own right," to quote Professor J. Goudsblom, of the University of Amsterdam, "and together indispensable in supporting the national structure."

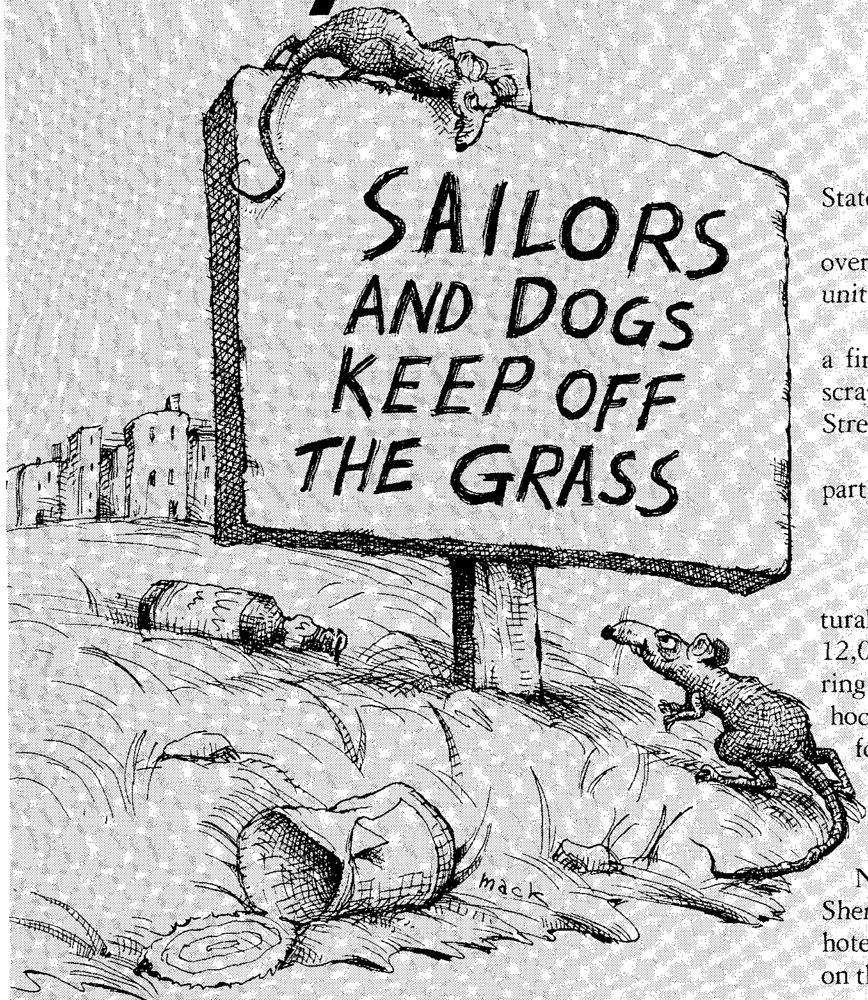
One analysis would show three main pillars: Catholic, Protestant, and "Liberal-Humanist." Further analysis would reveal over twenty political parties and eighty religious denominations, and there are countless other groups: five or six hundred different associations in the Northeastern Polder alone—associations for playing football, listening to records, or talking about farm problems. A favorite example cited by Dutch sociologists is the Roman Catholic Goat-Breeding Association. Religion enters into everything, and Holland has not only an International Red Cross but, to take care of various denominational intricacies, a Green Cross, a White-Yellow Cross, and an Orange-Green Cross. Although it makes little economic sense, some small Northeastern Polder villages have three schools and three churches, all at a careful distance from one another. (A now repealed 1853 law stipulated a distance of four hundred and twenty feet between churches, in order to preserve the peace.) In Emmeloord, the central market town of the Northeastern Polder, with a population of about eight thousand, there are twenty-six schools, mainly because different ones serve different denominations. A local study points out that "a not inconsiderable part of the working population of Emmeloord consists of teachers." But Emmeloord, being a new town, is unusually heterogeneous. Many towns are not, and when one of them is named to a Dutchman he is likely to say, "Oh, yes, they are very Calvinist there," or "That's an extremely Catholic place." All over the country, there are Catholic newspapers, Protestant newspapers, and Socialist newspapers. There are Catholic libraries and Protestant libraries. You can tell the difference between one church and another by looking at the steeples: the Catholics have a cross, the Lutherans a swan, and the Reformed Calvinists a weathercock.

Menno Brandsma, who works as a biologist in the new polders, told me he was much surprised during the first year he lived in the new town of Dronten because, with limited facilities that had to be shared, Catholic children played with Calvinist ones in nursery schools and all the parents talked with one another. In a pioneering situation, the traditional pillars had been forgotten. But as time passed and the population grew, with more farmers coming to work the new land and bringing their conservative ideas with them, Dronten became what Brandsma called "a mirror of Holland." Yet he didn't expect this segmented state to last forever. Not only do the pillars rest on a foundation of common citizenship, language, environment, and cultural heritage, but they are being continually bridged by common services and shared events. Elementary and high schools impose the same curriculum and the same discipline on all Dutch children from six to eighteen. Disasters like war and flood have had a unifying effect, and cars and television daily weave an enclosing net. The TV-programming authorities are run by half a dozen associations—one Protestant, one Catholic, one Liberal, one Socialist, one Conservative middle-class, and one neutral (even neutrality is considered a position in Holland)—and the national networks offer a lot of sermonizing and sectarian speechmaking. But there are also song festivals, football games, movies, the news, only seventeen minutes of advertising a day, and an occasional program of humor, on which a racy remark or the spectacle of a nude girl instantly binds thirteen million Dutch together in the accord of common shock. Drivers are not furnished with Catholic cars or Protestant highways, and most of them belong to a nationwide organization, the Algemene Nederlandse Wegen Bond (General Netherlands Roads Association), which provides road signs, route maps, and a splendid free roadside service for breakdowns. Also, of course, there are no pillars in a traffic jam.

All in all, one might say that *verzuiling* plays a useful part in the maintenance of a densely settled community that wishes to remain harmonious. The pillars create an undestructive spirit of competition. They encourage ardor, thereby averting apathy. Because they are so various, they prevent sharp lines from being drawn between one side and another: it takes two to make a fight; when you have twenty-two, you have instead, at the most, a continuing quarrel.

"THINGS could not have been produced by God in any other manner or order than that in which they were produced," said the Dutch philosopher Spinoza, and the fact is that God is in the air in Holland. Religion is taken with a seriousness that doesn't seem to exist in many other so-called Christian countries. Even the unchurchly—the *buitenkerkelijke*—make sure that you understand that their being outside an institutional church doesn't mean that they lack a religious temperament. Really doctrinaire Calvinists now make up less than ten per cent of the population, and some twenty-eight per cent of the Dutch are Protestants of the less strict Reformed persuasion—though they may still go to church twice on Sundays. All Sunday long, in the village of Surhuisterveen, on the Friesland-Groningen border, where I lived for a while, the sound of hymn

Try and live this one down.



THIS SIGN helped ruin our city's reputation. And maybe we deserved it.

Things were rough here during the war years. So when the sign went up, the word went out. "Norfolk: Ugh!"

But things have changed.

We're a new city.

Today, sailors get civic awards instead of insults. And before long, we'll be telling their story in a unique naval museum.

In the cultural area, the Armed Forces School of Music draws artists to Norfolk every year. Then shares them with the city through the Norfolk Symphony. (Not to mention our opera workshop, ballet, little theater and professional theaters.)

But it didn't happen overnight.

We tore down and built up.

Norfolk had the first urban renewal program in the United States. (Project No. 1 in 1949.)

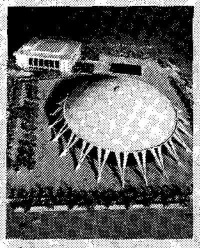
Since then, we've spent nearly $200,000,000 tearing down over 1,000 acres of slums and putting up 5,300 public housing units.

We've also put up a major hotel, several shopping centers, a fine museum, an ultramodern public library, and six skyscrapers in a financial district that promises to become the Wall Street of the Mid-Atlantic region.

Recently, Norfolk was one of the first places chosen to participate in the Model Cities Program.

And we're just getting started.

Next year, we'll open a $30,000,000 convention and cultural center designed by Pier Luigi Nervi. It'll seat as many as 12,000 people for a convention or a three-ring circus. For basketball, boxing, or ice hockey. The adjoining theater will seat 2,500 for The Rolling Stones or The Metropolitan Opera. And there'll be a completely equipped rehearsal theater underground and a fine restaurant aboveground.


Our new convention and cultural center.

Not far from the convention center, the Sheraton people are putting up a 14-story hotel, right in the middle of the most modern shopping mall on the East Coast.

Our airport's being completely made over; and surrounded by 125 acres of botanical gardens. Experts tell us it'll be the most beautiful and most passenger-oriented facility anywhere.

Before long, Norfolk will have one of the finest regional medical centers in the U.S. It'll care for the disadvantaged, teach, and conduct extensive research.

We'll also have a Cultural Enrichment Center to offer bright students quality instruction in the arts and sciences. Among other things, the center will have a planetarium, marine science laboratories and a theater for the performing arts.

That's part of what's happening in Norfolk today. Change.

And we intend to keep changing. Because now the signs say we're going places.

NORFOLK: the great comeback.

singing came over the back gardens, both from the churches and from the houses, to which people had returned from church still singing. In few of these houses could people imagine starting a meal without saying grace; in many, a reading from the Bible would follow it. A cross would hang on the wall behind the television set, and on a side table would be a pile of religious magazines and missionary material for which donations had been given. The young might not be quite so flamboyantly earnest about religion, but I got the impression from Enneus Heerma, a political-science student in Amsterdam who watched TV and rode a bike on Sundays, and who continued to say grace and go to church, that the Deity was a real dimension in his life.

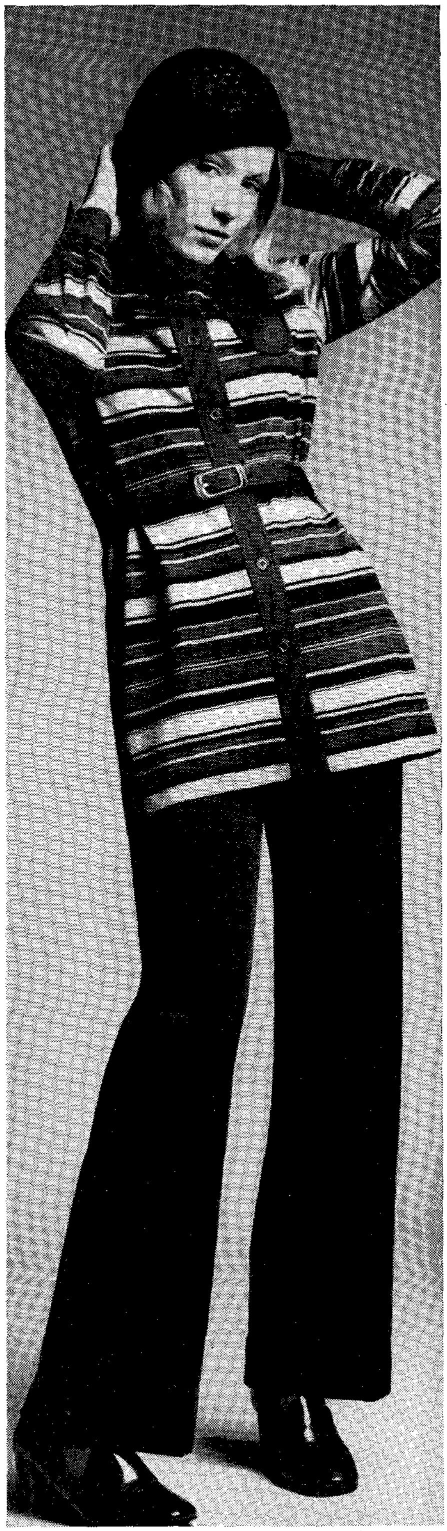
As the Spanish found during their occupation of the Low Countries, the natives of the region have always been religiously inclined. Life goes on in the paintings of Bruegel—the harvest is gathered and the feast celebrated—but in the corners of the fields and along the roadsides there are crosses, and there are also gibbets on which people are hanged for their faith. A well-known saying goes, "One Dutchman, a theologian; two Dutchmen, a sect; three Dutchmen, a schism." But in recent years the reputation for theological speculation and controversy has shifted from the Reformed Dutch to the Dutch Catholics, who number roughly five million—some forty per cent of the population. This is not to say that these are all religious radicals. A study made in the nineteen-fifties of the bulb-growing town of Sassenheim indicated that Catholics there were even more strongly opposed than the staunch Calvinists to "mixed marriages." As recently as 1954, the Dutch Catholic bishops sent out a pastoral letter forbidding their flocks to join Socialist trade unions, visit Socialist meetings, read Socialist newspapers, or listen to Socialist radio programs. But by 1966 fifteen per cent of all marriages involving a Catholic were mixed, and in towns of more than a hundred thousand people the figure was thirty per cent. Moreover, as the countryside has become more and more urbanized the Dutch Catholic hierarchy has come to reflect the very socially aware climate of Randstad Holland. A Dutchman was the last non-Italian Pope (Adrian VI, in the sixteenth century), and when, during the second Vatican Council, in 1962, Dutch Cardinal Alfrink interrupted a speech by the conservative Italian Cardinal Ottaviani (who had exceeded his time limit) it was regarded by many as a gesture—perhaps typically Dutch in its tactlessness—of the contemporary urban forces of renewal in the Church in opposition to the Roman forces of inertia. In 1966, despite the earlier ban on Socialist ties, a Dutch priest, Nico van Hees, was working as a reporter for the Socialist paper *Het Vrije Volk.*

The leader of the Dutch Catholic *risorgimento* until he died, in 1966, was Bishop Willem Bekkers, who (writes van Hees) did "for Dutch Catholicism what Pope John did in a few years for the world Church." On television, Bishop Bekkers told viewers that birth control was a matter of individual conscience. "Although he wasn't a learned theologian, he inspired new theological thought," a Dutch Catholic told me. "He tried to loosen up the atmosphere surrounding mixed marriages. He had a vision of one Christian church, which he managed to get across; sometimes he told Catholics that the Lutherans had done more than they had to develop the truth of Christianity. He attempted to relieve the pressure of sin that old-fashioned Catholic theology imposes on married couples trying to avoid having more children." (According to *Time*, some sixty per cent of Dutch Catholic women practice contraception.) Bishop Bekkers encouraged those Catholics who were questioning the need for clerical celibacy; who were promoting the communal meals called agape feasts, which are shared by Catholic and non-Catholic; who were reforming the liturgy of the Mass; and who were promoting lay participation in diocesan councils, and even in the nomination of new bishops.

The fervor Bishop Bekkers inspired has been widespread in Holland, where more than fifteen thousand lay discussion groups and numerous clerical conferences have speculated with refreshing candor about such subjects as original sin, the Virgin Birth, and the Resurrection of Jesus. The speculation is reflected in the new Dutch catechism, a work of more than six hundred pages, which in 1967 had sold some four hundred thousand copies in Holland. The catechism charitably fails to give firm doctrinal answers to old questions like "Who made us?" Instead, treating human and divine issues as necessarily fraught with ambiguity, it

PASSPORT PHOTOS
WHILE-U-WAIT

"Go ahead and snap it! That's how he'll look in Europe anyway."



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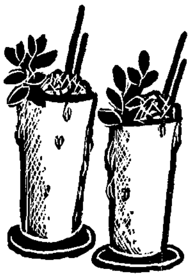
discusses Hindu belief, Marxism, the Reformation, and homosexuality. Plaster saints have been cleared out of many Dutch churches. Private confession is no longer much practiced, partly because most people are no longer bothered by the sexual "sins" that made up so much of the material to be confessed. Perhaps the most difficult question raised by Dutch progressives has been in regard to the rule of priestly celibacy. A hundred and fifteen Dutch priests left the Church in 1967, and perhaps twice as many did so in 1968. A survey made of a hundred and eighty ex-priests showed that nearly half of them had got married within two years, and that most of them would go back into the Church if the celibacy rule were changed. Father Walter Goddijn, the secretary-general of the Dutch Pastoral Council, has called papal policy in this respect that of an ostrich, and the board of the Catholic students' union has issued a statement saying, "A primate who cannot think on higher levels than that of Italian sexual morality stops functioning for us." Ninety-seven per cent of the Catholic students in Amsterdam have supported one of their chaplains, Father Jos Vrijburg, in his request for permission to continue his work as a priest after his marriage. Eighty priests recently met in Amsterdam and appealed to their bishops to designate certain sections of the country as places where married priests could work. This is, after all, a country where home and family count.

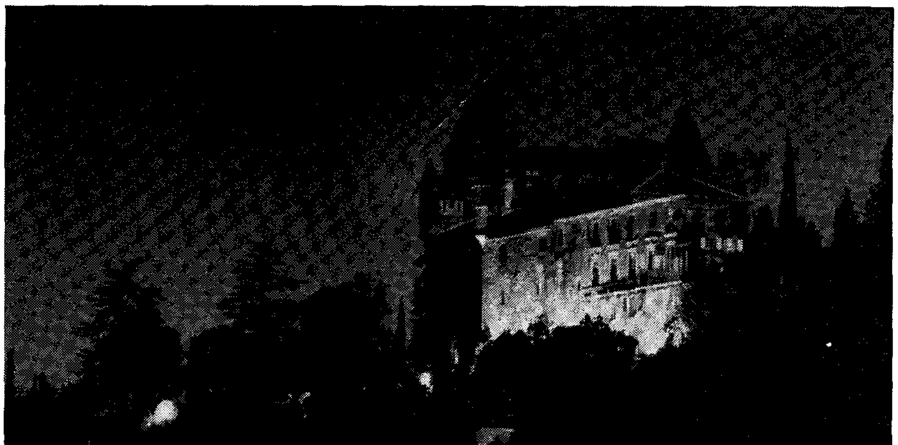


IN Holland, life is serious. This is a feature that hasn't always appealed to the refugees, exiles, and other foreigners who have come to make their home in the lowlands. Indeed, there are moments in Holland when the stranger feels he has danced or sung for the last time. He begins to act twenty years older. And yet (and it is a big "and yet") the fact that the Dutch take the responsibilities of life so seriously may be what accounts for the presence of these refugees and exiles. A Dutchman may not invite you to dinner in his own home, but he has always been hospitable in respect to his crowded little country. Tolerance is perhaps an urban virtue, easier to practice in cities than in rural places, and although the Dutch haven't consistently been tolerant to other Dutchmen (Grotius was imprisoned, and Spinoza was declared an outcast by the Amsterdam Jewish community), Holland has been a refuge for some of the greatest men, including Descartes, Scaliger, Freud, and Einstein. Mme. Maria Montessori, the teacher, came to live and die in Holland. Frederick of Bohemia, deposed in 1619, sought refuge in Holland, and so did Kaiser Wilhelm II after the collapse of Germany in 1918. Leiden and other universities attracted students from many countries. Scotsmen like James Boswell came to Utrecht, and many French to Leiden and Franeker. In 1685, a Frenchman reckoned that half the total population of Holland consisted of foreigners or their descendants. The civil wars in France, Germany, and England during the seventeenth century served to increase, as Sir William Temple pointed out, "the swarm in this Country, not only by such as were persecuted at home, but great numbers of peaceable Men, who came here to seek for quiet in their Lives, and safety in their Possessions or Trades." African slaves were free the moment they touched Dutch soil. The Pilgrim Fathers found a friendly refuge in Leiden. Flemish and Walloon refugees revived the weaving trade of that city and the cloth-bleaching industry of Haarlem. Antwerp provided craftsmen and merchants, who invigorated Amsterdam. French Huguenots in Holland opened schools, introduced new methods of clockmaking, taught the violin and culinary arts, and complained about the climate, the Dutch temperament, and the impossibility of learning the language. Portuguese and Spanish Sephardim came in great numbers at the end of the sixteenth century, and prospered. (They didn't dominate trade, however. The historian Paul Zumthor writes that of Amsterdam's fifteen hundred biggest taxpayers in 1631 only six were Jews.)

Today, the Dutch feel in many ways basically European, and this helps to compensate for the fact that, as Dutch, they feel rather insignificant in world politics. In their insignificance, they worry—about Nigeria, Czechoslovakia, Vietnam, and, always, the Bomb. As a small country, Holland at least lacks the sort of insularity that comes from great size and power. The Dutch feel close to other small countries, like Israel. Young people belong to organizations for European unity, and Dutch cars often carry plates saying not only "NL," for "Netherlands," but "EU," for "Europe Unie." Foreign Minister Joseph Luns uses his best influence to counter the French and get Great Britain admitted to the Common Market.

Within the Common Market, labor has a new freedom to cross national boundaries, but in Holland, since it has a shortage of non-skilled workers, many people enter from countries outside the Common Market as well. There are at present twelve thousand Moroccans, ten thousand Turks, ten thousand Spaniards, nine thousand Italians, fifteen hundred Greeks, a thousand Portuguese, and a thousand Yugoslavs living in Holland as legal immigrants, and in addition many North Africans without entry permits come in clandestinely, huddle in attics, and now and then reveal their presence by slaughtering a sheep for a feast. Many Englishmen work in Dutch publishing and broadcasting, Australians fly for K.L.M., and Americans run stockbrokerage offices in the Weesperstraat or live on barges along the Amstel. Dutch companies like Phillips, with notable research departments, seek out bright graduates from universities in Switzerland, Spain, and Italy. Since 1961, in fact, the number of Holland's immigrants has exceeded the number of its emigrants.

To the foreign immigrants may be added some ten thousand Surinamers—Creole people from the former Dutch colony in South America—and three hundred thousand refugees and repatriates from Indonesia, who arrived between 1945 and 1964. The return and immigration of these people were handled with skill and tact. Some of the Indonesian refugees were pure Dutch, some were of mixed blood, and some were pure Indonesian. Many Christian, highly educated islanders from Ambon, in the Moluccas, decided to come to Holland after Indonesian independence. Between 1945 and 1949, two hundred thousand people came to Holland from Indonesia, and although the country was still in a bad way from the German occupation, a great deal was done for them. When the refugee ships arrived, they were met by committees that arranged for temporary accommodation of their passengers in various towns and villages, so that the Indonesians wouldn't be bunched in one ghettolike spot. Medical examinations were given, and treatment and hospitalization were arranged for those who needed them. Each immigrant was given a year's free supply of clothing and help in finding a job. Room was found in boarding schools for children who came without their parents. In the years from 1950 to 1964, the equivalent of fifteen million dollars was granted to the im-



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migrants for clothes, furniture, housing, and allowances to keep them going until they could find employment. Twenty-two homes for elderly Indonesians have been established.

One tends to forget how important the Indies used to be in the Dutch economy, and how generally the Dutch saw themselves as imperial merchants. By the mid-nineteenth century, the country's chief source of wealth was colonial trade. Reading Louis Couperus's novel "Old People," one gets the impression that in The Hague *everyone* who counts is living off a connection with the Indies. In his book "Indonesia," Bruce Grant writes, "At its prewar trading peak, the archipelago provided an income directly or indirectly to one in every seven Dutchmen." Before the Second World War, the Dutch East Indies supplied the world with some ninety per cent of its quinine, eighty-six per cent of its pepper, thirty-seven per cent of its rubber, nineteen per cent of its tea, and seventeen per cent of its tin, and also with sugar, coffee, oil, and most of the world production of cigar wrappers. The profits from this trade fattened not only the Dutch merchant class but also the national self-esteem: the burghers' damp little homeland was the seat of a great, warm colonial empire. And if the Dutch perhaps made little impression on Indonesia—beyond running it efficiently, throwing the most intelligent radical Indonesians into detention camps, making a great deal of money, and drinking a lot of gin—Indonesia made a pronounced impression on them. The Dutch Calvinists softened in the tropics. The spices got to them. Intermarriage was common.

Today, the Dutch seem well rid of their colonial burden. They have been able to throw off some of the old "regents' mentality" that went with it, and it has done them good to lose a little of that burgher fat. The loss of their captive export market brought about a deliberate government policy of managing the economy, keeping prices and wages low, and promoting industrial expansion, and this policy has been exceptionally successful. Yet, fortunate though the loss of empire may seem in retrospect, at the time it was a crisis. The Dutch met the emergency as they would a flood—with well-organized energy, and with a humanity that hadn't been so apparent in the Indies.

If the Dutch have an object of open intolerance, it is the Germans. A slight gap between the generations exists in this respect, and one should perhaps exclude those Dutch born after 1945, for they often do not understand their elders' bitterness. There are still, however, plenty of stories to illustrate the Dutch preoccupation with the neighbor to the east. Many people tell of answering a knock at the door in recent years and finding a German there who says, "I would like to bring in my wife and show her the house. I lived here during the war." What particularly annoys the Dutch is to hear a German say, "*Nicht gewusst*" ("I didn't know"). They have heard it too often. They have heard it from Claus von Amsberg, who said it thoughtlessly and perhaps sincerely when, before his marriage to Princess Beatrix, he was questioned about having once been in the Hitler Youth. "We see ourselves in the Germans," a research engineer told me. "That's why we dislike them." And when I found myself talking with an official of The Hague water supply, not about water but about the deportation of the Jews, he said that it was the worst thing that had ever happened in Holland, "not just for what it showed about the Germans but for what it told us about ourselves—about man." A hundred and forty thousand Jews lived in Holland before the war. A hundred and ten thousand were deported, and of these all but five thousand died in the camps and gas chambers. Some eight thousand survived in Holland by going into hiding. A few of the Dutch still ask themselves what they, the Dutch, did or did not do.

The Dutch were caught unprepared by the Second World War in many ways. At first, they tried to remain neutral, as they had successfully done in the First World War. Then, on May 10, 1940, they were invaded, and fought hard for five days before capitulating in confusion, with the Queen and the government fleeing to England and the Germans bombing Rotterdam. Historians now say that communications between German field and air commanders were faulty the day of the bombing—that there was a failure to inform the Luftwaffe command about the progress of the surrender talks. In any event, Holland surrendered on the afternoon of May 14, 1940; a few hours earlier, after planes first bombed the Rotterdam water supply, incendiaries were dropped on the city; nine hundred people were killed and 78,500 were made homeless.

For a while afterward, the Germans gave the impression that they were trying to bring Holland into the Third Reich. The Dutch were close kin, good Aryan stock, so why not National Socialize them? However, German police rule was soon in force; everyone over fifteen had to carry a *persoonbewijs*—an identity card—which in the case of Jews had a "J" stamped on it. Queen Wilhelmina (whom Churchill once called the greatest man he knew) made occasional broadcasts from London, and Radio Orange came over the B.B.C. for fifteen minutes daily. In 1943, the Germans confiscated all the radio sets they could lay their hands on. For some time before that happened, Hitler and Himmler apparently toyed with the idea of deporting the entire Dutch nation to the east, but when deportation began, in July, 1942, those who went were the Jews. Today, there are Jews who complain that the Dutch did little for them at the time. There was resistance, of course, some of it heroic, but the people in any country who are ready to defy a ruthless occupation force are always going to be few, and most of the Dutch, including the Dutch Jews, went along with the German orders, hoping until the very end to stay out of trouble—hoping, and living, with all the illusions they could muster. "We saw the Jews being taken away and did nothing," one man said to me. He still feels the anguish of it. Another Dutchman has written, "One felt sorry for the Jews and congratulated oneself on not being one of them. People gradually got used to Jews having the worst of it." Officials maintained, as usual, their immaculate records. The trains—even the trains to Belsen and Auschwitz—ran without hindrance through Holland.

THE war has been over for twenty-five years—a generation—but in Holland its effects are still apparent. The Amsterdam diamond trade is not what it was. The Jewish quarter of the city, whose vacant houses were devastated by people seeking firewood during the "hunger winter" of 1944-45, still looks blitzed and empty—a site for development schemes that haven't matured, and one that now seems better suited to road expansion and subway construction. One less tangible effect of the war, some observers feel, is an intensification of what was already a strong characteristic of the Dutch—their sense of care. Sir William Temple noted in the seventeenth century, "Charity seems to be very National among them." If Sir William was acquainted with the great Amsterdam surgeon Nicholas

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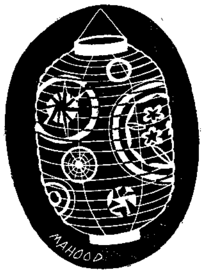
Tulp, one of whose anatomy lessons Rembrandt painted, he may have been aware of the Doctor's motto: "In serving I consume myself." But whereas in former times Dutch charity and responsibility seemed focussed on family, community, and co-religionists, they now have a wider reach. War guilt and a training in courage may be causes, and so may a denser, more urban society, which creates pressures that can be worked off in a concern for more remote events, like the struggle for Negro rights, the Israeli-Arab conflict, and Indian famines. On Dutch television, there is always some cause being pushed that needs money and help, and the Dutch do not seem to tire of giving. Nor do they give only money. In London, a Dutch girl is running a hostel for former British mental patients. Dutch doctors have been working in war-shattered Nigeria. New York City, shattered by many things and needing assistance in the treatment of alcoholics, has got a Dutch specialist, Dr. Henry Krauweel, to commute regularly from Amsterdam to Manhattan to help.

I think that if the world were coming to an end I would go to Holland, not because, as Heinrich Heine suggested, everything happens later there but because the Dutch might well have worked out a way of forestalling it. If it was by flood, they would certainly have their boats and houseboats ready, and even the most terrible conflagration wouldn't get far amid all that water. If I were sick and impecunious, Holland is the place I would choose to recover in. If I were an old man of slender means and slight energy, Holland is the country in which I know I would be treated with respect while I sat on a canal bank and fished and dreamed and watched the boats go by.



However Dutch care originates—in a strong sense of family responsibility or in a knowledge, born on the dikes, that every man with a spade is the keeper and protector of every other man—the Dutch care well, and in an age of increasing numbers of people and more complex demands and services they seem to care wisely and efficiently. In the first years of the Second World War, the Ministry of Social Affairs put into effect a form of medical insurance, called the Sick Fund. Under this system, roughly seventy-one per cent of the population is insured by private, non-profit associations, which pay the costs of all medical care. Everyone who earns less than sixteen thousand guilders (about $4,480) a year must, by law, be insured; the insurance costs 5.4 per cent of a person's wages and half is paid by the employee, half by the employer. The insurance associations pay hospitals, doctors, druggists, dentists, and midwives for the services they render. Family doctors receive a per-capita fee for everyone on their lists, and people can change doctors every six months if they so desire; a doctor can also refuse to take a person on his list. In community psychiatric care, the Dutch have been pioneers. The mental-health sections of their larger city health departments have developed psychiatric first-aid services, with a number of teams—each composed of a social psychiatrist and a nurse—available to answer calls for help day or night in acute cases. "This may be a severe emotional upset in a home, an epileptic seizure, trouble with a mental defective, a suicide attempt, or depressive or excited behavior," a Dutch health authority writes. "The service is very effective, and succeeds in keeping a good many patients out of hospitals."

The institutions are there if they are needed, however, and, whether because the facilities are extensive or because the country is small, one is aware of the places where people are looked after. I spent a morning in Amsterdam's municipal orphanage, a low, sprawling structure, built like a large Roman villa, with a series of little rooms and bigger rooms around square courtyards. Most of the children, who ranged in age from a few months to twenty years, were wards of societies that looked after broken families; sometimes their mothers were in the hospital or their fathers in jail. In most cases, they would stay at the "orphanage" for a year or so until their home life improved. At the moment, I learned, thirty were living out, with foster families, and all the school-age children went off every day to regular Amsterdam schools. Architects are frequent visitors to the home, for it is Holland's star architectural attraction. It was designed by Aldo van Eyck, whom some Dutch colleagues describe as a poet and others as "difficult," but who, on the evidence of this building, is clearly a man who has thought hard and originally about children. It is, to begin with, a building you can wander in: down a few steps, where the change of level has been neatly emphasized by a line of bright-blue ceramic tile at the edge of the top step; up a low ramp where bicycles can be wheeled; along corridors that are like covered streets, the light and grass of a courtyard visible through windows on one side, and the other walls built with the familiar brick of Dutch pavements—sandy purple-gray bricks with wide strips of mortar between them. Overhead are skylights letting in broad shafts of sun. The corridors link big indoor courtyards, fine for riding bicycles in on rainy days. In fact, the whole building is a place that can be played in—a permissive building. The home is staffed by thirty people, including nurses, teachers, and social workers, and run by a board of trustees, as it and its predecessor, in the center of the old city, have been run since the seventeenth century. "We are well endowed," an official of the institution told me. "But then most Dutch orphanages are. Rich men in our country have always felt obliged to leave land and bonds to places that look after children, the sick, or old people. And Dutch towns take pride in building homes for them."

IN Holland, the stranger soon notices that the art of the country is present in its life. After a while, one sees Mondrians in the landscape and Vermeers in the faces of young women, and Rembrandt is everywhere: in the bend of a stream, where a barn stands beside a tree; in a child toddling in front of its mother in the Vondelpark; in an old woman bending to pour tea. In the work of Rembrandt, moreover, one sees a mirror of the Dutch notion that old age is good. In Holland, to have reached ripe years is to have gained an accumulation of experience and concern, and to be worth respect and given peace. There are no euphemisms in Dutch for being old—no "senior citizen," no "golden-ager," not even the rather belittling British term "pensioner." Often, in the course of arranging to see someone, I would be told, "No, don't come that day—I'm taking my aunt to the Concertgebouw," or "Make it the following week, will you? My father and I are going bird-watching on Texel." Although there are more and more old people in Holland, living longer, using more hospital space, and requiring more government expenditure, the Dutch show no sign of rejecting their old people or cutting them off, the way people of other nations sometimes seem to do out of fear of being old themselves. One can perhaps add to the reasons for Dutch longevity—along with bicycle riding, margarine eating, and good health services—the fact that the Dutch *enjoy*

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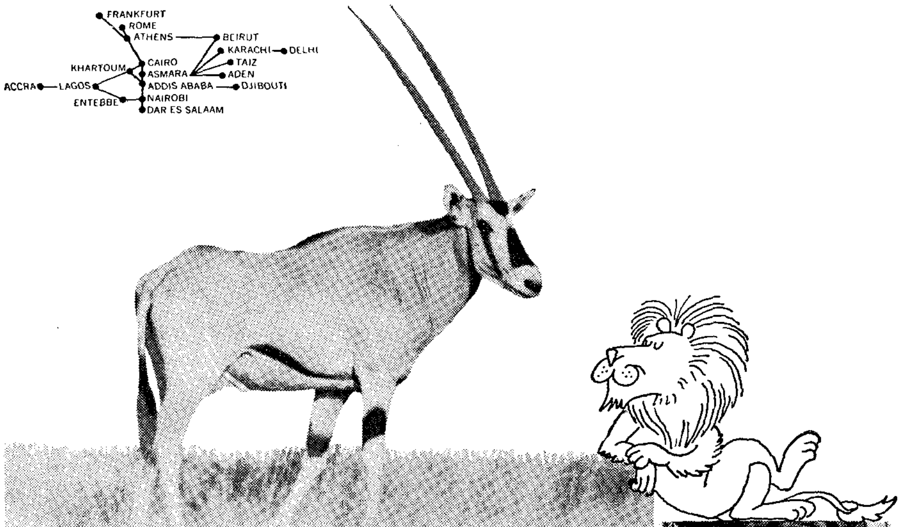

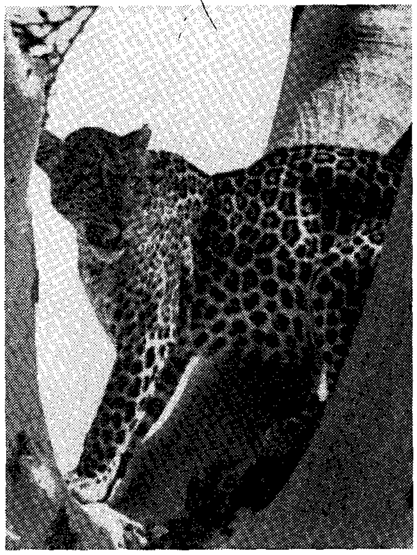

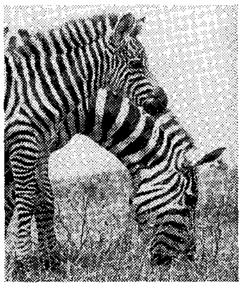

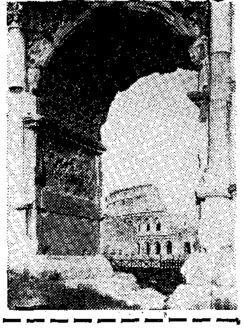

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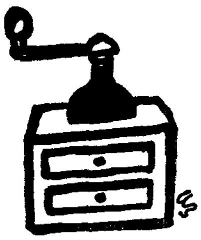
old age. Old people are not deserted or unwanted; on the contrary, they retain a certain carefree independence.

Sir William Temple once paid an enjoyable visit to a home for aged seamen at Enkhuisen, and similar pleasures can be had today. Indeed, one quick way to escape from the elbow-to-elbow turmoil of Randstad towns and cities is to take sanctuary in the courtyard of a *hofje*, or group of little almshouses, to be found in almost every town where old people live. These *hofjes* are generally one story high and surround a garden with a well in it. The *hofje* at Katwijk formed a square that you entered through an archway, and though in this case the little houses were not especially attractive, the garden within provided a splendid refuge from the hurly-burly of the seafront promenade. In Amsterdam, just off the famous shopping area in the Kalverstraat, there is the Begijnhof—three-, four-, and even five-story houses standing like the high sides of a ship around a ship-shaped garden. Perhaps in reaction against the flat and linear landscape, there are no straight lines; the houses tilt and lean. No two are alike, one being wooden, some red brick, and some having painted façades, but each has its own small front garden and wooden fence. In flower beds grow lilacs, pansies, bluebells; there are several apple trees and a great chestnut. No traffic sounds can be heard. Pigeons coo, and a few old ladies scrub their stoops, wash their windows, or stand chatting.

Some *hofjes* began in the Middle Ages as cloisters where lay women could devote themselves to the religious life, and there were also *gasthuizen*, set up by private donations and bequests, for sheltering the poor and the aged. Although most of the religious houses were dissolved during the Reformation, the spirit behind them carried over into the establishment of many new *hofjes* in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Leiden had twenty, Amsterdam seventy-five. Founding a *hofje* was a way of doing good and also of setting up a monument to oneself, with one's name inscribed over the entrance arch. Moreover, it was a form of charity that afforded commissions to Dutch painters, who were asked to portray the founder and the trustees or regents who administered his will. The planning group called New Ways of Living has made a retirement home one of its first projects. In the new developments, the accommodations for elderly people may not be so well worn and carefully cherished but they seem well integrated, consisting as they do of low blocks of apartments, as at Pendrecht, or terraces of small modern houses set among apartment buildings and larger family houses, where children play and people go back and forth and there is more to do and see than the activities of one's contemporaries. Even so, the need for such accommodations is greater than the supply. Twelve per cent of the population of Amsterdam is over sixty-five, and the percentage will probably be fifteen per cent by the end of the century. Many of these people can look after themselves, and some will be housed in places on the order of the new Bijlmermeer development, where each of them will have a flat of his own and a matron to assist him if necessary. But others want a home that provides constant care, and Amsterdam has been building facilities for four thousand such old people. It has also established a central bureau to cope with the problems of the elderly, to collate the waiting lists of private, religious, and municipal homes, and to investigate the needs of old people, so that those in greatest distress are helped first. Many old people have gained admission to a home at the age of sixty-five and lived in great good health and no real need for the next twenty years or so, while no room has been found for some who were old and incapable. The average age of the people now in Amsterdam *hofjes* and homes is eighty-two, and if the Dutch build more modern homes like the Hospice Wallon, which is run for members of the Huguenot Church and includes facilities for keeping its residents physically fit and mentally occupied, that high age may become higher still.



In some countries, the best architecture is to be seen in private houses; in other countries, it is in office buildings and banks. In Holland, the best is in *hofjes*, hospices, and hostels—in new buildings like van Eyck's children's home or Herman Hertzberger's student hostel on the Weesperstraat, in Amsterdam. The hostel is a three-story rough-concrete structure incorporating an arcade, a bookstore, a café, and student rooms, and conveying a strong feeling of being an enclosed street where young men and women can stand and talk or sit and read—a place to meet, a place to make speeches, a place to think. Hertzberger has provided many benches and sills to sit on, and plenty of unfinished-looking surfaces, on which he expected many posters to be put up—though perhaps not so many as have appeared, plastered one on top of another, giving the arcade and its open stairwell a collage-by-Kurt Schwitters effect. At any rate, despite a difference in age of two hundred and fifty years, Hertzberger's contemporary concrete building is informed with the same humanity that exists in the old *hofjes*—the same idea of a community in which people are encouraged to be independent.

AS a country grows more urban and more complicated, a feature that becomes increasingly important is the mechanism of compromise—the machinery by which people with different demands and of different occupations and interests manage to talk with one another and arrive at agreements. Where there is no talk and no agreement, the modern city tends to come to a stop. It is therefore interesting that, except for a month in 1960 when three building unions went out, the last major widespread strike in Holland was one that took place in Amsterdam in 1941 and was directed chiefly at the Nazi registration of the Jews. Experts say that the Dutch workman has a traditional fear of his boss and is temperamentally disinclined to strike, but this disinclination may stem in part from a realization that he gets better results at a meeting table where his representatives and those of the management can have it out with each other. That perspicacious gentleman Sir William Temple observed that although the Dutch, being naturally "cold and heavy," were by no means vivacious conversationalists, they nevertheless had their talents as talkers—that with them "thought moves slower and heavier, but thereby the impressions of it are deeper, and last longer." Democracy and drama are antithetical; in fact, it might be said that a country whose politics are consistently interesting is a country unready for democratic procedure. A truly democratic disposition, as Professor Huibert Drion, of the University of Leiden, has written, "presupposes an acceptance of compromise." For that reason, it often seems unattractive to the sort of romantic intellectuals who find caution frustrating. Democracy, writes Professor Drion, choosing his simile most Dutchly, "moves forward with the heavy caution of a man who knows he is answerable for his actions."

The Dutch came late to the Industrial Revolution but perhaps no later than other countries to a realization of the gulf between workers and the bour-

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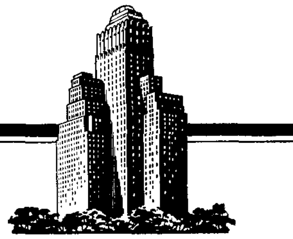
geoisie. In the late nineteenth century, when Socialist unions opposed the whole structure of Dutch society, social agitation in Holland was often violent. In 1918, there were riots over the shortage of food in Amsterdam and an attempted Socialist putsch, and Queen Wilhelmina went out into the streets to try to calm the demonstrators. Since then, Catholic and Protestant unions have gained large shares of the workers' support. There is no closed shop in Holland, and the fact that various unions compete for the allegiance of workingmen has perhaps helped collective negotiation take the place of direct action. What the German sociologist Theodor Geiger calls "the institutionalization of class antagonism" has probably gone further in Holland than in any other country. The institutions are, first, the Foundation of Labor, which is made up of the central employers' organizations and trade-union federations, and, second, the Social and Economic Council, which has fifteen members from private industry, fifteen members from unions, and fifteen independent experts appointed by the government. The Council provides constantly operating negotiating machinery. The government is required by law to seek the Council's advice on all important social and economic questions, and the Council, on its own initiative, can give advice to the government whenever it feels like it. Until 1954, the government, on the basis of this advice, laid down wage rates for all industry, but since then the policy has been relaxed until the government interferes only when it feels that a wage proposal is contrary to the national interest. In Holland, ever since the war, wages and prices have been fairly successfully kept under control. Industrial investment has been promoted, and so has the sale of Dutch goods abroad. There has been a conscious effort to pursue long-term benefits for everyone, rather than short-term benefits for small groups of either employers or employees. Two results of this have been almost full employment and a very small loss of working days from strikes. What strikes there are, therefore, are wildcat strikes, and one suspects that now and then the Dutch worker feels out of touch with his union leaders, who seem to be always consulting one another but not talking to him. For that matter, many workmen don't belong to a union at all, and many others don't participate very actively in the union they do belong to. The responsible, care-full society has brought about so many medical and social improvements that



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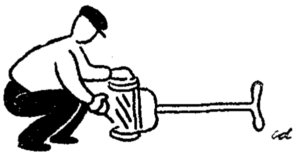
some unions feel their entire raison d'être to have been undermined, although actually a lot remains to be done in improving communication and conditions in individual factories. Some of the "bosses" realize this. Mr. J. Bosma, president of the Federation of Netherlands Industry, recently noted the advent in industry of younger, better-educated men. "The older generation was used to taking orders," he said. "The younger generation, on the other hand, is less prepared to accept orders without knowing something of their implication."



Thanks to education, prosperity, and a strong bourgeois tradition, the proletariat is withering away in Holland; the political atmosphere is highly unrevolutionary. To a very large degree, risk has been removed from life; priestly celibacy and the proposed Amsterdam Metro sometimes seem to be the only real sources of controversy. Security and safety appear to have been achieved at the expense of zip and zing; there is no bounce in a feather bed. However, according to a recent television poll, the Dutch consider their preëminent characteristic to be independence. Are they in fact independent? Aren't they too placid? "The Dutch are the most controlled people in the world," a young Dutch student named Carl van Lennop said recently. "The Dutch are told what to do in every sphere of life." Van Lennop was in an Amsterdam jail when he made this statement, and the *mise en scène* may have been influencing him. He was a Provo, one of a small group of Dutch people who from 1964 to May, 1967, brought a sense of risk, unrest, and revolution to the forefront of Dutch life. The Provo seemed to some to be the anti-Dutchman made flesh and to others to be a flowering of much that is latent in Holland. One middle-aged professor at The Hague wondered whether the Provo might not be "a phenomenon that foreshadows tomorrow's culture of the Western world."

Some Provos were not young. One of the Provo candidates for the 1966 Amsterdam City Council election, a writer named Jef Last, was sixty-eight. However, most of the two dozen people who were the core of the loosely bound Provo movement were in their twenties or early thirties—people like Luud Schimmelpenninck, an industrial designer; Irene van der Weetering, a housewife, mother of two, married to Jan Donner, a chess grand master; and Robert Jasper Grootveld, a former window-washer. They were people of different views, backgrounds, and temperaments, sharing perhaps two qualities not usually considered typical of the Dutch—a sense of humor and a desire to *provoke*, by their actions, a social or political response. Grootveld partly inspired Provo's beginnings when, in the summer of 1964, he held Happenings in front of the statue known as Het Lieverdje (The Little Rascal), which stands in the center of old Amsterdam. It is the figure of a street urchin wearing a peaked cap and tumbledown knee socks, and it was given to the city by a cigarette manufacturer. Grootveld, his face painted like a clown's, declared that the statue was a symbol of "the addicted consumer of tomorrow." His followers proceeded to paint large "K"s, for "*kanker*" (the Dutch word for "cancer"), on cigarette billboard advertisements all over the city. Elsewhere, the semi-hooligan fringe that collects around such natural leaders lit bonfires in the porticoes of the Royal Palace, and generally made a nuisance of themselves whenever they could. But during 1965 the serious Provos were getting together—though their political intentions were severally anarchist, republican, and utopian—and they found an issue ripe for provocations: the engagement of the Dutch Princess Beatrix to the German Claus von Amsberg. From this point on, the Amsterdam municipal authorities reacted to the Provos with thick-skinned, burgherish ineptitude, and the Provos became more and more famous.

In the Amsterdam municipal elections in June, 1966, the Provos won thirteen thousand votes, or two and a half per cent of the total, and were therefore granted, under the proportional-representation system, one seat on the forty-five-member city council. One cause of their popularity was the Provo White Plans, which suggested ways of improving life in Amsterdam. The White Bicycle Plan proposed closing the center of the old city to motor traffic and providing twenty thousand white bicycles, which could be used by everyone; when the Provos made a start on this by painting some of their own bicycles white and putting them at the disposal of the public, the bicycles were confiscated by the police. The White Chimney Plan was the Provo answer to air pollution; it suggested appropriate fees, payable to the community, for the discharge of alien substances into the air. The White Wives

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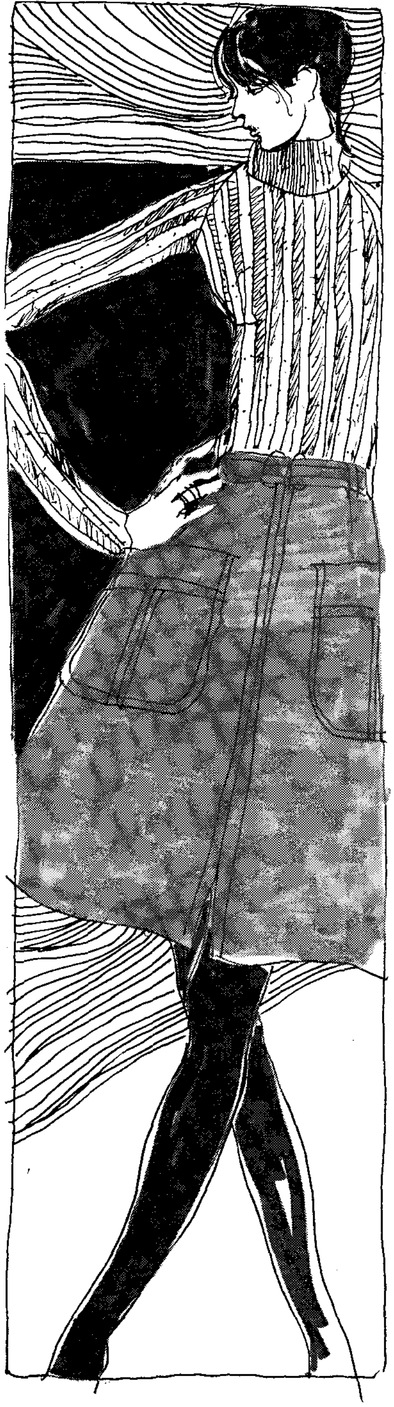

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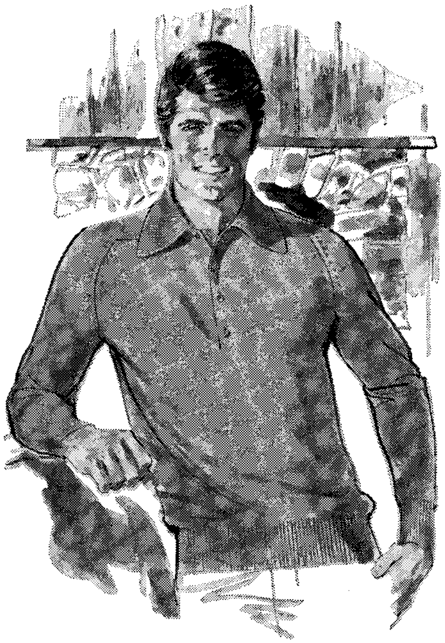

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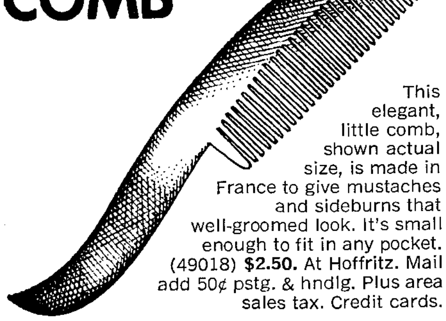

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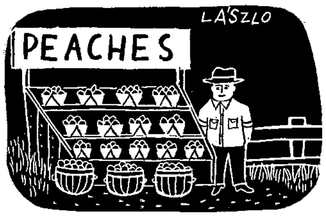
Plan was concerned with reducing the high incidence of illegitimacy, abortions, and shotgun marriages. Other White Plans included the White Chicken Plan (“*kip*,” or “chicken,” being Provo slang for “police”), which suggested disarming Dutch police and turning them into social workers who would distribute bandages, medicine, and contraceptives; the White Housing Plan, which proposed the use of condemned dwellings as free temporary accommodations for young people, the return of old houses in the central city to their previous use as residences from their present use as offices, and the preservation of the open-air flea market on the Waterlooplein, the site designated for the new Town Hall; and, not least, the White Corpse Plan, an anti-traffic-terror measure by which the police accident squad was to be equipped with chalk, a chisel, a hammer, and a bucket of white mortar and, whenever a car flattened a pedestrian, was to trace the victim's outline with chalk on the “merciless asphalt,” whereupon the car driver was to hack out the victim's silhouette with hammer and chisel and fill it in with the white mortar. (“Then, perhaps,” declared the Provos, “all the prospective murderers approaching the scene of the disaster will let up on the gas for just a moment.”)

The attention given the Provos did not please everyone. Dutch political scientists got worked up because the Provos claimed to be in the great anarchist tradition or in that of such earlier Dutch movements as the Eel Rebellion of 1886 and the potato riots of 1917. “Workers threatened by hunger and need,” the sociologist Ger Harmsen wrote, “are not to be compared with bored and artificially agitated youths who do not know the meaning of want and deprivation.” In some ways, the Provos did seem to be protesting primarily against the very comfort and care of the Dutch version of the welfare state. Yet the Provos did want something and did feel deprived. “What really makes us mad is the individual's lack of influence on events,” a young Provo named Roel van Duyn said in an interview. “A Happening is an attempt to seize at least the little part in things that you ought to have and that the authorities try to take away from you.”



Although the Provos, as such, more or less shut up shop by general agreement among themselves in 1967, the movement has lately been given new life and a new name by this same van Duyn, who last year published a book called “The Message of a Wise Kabouter.” A *kabouter* is a dwarf, and the message was in praise of anarchism and an “alternative life style.” “I want to free the medieval *kabouter* which has been shut up inside us for five centuries and enrich him with all the creativity of modern thought,” van Duyn said. Large numbers of ex-Provos were among those who flocked to the Kabouter banner, and this June no fewer than five Kabouters were elected to the Amsterdam city council, while other members of the new party took seats in The Hague, Leeuwarden, and three other cities. The development was greeted with considerable glee by many Dutch, right up to the Premier, Piet de Jong, who called the Kabouter victories “a whiff of perfume in the stale-cabbage air of politics.”

ONE night in Amsterdam, with ten minutes on hand before the time set to call on some friends, I went into a small tavern called De Schouw, just off Overtoom, a street of lower-middle-class apartments and unsuccessful-looking automobile-supply shops, and, seated at the bar, found myself being addressed in the querulous tone of the narrator of Camus's novel “The Fall,” who, in another Amsterdam bar, had said, “The more I accuse myself, the more I have a right to judge you. Even better, I provoke you into judging yourself . . .” It was clear right away that the seedy domestic atmosphere of the area around Overtoom was better suited to the descent and collapse of what Camus called a “judge-penitent” than the Amsterdam locale that Camus had actually picked for his book—the red-light district called the Zeedijk and an exotic seamen's bar called Mexico City. But it was also clear that the man on the barstool next to me was not a Frenchman, like Jean-Baptiste Clamence in “The Fall.” Moreover, he was of a less melodramatic metaphysical turn of mind. His self-accusatory monologue conveyed the facts that he had had a Dutch father and a German mother and that he had spent most of his life in Switzerland. He exposed rotten teeth in a wide grin as he confessed to being an alcoholic. His “problem,” insofar as I had time to grasp it in ten minutes, was that Holland wasn't doing anything for him, or enough for him; he had come “home” from Switzerland expecting to be rescued, and no one was throwing him a life buoy.

Could he have seen or grabbed a life buoy if one had been thrown? His last job had been with a Yugoslav airline, and those Serbs and Croats had done more for him than the Dutch ever had—though they had fired him, too. He said petulantly, as the bartender handed him a drink and then, on his check, drew a fifth line through four pencil marks, that he wished he had stayed in Switzerland, or gone to America or India, where there was perhaps less help but more freedom. "Here there are plenty of people to help you when you've fallen," he said, "but there's no one to catch you when you're just about to fall."

Accusing Holland, he provoked me into judging it. Although I made my excuses and left to keep the appointment that I was glad at that point to have, the subject stayed in my mind. To begin with, his self-diagnosis seemed faulty: he was falling, not about to fall. And as I thought about it, it seemed to me that while his friendless, alcoholic case was general rather than specifically Dutch, he couldn't have done much better than come home. A tight fit and crowded conditions hadn't made Dutchmen asocial; perhaps the reverse was true. Holland, in fact, had better arrangements than any other country I knew for letting people lead their own lives, letting them be independent to the point where sometimes, in Existential fashion, the freedom hurt, there was so much of it—the way it hurt Descartes into complaining about it, and perhaps was hurting this man, too. And within this freedom there existed a system for caring for people whose lives were for one reason or another in disarray. Soon, I was sure, there were going to be attempts to put this man together again. I suspected he knew this, and that was the reason he was in a bar off the Overtoom in Amsterdam, rather than in Zurich, San Francisco, or Bombay.

—ANTHONY BAILEY

(*This is the second of two articles on the Netherlands.*)

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

God Save the Language, at Least

(i) We hear about "Joe," the story of a hardhat sort, and learn that this is where it's at.

AN indie producer met a dope in a bar. An indie producer is an independent producer, and a dope is a dope.

"Audiences are in a mess," said the producer. "They don't know what they want. No trend at all."

"No," said the dope.

The producer ate a peanut mournfully. "I guess it's the weather."

"Or the movies," said the dope.

"So many movies are *dogs*," said the producer furiously, as though he were contradicting.

"Also, so many movies have dogs in them now," said the dope. "The part for the Saint Bernard in 'Move' was overwritten, I think."

"People just aren't going to the movies they used to go to," said the producer. "But, boy, when they go, do they go! Look at 'Joe.' That was a sleeper."

"I did look at 'Joe,' " said the dope. "I went twice. I thought it was rather a stinker."

"Yuh, it's a great movie. Why the hell did you go twice? Yuh, that's the sort of movie I mean. It's holding in two houses. Great picture. But there's no trend. Too many bombs."

"Yes," said the dope, trying to think of any recent American pictures that had died in New York without deserving to. "It was a pity about the Martin Luther King documentary. That was a terrific picture."

"The kids don't like him," said the producer. "That's not where it's at."

"Well, no, white militants don't like him, but he wasn't speaking to them, was he?" said the dope.

"My wife and I went to a benefit of that picture," said the producer. He drooped his arms down between his knees with the backs of his hands touching, like a baseball player in the locker room after a game. "You could tell it wouldn't hold. That's not a hot-weather picture. Hang loose. Go see 'Joe.' "

(ii) We did hang loose.

"JOE," it seems, is a hot-weather picture. People want to *see* it, for God's sake, because it's about what's *happening*.

The "o" of "Joe" on some of the poster material is a design of Stars and Stripes. The slogan—Joe's slogan—says "Keep America Beautiful." I saw a mild-spoken young wit outside the theatre carefully changing that to "Make America Beautiful."

Well, maybe people will want to see the film here, but I don't think they'll give much for it outside this country, except insofar as it throws a piece of putrid fish to people who want anti-American nourishment.

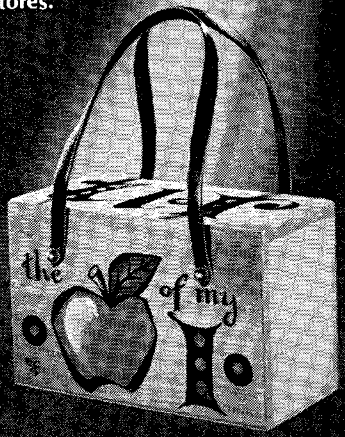
I can believe that the idea started off as one that, though fabricated, was intellectually interesting. (Norman Wexler wrote it; John G. Avildsen directed it.) A loud-mouthed blue-collar worker called Joe, an arsenal of every prejudice in New York, happens to cotton on to the fact that a high-class, weak-natured ad man has murdered his own daughter's dope-pushing boy friend in an uncharacteristic (and unexplored) moment of passion for her. From then on, the two men are joined in an unholy alliance. They are alike in hating hippies, and the ad man doesn't balk at Joe's other bigotries as much as he might. There is no blackmail between them—only a dank brotherhood. Their wives meet, awkwardly; the men go on a binge together, smoking grass and having girls and getting their pockets ransacked during a search of Greenwich Village for the now lost daughter. At the end, there is a colossal shoot-up by both the men in which they kill every single person in a hippie commune, including the daughter, who is shot unwittingly by her father. (The plot goes a bit overboard now and again.)

Obviously, the premise of two socially alienated men uneasily conjoined is an interesting one, and it could have prospered if filmmakers gifted with greater lucidity and a more charitable sense of character had done it. "Joe" has one of the very few film plots to recognize that class is deep-bitten in white American life, and there is a whip sting in its observation that bigotry, like the love of music, transcends all barriers. Joe (he is played by Peter Boyle) earns a hundred and sixty dollars a week. The ad man, Bill Compton (Dennis Patrick), earns sixty thousand dollars a year. Their wives are practically from different species—Joe's a cheerful chatterer who gossips blithely to him about the latest dire crises in their favorite soap operas, Compton's a rich bitch in a little black dress who rolls exhausted eyes to her husband about getting through the evening at Joe's place. The trouble is that every point is shoved home with such crassness that the film becomes immeasurably coarse and vicious. It is typical that when Joe burps he burps on camera every time. It is typical that Joe, the blue-collar worker, actually *wears* a blue collar through the picture. The character points are dropped on your toes like bags of cement. We hear Joe bashing into queers and liberals and hippies and blacks and people on welfare—watch him being endowed with such manic and depressing energies that the film begins to partake in his thrashing about. It revels in his outrageousness, and audiences respond by guffawing; thick wits are catching, and it is hard and rare for any audience to do better than reply in kind. At the end of the melodrama, after the caricatured hippies on the screen had been picked off and killed one by one, a group of youngish people at a midnight Broadway showing got up and yelled, "We'll get you, Joe!"

If it is true, as I believe it to be, that there is a sort of grace or manners in the verbal arts that can be raised to the pitch of metaphysics—a matter to do with paying heed to characters' spirits and leaving room for them—"Joe" is both graceless and rude. The meeting between the two couples could be Chekhovian. In the movie as it is, Joe suddenly sees something about his wife that he doesn't want to see. The scene could be like Andrei's terrible acknowledgment to himself of Natasha's vulgarity in "The Three Sisters" ("A wife is a wife"). Instead, it is stereotyped and harsh, with Joe's wife made to look physically ridiculous. And then, in the hippie-orgy scene, the reluctantly naked Joe is derided in his turn. He wants to make love with his clothes on, which is believable, but once he has agreed to take them off, at the bidding of his calm, beautiful date, he wouldn't stand about looking daft in just his socks. In some curious way, the picture, because of its attitude toward Joe, is made to seem racist. He is traduced and patronized as the type of the hardhat worker as thoroughly as any Negro character was traduced and patronized in older movies. We learn about him generically, not idiosyncratically. We learn that his kind hate welfare, keep guns in the cellar, abuse the out-of-step, salute the flag, and make love as though manhood depended on getting it over with in two minutes. This seems about as true, and as untrue, as a study of a black that tells us he has a sense of rhythm and laughs a lot.

Oddly, in spite of the title, the rightful central character of the story is not Joe but Bill Compton. Something went wrong in the dialogue writing, though. Bill Compton becomes an interesting character only in one fleeting good scene with his secretary. Something went even more wrong in the casting. Peter Boyle as Joe is strong meat, so the character acquires a quite spurious heroic energy during his rantings. Bill Compton should have been played by, ideally, Henry Fonda, given another order of script. It would have been wonderful to see the type-cast saint as this honeyed, mannerly murderer. Instead, we have a performance by an actor without much technique or depth. The brow of Dennis Patrick's handsome face furrows, but it isn't the furrowing of guilt or of thought; it is more like the puckering of a male model's face in a commercial about pills for expense-account indigestion. In every sense, "Joe" sells us short. It shows us clashing archetypes, promises us something of large mind, and then stammers platitudes that lead theatrically every which way. In the end, baffled, and bumping its nose against the idea that it needs a cathartic scene where none has been made apt by any ethical conflict, it does an about-face of moral logic and turns on the villainous Joe's own enemies—the hippies—to make them the mythic bad guys, so that they can be shot down in a climax of blood that is really a welter of muddleheadedness. After all, goes the chaotic evidence of the narrative, Joe may be a bigot, but he's a good friend (to a murderer), and the murderer is quite a decent man (apart from the murder); so the film, in sudden want of a through-and-through-fink type, forgets that it has established two of the girl hippies as loyal and nice, and haplessly fixes on the whole commune as something possible to slaughter, remembering only the members of it who pushed dope to schoolgirls or ran out on their chums. As a story idea suggested to money men, I daresay "Joe" sounded brilliant. But the idea never grew, perhaps because it had its origins in simple pursuit of the current, and the end of the matter is a bad film disfigured by brute strokes of tendentiousness.

(*iii*) *We go again to the flicks, to two marriage comedies. With the new movie freedom, we are conducted to*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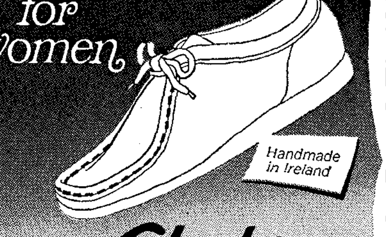

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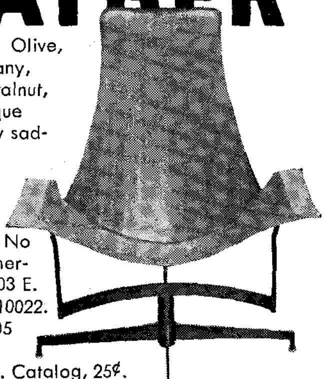
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the very blanket. After some hours, we creep away and doss down on the sofa.

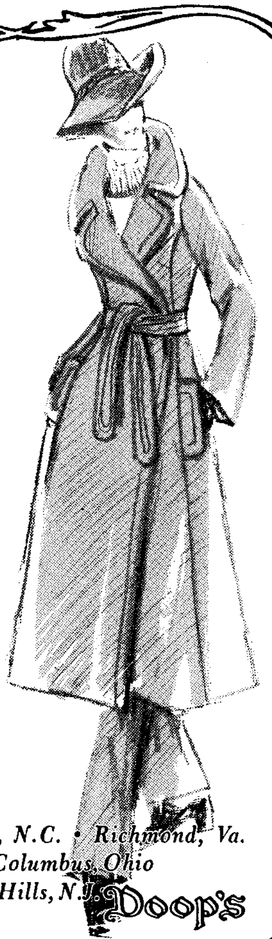
WIFE (*near tears*): Something's wrong.

HUSBAND: Look, honey, I've had a heavy day on the Long Island Railroad.

WIFE: I know, but we're not *relating*.

Sometimes the couple will be living in the suburbs, sometimes on Central Park West, sometimes in a converted brownstone, and sometimes the wife is the one who has had the long day, worn out with appliances and taking the children to dancing class, but in any case this piece of dialogue is roughly what all marriage comedies now produce as the crisis of the marriage and of the comedy. Congreve's descendants have decided to confine themselves to the bedroom, wit has declined into complaints about brand names, society has been thrown out of the window, and the sound of sheets rustling over huffy bodies fills the air (a sound that the miracles of recording manage to reproduce as something like the immensely amplified noise of a fly's feet clambering over the wrinkles inside a brown paper bag). The action of the typical comedy will take place mostly in bed, with excursions to the icebox, the electric toothbrush, and the electric washing machine, and to the dining area for some frenzied family meal that badly needs the sour presence of Clifton Webb. There will also be a sortie into the living room for the ritual nightmarish party that is generally the nub of the plot and the climax of the fun. Apart from the central married couple, one or other member of which will probably be mustering the courage to go into therapy (never mind the mustering of the cash), the cast will include at least two dishearteningly superior children and two sets of in-laws equipped with wry common sense and born a class lower than the young marrieds, America being (God save the language) upwardly mobile. The acting in these pieces requires technical skill of a special sort. The male lead has to be able to look manly though mother-smothered. The female lead has to be able to seem woebegone when she is actually being vicious, and she has to make you feel moved for her in dilemmas the size of a pin. Both have to be able to deliver lines on the run, and both have to be able to flounce out of bed, which is not an easy place to flounce out of.

Two of these comedies opened last week. One, directed by Cy Howard,



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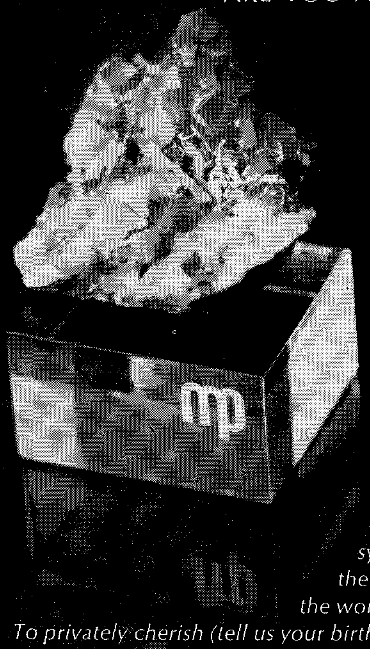

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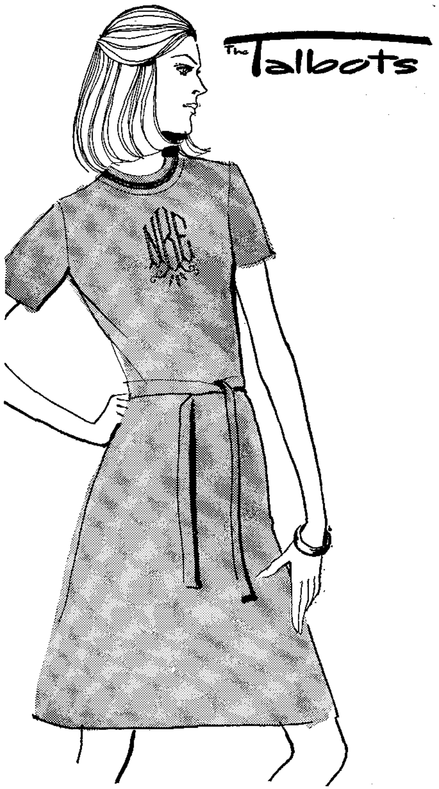

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with a rackingly good cast for such tripe (Anne Jackson, Gig Young, Bob Dishy), is called "Lovers and Other Strangers," which is a fresh-minted and quite pleasing way of putting the untrue cliché that we never know a thing about our intimates. The film looks rather as if it had been assembled out of a series of installments of some sophisticated soap opera—six or seven weeks of domestic drama collapsed into an hour and three-quarters of mish-mash, like a pileup on a child's train track. The theme, as ever, is the awfulness of marriage, and the message, as ever, is that it's best to stick together all the same. There is no plot—just activity, and constant crosscutting between the ironically related problems of an unending number of couples. Nothing is touching, because everything about behavior and love is gaggy and at second hand, as though the whole piece had been devised by people who had sat in the dark all their lives looking at comedies about sex and marriage. The reflection is not of experience but of other pieces of show biz.

Frank Perry's "Diary of a Mad Housewife," written by Eleanor Perry from a novel by Sue Kaufman, is set on Central Park West. One puts the address first because it is a major character. The husband, brilliantly played by Richard Benjamin, is a rising young lawyer who is the most alarming pedant about food, wine, housekeeping, Christmas presents for the firm, and getting the R.S.V.P.s properly counted for some ambitious party that he is making his harried wife hold. The wife, played by a gifted, gravel-voiced newcomer called Carrie Snodgress, is mad neither in the sense of loopy nor in the sense of furious, for reasons of self-control that are beyond realism. I suppose the truth is that though the Perrys seem to be making generalized approving background noises about the case that the wife implicitly suggests for salvage work by Women's Lib, the story seeks to have it both ways; to shore up the trust of people who would find that the precepts of Women's Lib called too much of their own lives into question, it shows the victimized girl as secretly hungering to be bullied. In other words, we can either theorize about her ideologically, as one of the persecuted, or watch the contrary evidence of the performance, which shows us the happiest possible beetle under the boot of her domestic despot. For the masochist has matched herself to the perfect sadist; Mrs. Put-Upon dearly needs her Mr. Go-Getter. And everything will obviously end happily and just as

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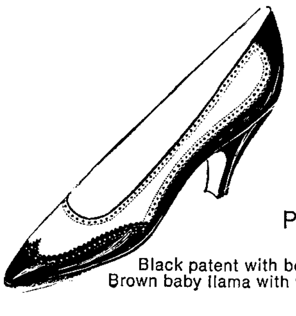

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it began—after the ritual upheavals of Manhattan comedy, which are not at all the same thing as the upheavals of life. When she begins to escape, flaked but ravishing, for a sporadic daytime affair with a scornful young writer, she turns out to have chosen a lover who is her husband in another form. Her husband may tell the neighbors to take their doormat out of the common entrance hall, "because it's an eyesore"—some of his fiercer phobias are very funny—but her chap is an angry young person who clocks her in and out, between bouts of writing his novel, in exactly the same prissy temper.

"Diary of a Mad Housewife" is pat but blithely accomplished, and even the dim "Lovers and Other Strangers" has its moments. Then why is it that all these marriage comedies seem so ingrown, spoiled, and gasping for air? I think it must be because their characters seem almost literally to take their sense of the shape of the world from the shape of the floor plan of their apartments. This is their only substantive order. No rival outer system is palpable, no politics intrude, no foreigners, no history, no possibility of change; the rims of the apartment embody rules that can be touched, and that are made verbal in this sort of comedy by the foolish, luxuriant argot of group therapy. Manhattan has perfected a tiny, sterile new vein of entertainment that is a sort of psychoanalytical slapstick. It is dependent on gags, not character, and there is no road through to society. Implicit in the flailing and the clever grumbling is the proposition that something is mightily wrong, but all we see is the joking, expiring creatures crawling around in the pollution, not the profit system's chain of causes that makes the filth.

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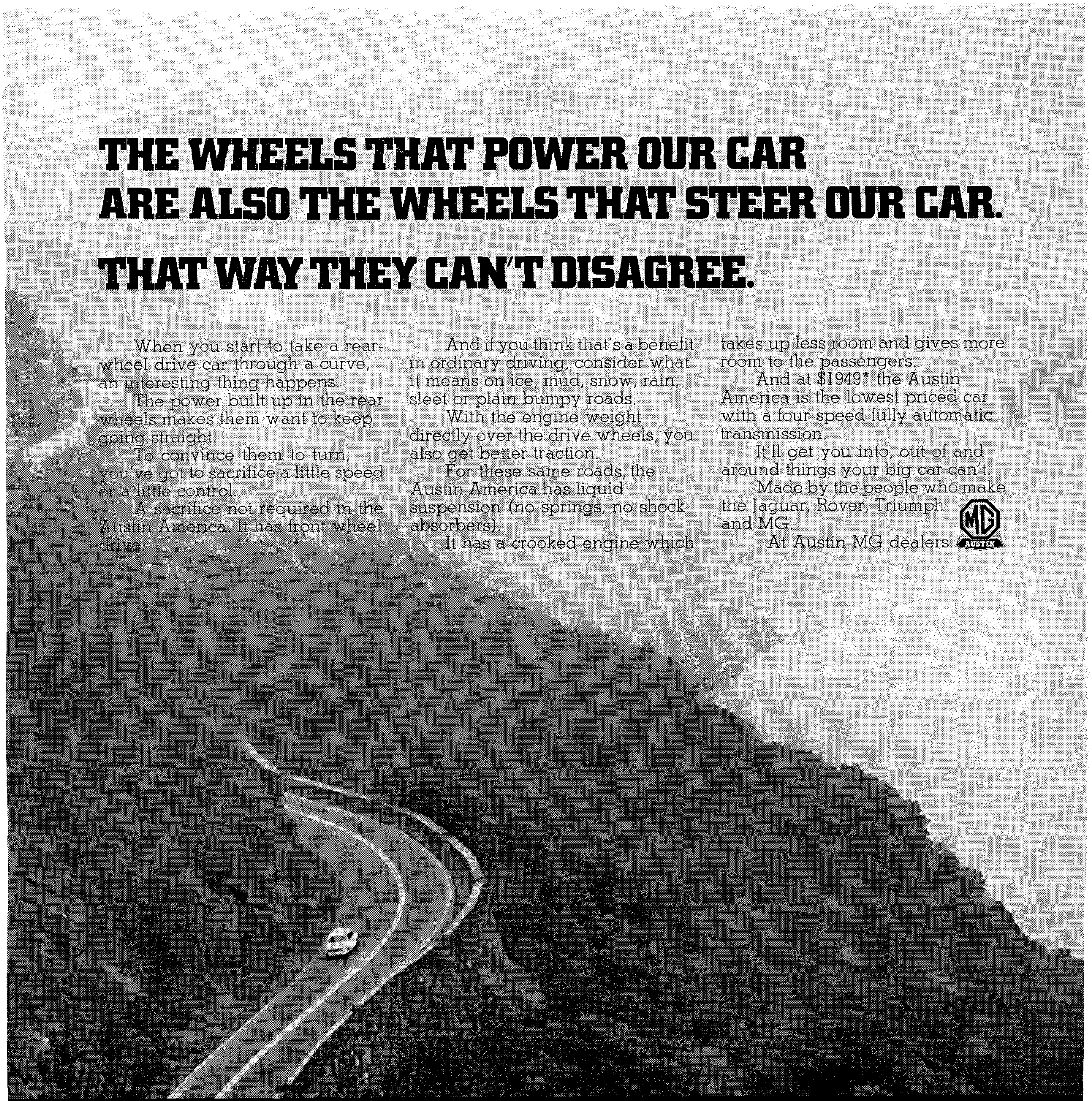

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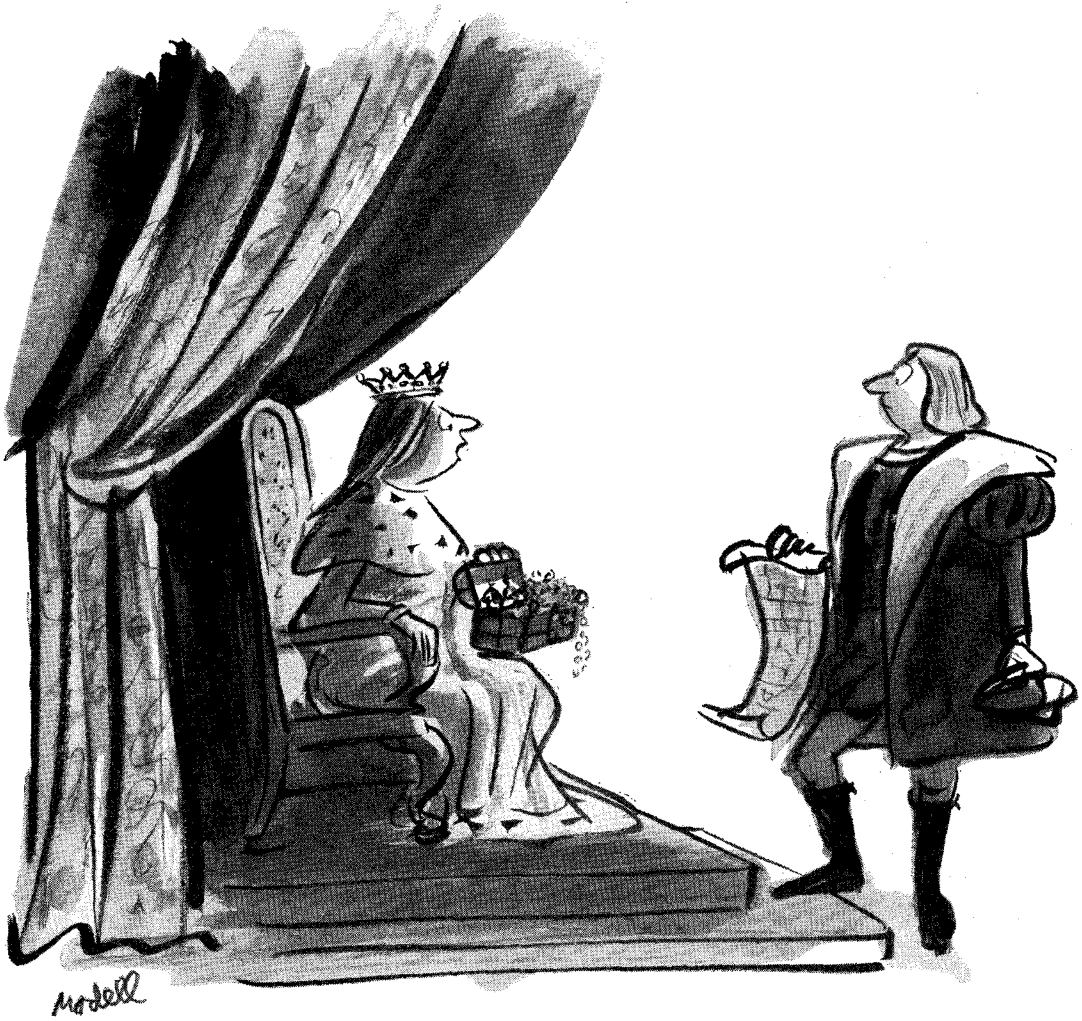
LETTER FROM INDO-CHINA

SAIGON, AUGUST 6

THOUGH the violence and complexity of the war in Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos have scarcely been reduced, the ways of defining new opportunities for peace there are at last being discussed, as they are in the Middle East. It is apparent that the North Vietnamese will still agree to serious negotiations only if they think they can gain enough at the conference table to set up the eventual "total victory" they continue to speak of firmly and defiantly—meaning unification of Vietnam and their domination of all three Indo-China states. In Cambodia and Laos, they are currently in a position of strength. In South Vietnam, the major prize, they are for the moment militarily weaker but are still strong politically, by virtue not so much of their own appeal to the people as of the continuing inability of the Saigon government to meet the challenge of "Vietnamization" of the war in all its manifestations: political, military, and—above all, at present—economic. There are indications that, given more time and enough American dollars, the Saigon government might grow somewhat stronger and somewhat more acceptable, if not necessarily popular. Consequently, Hanoi is faced with the dilemma of whether or not it should reduce these possibilities by soon entering into talks—talks that, although they might result in something less than the "provisional coalition government" that the Communists have been demanding, would enable them to get a foot in the door of Saigon.

What the Communists would gladly settle for in South Vietnam but won't get unless the present government collapses entirely, is de-facto partition of the country—something they might under present conditions be able to negotiate in both Laos and Cambodia. In Laos, where they hold more than half the geographical area of the country but control considerably less than half the population, important discussions may soon be held between representatives of the neutralist Premier, Souvanna Phouma, and his half brother Prince Souphanouvong, who heads the Communist-front party run by Hanoi. The chances of reëstablishing the coalition government there that fell apart in 1964 were enhanced a few weeks ago when the Polish members of the tripartite International Control Commission, set up in 1962, agreed with their Indian and Canadian co-members to use that body's "good offices" to get new discussions started. Much will hinge on whether Prince Souvanna is willing to request an end to American bombing in northern Laos—apart from the bombing of the Ho Chi Minh Trail, which is still the principal infiltration route into South Vietnam and Cambodia. If the North Vietnamese should agree to stop using the trail and should begin to withdraw from Laos, Souvanna and the Americans would undoubtedly agree to stop the bombing altogether, but in the event of a bombing halt confined to the areas of fighting in Laos apart from the trail any further progress toward peace would depend on a number of other factors, the primary one being Hanoi's willingness to enter into enforceable cease-fire agreements not only in Laos but also in Cambodia and South Vietnam. The negotiations that would follow such cease-fires would differ greatly in the three cases. There is no precedent in Cambodia, as there is in Laos, for coalition, or for de-facto partition, but Prince Norodom Sihanouk, Cambodia's deposed ruler, who is now in Peking, is reported to be hinting that the Communists would accept a partition that would give them, and him, control of the northern part of the country, leaving the south, including Phnom Penh, the capital, in the hands of the anti-Communist Lon Nol regime. This regime, which has sentenced Sihanouk to death in absentia for treason, would obviously be reluctant to agree to such a partition, but it can hardly blink the fact that the Communists already hold at least half of Cambodia anyway and that the still untrained Cambodian Army stands no more than a fifty-fifty chance of surviving continued Communist pressure. The next few months will determine whether the Cambodians, with the help of South Vietnamese troops and American air support, can stem the Communist drive into the south and hold



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Phnom Penh and other major cities. If they are not able by fall to hold a line running through the country from northwest to southeast, they may be forced to buy time by accepting some such compromise. Even a divided Cambodia might once more achieve a shaky form of neutrality, and might, like Laos, eventually move toward a coalition, which could even involve the restoration of Sihanouk as titular chief of state.

The nub of the problem in the whole Indo-China area is how to effect troop withdrawals by both the North Vietnamese and the Americans after a series of cease-fires and how to create an international supervisory mechanism that could sustain some sort of peace, however tenuous, while political discussions began. To believe that guerrilla activity and terrorism, especially in South Vietnam, could be altogether halted is almost certainly a delusion. The question would be the degree to which such conflict could be limited. But if the North Vietnamese agree to regional cease-fires and to a regrouping of their main-force elements pending withdrawal, and if they accept, as they have already intimated they might, the principle of a stepped-up American withdrawal in place of a complete and immediate one, there is some possibility of reaching a political settlement without a renewal of uncontrollable violence—provided that such a solution could be negotiated and put into effect quickly. Recently, both President Nguyen Van Thieu and President Nixon ruled out, even more adamantly than before, any form of unconditional cease-fire that would not be part of a general settlement. Last week, however, Thieu spoke of the possibility of what he described as a "status-quo" or "on-the-spot" cease-fire—what some Americans have called a "standstill" cease-fire—if it could be properly supervised to avoid abuses and followed rapidly by serious discussions about "a final solution" to the war. Both Presidents were firm in their repeated rejection of what Nixon has called a "negotiated or imposed" coalition. Still, Nixon himself has described "coalition" as a "code word." Hanoi could obtain virtually the same thing as "provisional coalition" by accepting Thieu's offer to take part in the creation of a "mixed election commission" that would decide on voting procedures for choosing a new National Assembly. If such a commission were given broad, quasi-legislative powers—including, for example, the right to determine the *bona fides* of political parties—this could be the foot in the door that the Communists want, pro-

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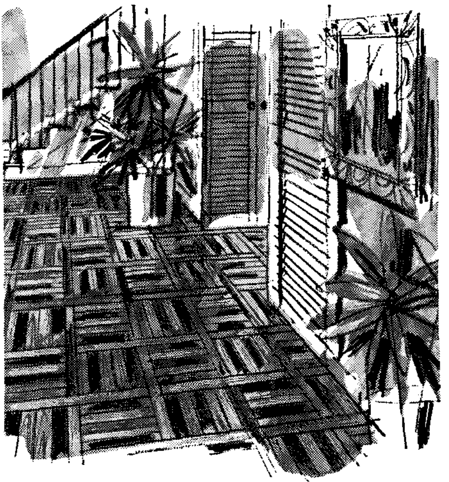

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vided they considered the opening wide enough to assure the election of what Secretary of State William Rogers has defined as "whatever representation they are entitled to have."

What Saigon and Washington feel that Hanoi is "entitled to have"—probably somewhere between fifteen and twenty-five per cent of the total vote in a reasonably fair election—and what Hanoi feels that it is entitled to have are, of course, very different things, and this is where the matter of continued guerrilla activity and terrorism comes in. In what has apparently been an attempt in the last month or so to devise a new and clearer peace strategy to coincide with the arrival in Paris this week of Ambassador David K. E. Bruce as the new chief American negotiator, the Americans and the South Vietnamese have been privately discussing the terrorist issue, among others. Despite the hard position still taken publicly by Nixon and Thieu, the consensus of a number of Americans and South Vietnamese I have talked to lately is that a clear, sharp challenge should once more be offered to Hanoi, so that the onus of rejecting a peace offer would be on the North Vietnamese and the Communist shadow government in South Vietnam. The "peace package" envisioned by the people I have talked to would include: a firm cease-fire offer and a schedule for the regrouping of all North Vietnamese, Vietcong, American, and ARVN troops in selected areas; next, a series of regional cease-fires whereby Communist and Saigon troops would pledge not to engage in any form of combat, including acts of terrorism, and whereby unarmed members of Communist units would be allowed to enter designated areas to buy food, medicines, and other necessities; then a declaration of a full armistice and the establishment of definite dates for the staggered withdrawal of all North Vietnamese and American troops; the creation of a mixed election commission, a quarter of its members to be chosen by the Communists' Provisional Revolutionary Government and its adjunct groups, with non-Communist opposition and independent political and religious elements on the Saigon side receiving approximately half the remaining seats, and the present Saigon government thus being left with representation almost exactly reflecting the vote it received (about thirty-five per cent) in the 1967 Presidential election; a guarantee of internationally supervised free elections for a new National Assembly, these to follow passage by the present National Assembly of an amendment to the South Vietnamese Constitution, which now precludes Communist participation in elections; a stipulation that any electoral contest judged by international supervisory teams to have been determined by terror or any form of armed threat be ruled invalid, with a new vote to be held a month later; a guarantee of permanent freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and freedom of assembly, with a time limit of one month set for active preëlection campaigning by candidates; an agreement to incorporate the troops of the Vietcong into a new national Vietnamese Army according to a fixed schedule; a stipulation that if both sides agree, the Paris peace talks be broadened to include the questions of Laos and Cambodia, with the aim of neutralizing Laos, Cambodia, and South Vietnam, and postponing for at least five years a referendum on the question of whether North and South Vietnam should be unified or should be maintained as separate nations.

THE North Vietnamese recently summoned all their ambassadors to Hanoi to reassess the political and diplomatic possibilities of peace, and now they have reiterated that they will not discuss any sort of coalition with either President Thieu or Vice-President Nguyen Cao Ky, though other members of the Saigon regime might be acceptable. There is reason to believe that the Communists are maintaining this position for bargaining purposes only, perhaps because they believe that neither Thieu nor Ky—who are more strongly at odds than ever—will be an important figure in the future of South Vietnam.

As for our policy of Vietnamization, it can be justified as long as the Russians and the Chinese continue to build up North Vietnam militarily. (Eventually, a limitation on the arming of both sides might be written into a new Geneva formula.) It is the American position, as I understand it, that we will continue the Vietnamization program until the fall of 1972, at which time there should be no more than twenty or thirty thousand United States troops in Vietnam. If the Vietnamese have shown themselves incapable of carrying on alone by then, we will pull out, lock, stock, and barrel. If they are able to hold their own but need a reasonable amount of additional eco-

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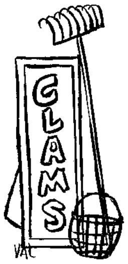
nomic aid, we will grant it. If peace has been restored, military aid will no longer be necessary, and economic benefits can be extended to North as well as South Vietnam, with the help of Japan and any other nations, including China and Russia, that may be willing to take part in the rebuilding of either half of the country.

If the Communists assume the onus of rejecting a firm peace, it may be because they believe that the economic crisis in South Vietnam is so severe that the country will collapse into chaos. Or they may believe that a "Peace Cabinet" will take over in Saigon and accede to Hanoi's demand for outright coalition in advance of elections. A reading of samples of the thousands of Communist documents captured in Cambodia in the last three months reveals a curiously ambivalent awareness of the Communists' weaknesses and strengths. One long document, believed by intelligence analysts to be a summary of a new resolution of the Laodong (Workers') Party in Hanoi, says that, whether Vietnamization succeeds or fails, "battlefields will decide the results of negotiations." The statement warns soldiers and cadres that they may have to continue fighting until the Americans give up, "in one, two, or three years more," even though "we must do all we can to defeat Vietnamization in the shortest possible time and achieve a decisive victory." The tone of the documents is far more defensive than that of earlier ones. "Time is necessary but the decisive factor is our enthusiasm and determination to carry this resolution to the end," the statement says. "This is . . . a struggle of endurance to see who can be more patient than the other. Patience means victory."



This stress on determination and patience runs through all the public pronouncements emanating these days from Hanoi, from Peking, and from the Communist Liberation Radio in South Vietnam. In a speech early in July in Peking, Premier Chou En-lai underlined the fact that "the three Indo-China peoples' struggles against United States aggression and for national salvation are now the focus of the anti-imperialist struggle of the people of the whole world." Though the fight "will inevitably undergo a long, tortuous, and complicated course," Chou said, "we believe that as long as the peoples of the world persevere in protracted struggle, and support and encourage each other, they are sure to thoroughly defeat the American aggressors and all their running dogs." Hanoi, in a broadcast a week later, said, "Never before has guerrilla warfare held such an important position as it does now. . . . Wherever there are people, there must be guerrillas supported by them and in turn supporting the compatriots to arise, gain control of, and protect revolutionary bases." A harping on the theme of guerrilla activities indicates that the Communists are worried about their strength in this sphere. They perhaps have some justification for boasting about their recent campaigns in Laos and Cambodia, but their claims of victories in Vietnam ring hollow. It may be that such claims are deemed necessary in order to encourage the rebuilding of the diminished guerrilla ranks in the South.

IN Hanoi these days, according to people who have just returned from there, exhortations to the populace to continue fighting are stronger than ever, and the talk is constantly of "delivering the last blow against the Americans." One recent visitor to Hanoi told me, "You get the feeling that North Vietnam is more than ever a nation of warriors. Everything is for the glory of the fatherland. Even the third sons of families are now going into the Army, and they seem to be going willingly—and, at that, only partly because men in the service get more food and other preferential treatment." He spoke of children of six and seven drilling in the streets with wooden guns and helmets, and drawing sidewalk pictures in chalk of American planes being shot down and "grimacing Americans drifting to earth by parachute." In examining the voluminous self-analysis and self-criticism that the North Vietnamese engage in, especially in the economic field, one is impressed by their implacable toughness. They still have severe management and labor problems and some problems of morale, but they appear to have redefined their goals in practical ways and to be concentrating on improving their agricultural output and on building up enough light industry and consumer-goods output to make life a bit easier.

There is no indication of any serious political power struggle. Le Duan, First Secretary of the Party, recently placed great stress on the need for ideological unity and "the rejection of detested elements," but there are no signs of new Party purges. Truong Chinh, the chairman of the Standing

Committee of the National Assembly, remains the chief ideologue, and Premier Pham Van Dong the principal day-by-day administrator. There are those who think that General Vo Nguyen Giap, the Defense Minister, Vice-Premier, and head of the Army, has improved his position as a result of the success of the Cambodian and Laotian offensives, and that ultimately, as has happened in China, the Army will emerge as the country's strongest political and administrative force, but it is too soon to be sure about this. The role of Nguyen Luong Bang, the new Vice-President, is becoming important. Bang, a man in his sixties, who is a sort of big brother to the others, was for many years the late Ho Chi Minh's personal agent in his efforts to maintain Hanoi's delicate balance between Russia and China.

THE belief in Saigon is that if there is no immediate progress in negotiations for peace, the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong will concentrate for the remaining months of the rainy season, which lasts through October, on Laos and Cambodia and on the I and II Corps areas—the northern half of South Vietnam. The latter areas include a number of provinces, particularly on or near the coast, that have been Communist strongholds ever since the Second World War. In quite a few of them, Communist main-force and local units are still well entrenched, even though the men are suffering from food shortages and malaria. Not long ago, I visited several districts in Binh Tuy and Bien Hoa Provinces, not far north of Saigon. Throughout this region, Communist troops are concentrating on making small-group terrorist attacks against government outposts and on maintaining their relationship with the peasants, with an eye to future elections. In the Hoai Duc District of Binh Tuy, for example, the 33rd North Vietnamese Regiment, with some nine hundred men, recently arrived to help protect what the Americans incongruously call the Jolly Road, which, with two other trail systems, is now used by the Communists for funnelling supplies into the central provinces of Vietnam from northeastern Cambodia. The new regiment was also sent in to support local units of between twenty and fifty men and smaller terrorist and sapper squads called "arrow-action teams." The Americans, to bolster the weak and too thinly spread South Vietnamese division in the area, have sent in part of the 199th Infantry Brigade. The 199th has conducted

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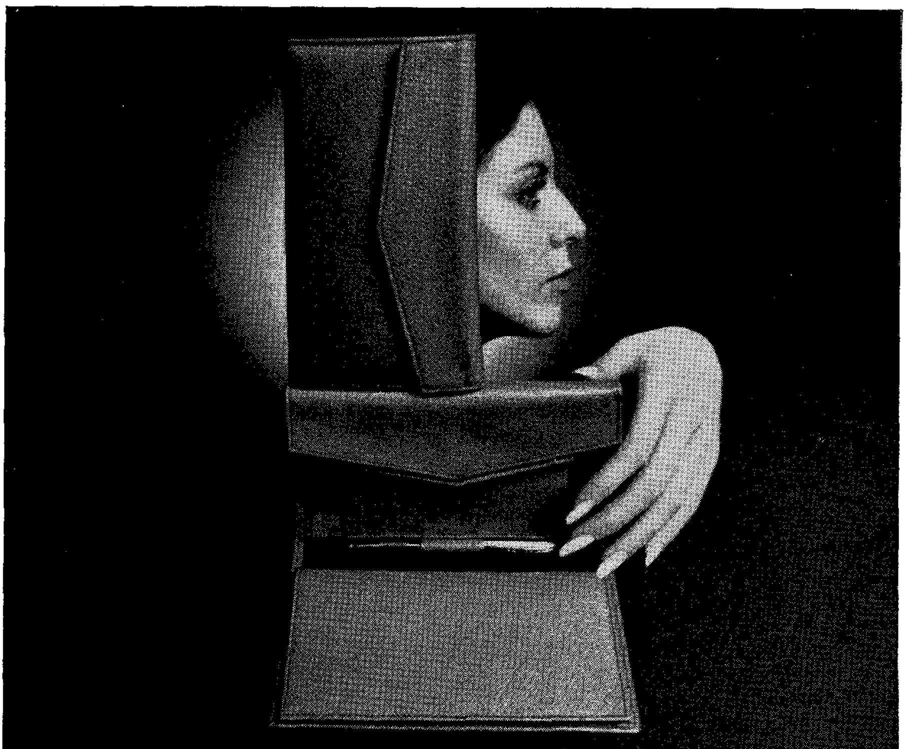

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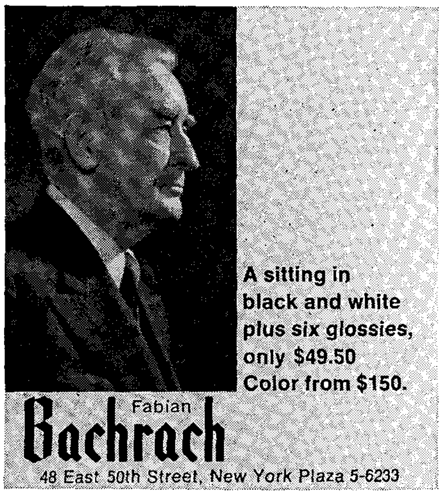

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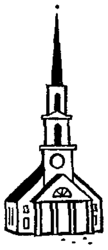
some joint operations with the Vietnamese, but the pattern of terrorist attacks has continued. The Americans and some of the better Vietnamese commanders are forever trying to get the South Vietnamese Regional and Popular Forces—now together officially called Territorial Forces—out on patrol more regularly, but these troops are showing their traditional reluctance to stick their necks out.

The story was much the same in the other districts I visited, the chief difference being some variation in the rate of incidents; the tightly organized and still highly disciplined Communist units were hitting carefully selected targets and were both intimidating and cajoling the rural population. Abductions of young people were continuing, with the Communists grabbing youths, including buffalo boys as young as nine, and taking them off into the hills for two or three weeks, indoctrinating them, and then sending them back to their homes. The government police who are largely responsible for preventing such abductions are mostly city recruits and have little or no knowledge of the local situation or the local people. The great majority of the Communists listed as members of the V.C.I. (Vietcong Infrastructure) are being killed in battle instead of being rounded up by the police intelligence effort, which is supposed to lead to their arrests, not their deaths. A new method of combatting the Communists by trying to destroy their hideouts involves the use of large, powerful bulldozerlike plows, called Rome Plows, to wipe out wide areas of brush and jungle. Such plowing has been widely adopted, and has, in fact, replaced the much criticized spraying of chemical defoliants from the air. It is proving highly successful in parts of the Delta and in some of the central provinces. The idea is that once an area is cleared, it will be secure enough so that local peasants can move in and plant corn, other vegetables, and, eventually, rice.

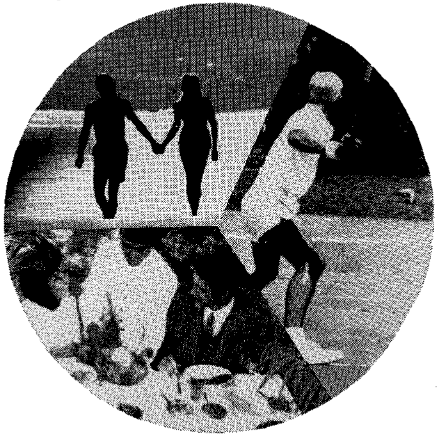
In many places, there is still a tendency for government officials, including hamlet and village chiefs, local troops, members of the national police, and cadres of the pacification bureaucracy, to leave their homes at night and congregate in outposts surrounded by barbed wire. It is these installations that the Communists are almost certain to attack. In many cases, a traitor on the government side—he is often a member of the unpaid People's Self-Defense Force—signals the attackers with a lighted cigarette, or tips them off with a whispered comment, or simply lets them know in advance which corner of a compound to hit. At nine one morning, I accompanied Colonel Frederick (Brick) Krause, the senior military adviser to Charles Whitehouse, who runs the pacification effort in III Corps, to the village of Thai My, near the city of Cu Chi, in an area south of Saigon that has long been dominated by the Vietcong. At two-thirty that morning, a Vietcong sapper unit, believed to number about twenty men, had fired rockets into a compound where one village chief, three hamlet chiefs, an assortment of other officials, and some government soldiers and their families were sleeping. The unit struck at the weakest part of the compound, guarded by two teen-agers of the P.S.D.F., one of whom was apparently a Communist agent. The sappers killed twelve people, including one of the hamlet chiefs, a woman, and a baby, and wounded twenty-two, and then all but two, who were killed, escaped, taking the youthful traitor with them. Krause was dismayed not only by the fact that so many government people were gathered together in the outpost but by its having been defended in such a lackadaisical manner. When I asked him why the Popular Force elements had not been patrolling the perimeter of the outpost, he explained that, strangely, the regular Vietnamese Army units refused to permit them to do so. And it was nearly impossible, he added, emphasizing the word "nearly," to get any Vietnamese units, even at this stage of the war, to send out long-range or reconnaissance patrols.

Such a Communist success is not typical these days, but even in the Delta, where the Communists have suffered most as a result of the Allied attacks on the Cambodian sanctuaries, they are managing to maintain a pattern of low-level insurgency or else are simply hiding out and waiting. What they are mostly waiting for is the departure of the Americans, upon whom far too much of the military and pacification efforts still depend. Even where some Vietnamese leaders and units were demonstrating an ability to take hold and organize things themselves, I had the feeling that once the Americans left, the whole show could still fall apart—mostly, as always, because of lack of political conviction and sustained local effort. There is a vast gap between what the peasants intuitively believe and what the government officials say they believe. This is especially true in the so-called contested areas, but it also holds for places where the combination of government security and local village economic and social development has just begun to have an impact—with the local population obviously deriving benefit from it but by no means being inspired by it to demonstrate allegiance to the Saigon government. It is possible to get a clue to what ordinary peasants and their families are thinking if one approaches them casually and engages them in random conversation. Under these circumstances, they tend to express the opinion that the war is being prolonged solely because of American airpower and firepower (that is, the American presence), and, they may say, if they are gently drawn out further, that once the Americans are gone, an inevitable process of compromise and accommodation will take place between the government and "those other gentlemen," or "the liberation gentlemen"—the Vietcong. It is difficult to gauge the true meaning of the answers one gets from these people. In some cases, they combine skepticism about the government effort, awareness of corruption, and plain war fatigue with fear of Vietcong reprisal if they talk openly against the Communists or in favor of the government. But there is also a latent respect for what the Communists represent; namely, the liberation of the country from foreign influence. The fact that tomorrow they may find themselves in a totally regimented society clearly has not entered their heads. What seems to bother them most is that "the foreigners are keeping the war going." This judgment may one day be unjustified—that is, the conflict may continue between the Communists and the anti-Communists long after we are gone—but the average peasant has neither the ability nor the willingness to look that far ahead. He is just tired of it all, like the American public (except that he has lost far more), and wants to be left alone. For this reason, and because he believes that the Saigon government has no strength of its own but is sustained by the Americans, he is convinced that both the self-serving local officials and the common people will be simply "soaked up" by "the other gentlemen" once the shooting and the bombing stop. Doubtless there are areas of the Delta where this feeling does not exist, but it is probably far more prevalent than the surveys that the government and the Americans are so fond of making indicate.

The counter-argument that Allied officials offer is twofold—that the Cambodian operation, by taking Communist pressure off the highly populated Delta, has bought valuable time for South Vietnam to improve both its security and its economic development under the new "accelerated pacification program," and that the recent elections for hamlet and village chiefs and councils and for provincial councils produced leaders who are more deeply dedicated and more popular than their predecessors. Both points actually remain to be proved. The stepped-up pacification program, which began on July 1st and will last through October, is geared primarily to local planning—to getting the villages and provinces to coöperate more closely on development schemes, in keeping with newly allocated budgets and with the economic stringencies imposed by inflation, and to getting the villages to raise more money themselves, both for the things they want and so that they can pay more taxes. The long-range hope is that, with the help of improved information techniques, coöperation between the village and province levels will begin to create the political cohesion that has been sadly lacking for so long. A few of the wealthier provinces in the Delta seem to be developing a sense of fiscal responsibility and self-sufficiency, but there remains very little technical and administrative knowledge at the village level, and, given the endemic corruption, the development funds now available are apt to be treated as a pork barrel by the provinces. One can only wonder at the assumption that the accelerated program will attain its goals by October 31st, especially in those places where there is a mixed pattern of only fair security and untested leadership.



VIETNAMIZATION and pacification, though they were not direct issues in the latest hamlet, village, and provincial elections, will inevitably be affected by the results. Between March and June, more than twenty-seven hundred new hamlet chiefs and village councils—the latter with an average of six members—were elected, in all the secure or relatively secure regions of the country. Late in June, five hundred and forty-five new provincial and municipal councilmen were elected. (There are forty-four provinces in Vietnam and six independent municipalities, including Saigon.) In both recent elections, the most significant trend was the choosing of men—and



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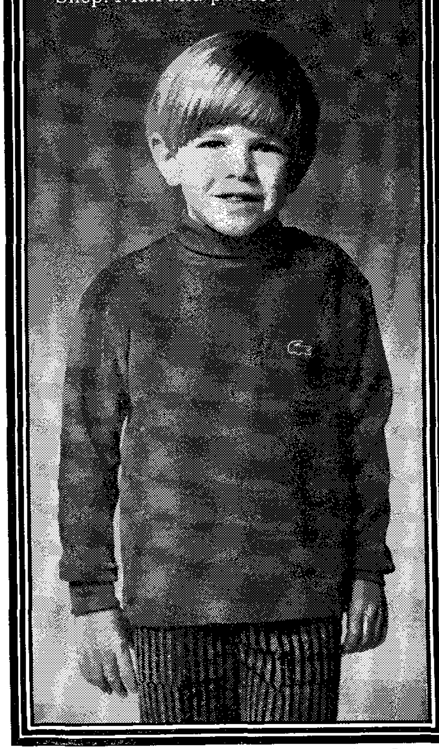

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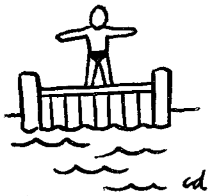
some women—in their thirties and forties to replace those in their fifties and sixties. This was a healthy sign, and so was the fact that most of those elected—particularly in the provincial-council vote, in which political parties were active—were independents, with no known ties or affiliations. At least, these results seem to demonstrate a growing interest in local government and a desire on the part of the people to play a more functional and less traditional role in it. In many cases, the candidates emphasized personal rather than public issues, stressing the Confucian virtues of what the Vietnamese call *thanh tich*—performance and accomplishment—and adopted a hometown approach. A considerable number of candidates were servicemen, who may have been prompted to run mainly in order to get out of uniform, and a fair proportion of the remainder had worked on pacification or in other government programs. About half the incumbents were defeated.



It would be too much to say that in the process of decentralization that is gradually being carried out there is as yet either serious grass-roots political development or serious influence by Saigon-based political parties. In fact, in the provincial-council elections, the seven parties that could be defined as truly political fared rather poorly, getting only slightly more than a quarter of the total vote, while four parties that had an essentially religious base got eighteen per cent. Thus, more than half the candidates elected, in what the government claimed was a turnout of seventy-five per cent of the registered voters (this figure is probably somewhat inflated), were independents. Of these, about a third belonged to non-political religious groups. In general, the showing made by both the Catholics and the Buddhists, whether as independents or as party members, was surprisingly strong. The Nhan Xa, or Social Humanist Party, which is primarily Catholic, got about eight per cent of the vote, and so did members of the An Quang Pagoda, the principal Buddhist organization, which, after a long period of voluntary isolation from political life, is once more taking part in elections; in fact, it is running two peace slates in the forthcoming vote for thirty senators—half the Senate—on August 30th. Among the specifically political parties, the three squabbling factions of the Vietnam Quoc Dan Dang, sometimes called the Vietnamese Kuomintang party, all did better than expected, and the Cap Tien, the chief "loyal-opposition" party, which most Vietnamese regard as a pet of Thieu's, did worse. There were the usual shenanigans in the balloting. Many persons who registered did not receive voters' identification cards from their districts or precincts—a state of affairs that has led some people to suspect that quite a number of the victorious "independents" may have secret party affiliations or may represent local bosses. The retired General Duong Van Minh, known as Big Minh—the former chief of state who could be Thieu's main rival in the 1971 Presidential race—told me that in his family eight persons were registered but only he and his wife got cards.

The Communists did not boycott either the hamlet-and-village or the provincial-council elections; nor did they engage in much terrorist activity to hinder the voting. They simply sat back and watched, or, in a few cases, managed to elect candidates regarded as Communist sympathizers. One theory has it that they were both testing their strength in certain areas and determining the degree of fragmentation that exists among the various non-Communist parties and groups. A Vietnamese friend of mine who knows the Communists well, having once worked with them, believes that they have infiltrated the ranks of the "uncommitted" villagers and townsfolk much more thoroughly than the government or the Americans suspect. He also believes that in quietly making accommodations with the villagers and creating their own "legal" foundation in the countryside they have cleverly backed "traditionalists," such as old-line hamlet chiefs, because it is the younger elements that constitute the greatest threat to the Communists in the future.

The degree of political fragmentation among the South Vietnamese—that lack of unity which has been their undoing for twenty-five years and, for the last three years, has kept Thieu's Second Republic from establishing any popular base of support—has just been demonstrated anew by the fact that no fewer than eighteen slates of ten men each have been filed for the forthcoming Senate contests; only three slates, or thirty candidates, can be elected. Petty rivalries and jealousies, opportunism and ambition, and a sheer inability to get together and work out compromises account for the large number of candidates, and even though half the slates may drop out before the election—in most cases for lack of money—the divisiveness has again done its damage, and nothing could be calculated to please the Communists more. Six of the slates are dominated by Catholics, and two of these, having the support of the government, are expected to win. Though the country is only fourteen per cent Catholic, Catholics make up almost half the present Senate. (Thieu is a convert.) The third winning slate will probably be either that of the Cap Tien—the "approved" opposition—or the An Quang slate that is headed by Vu Van Mau, who was Foreign Minister under the late President Ngo Dinh Diem. Senator Tran Van Don, generally regarded as the leader of the opposition, who was one of twenty-nine senators who lost out in a lottery held last spring to determine which senators would sit for another three years (the figure was twenty-nine rather than thirty because one senator was murdered by the Communists in Hué during the 1968 Tet offensive), at the last moment decided not to run, though he had tried to make a deal with the An Quang group.

Next year's Presidential election, provided it is held on schedule regardless of the status of peace negotiations, promises to be a real turning point in the history of Vietnam and its prematurely imposed system of democracy. At the moment, the three leading possible candidates are Thieu, Ky, and Minh, but some people think it quite likely that Thieu will decide not to run again, realizing, as President Johnson perhaps came to realize, that his chances of winning would be slight. In a recent broadcast for American television, Thieu for the first time said that he would not make a decision about his candidacy until later. On the basis of the recent local and provincial elections and the many still uncertain aspects of Vietnamization and pacification, it cannot be said that Thieu has made much progress in building up his so-called Cadre-Khaki Party, which relies for its support on the Saigon-backed bureaucracy in the countryside and on the Army. A belated step he has just taken to reorganize the military forces (he promised to do it as soon as he was elected, in 1967) may prove useful to him, however. What the reorganization adds up to is an admission that, democratic experiments notwithstanding, Vietnam remains a military-oriented society. The power of the four corps commanders, which many Americans and Vietnamese have for years insisted should be reduced, will instead

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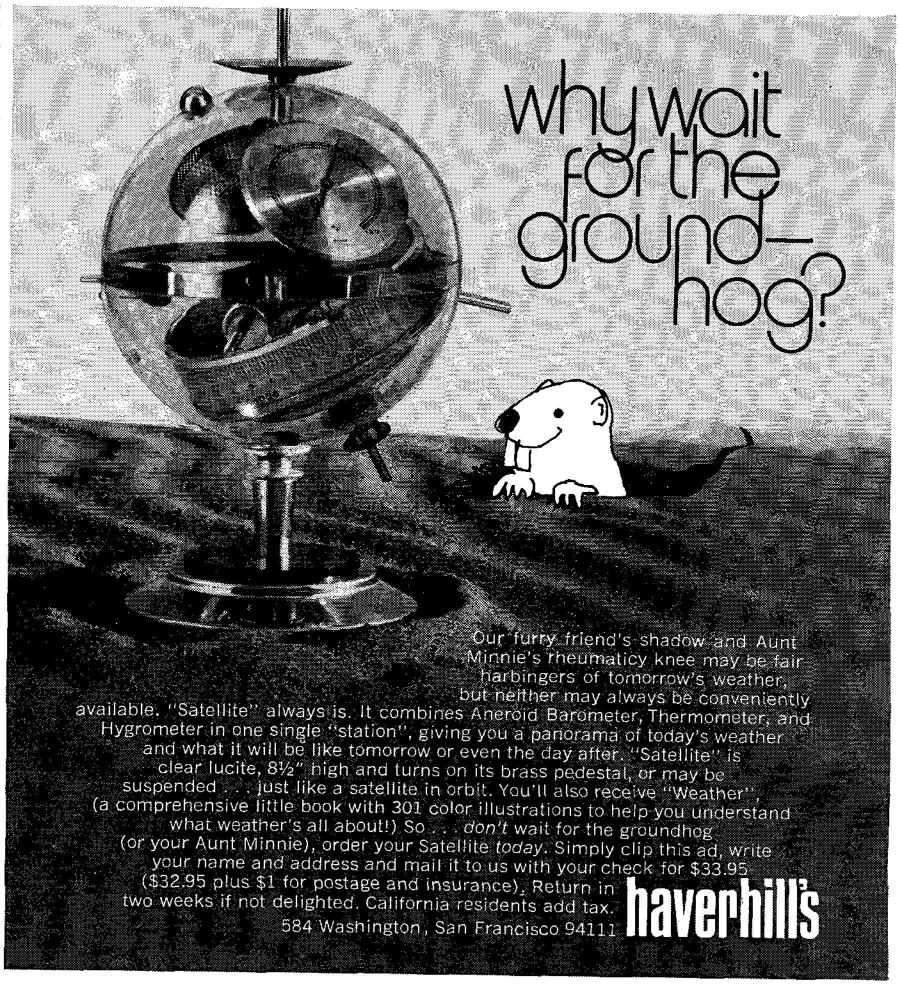

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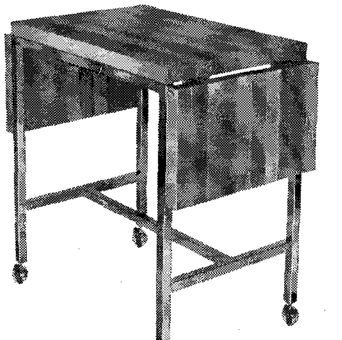

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be increased. As heads of "regions" rather than corps, they will have two deputies apiece—one in charge of ARVN and the other in charge of the Territorial Forces. The People's Self-Defense Force, instead of being a truly local element, with its roots among the people, is to be brought into the military complex and divided into what are called "inter-team groups," whose members still won't get paid—an arrangement that is sure to encourage both corruption and treason, not to mention ordinary malingering. The Ranger and Airborne units are to become part of the Army and the Air Force, respectively, and the independent Marines part of the Navy. While much of this makes sense from the point of view of efficiency, it also reduces the threat of a military coup against Thieu, since the all-powerful new regional commanders will owe their positions to him and will have a tighter rein than before on all military elements.

Ky has, in effect, announced himself to be a candidate for President. His relations with Thieu, which have gone up and down, are now as bad as they have ever been. A fortnight ago, the two men engaged in a childish display of name-calling directed at each other's assistants. Ky continues to have more popular appeal than the over-cautious and ever-suspicious Thieu, but, at thirty-nine, he still demonstrates his youthful capacity for saying wildly exaggerated things to produce a sensation. General Minh, who, with Senator (then General) Don, led the 1963 coup that overthrew Diem, remains an enigmatic figure. When I saw him a few weeks ago, he admitted to a sense of despair over the way things were going—particularly the galloping inflation, the unrest among students and veterans, and the inability of the various political and religious groups to work together in such a way as to save the nation from Communism after the Americans leave. Minh said he still hoped to forge some unity among the religious groups—the Buddhists, the Catholics, and the two principal indigenous sects, the Hoa Hao and the Cao Dai—but he acknowledged that it would be difficult. Individuals as prominent as Minh or Don who are opposed to Thieu inevitably bestow a "kiss of death" on people they see as they travel about in this police-and-Army-controlled nation; anyone they talk with may be questioned by the police afterward, and although they themselves may, in view of their prominence, be safe from arrest or interrogation, their supporters are seldom so fortunate. Under these circumstances, it is not easy to gauge the strength of their support, but it seems probable that if Minh should run for President, he would get more votes than Thieu, and they would include the votes of peace elements.

NONE of this will mean very much if South Vietnam does not solve its grave economic crisis in the next few months. In 1965, the South Vietnamese defense budget was about thirty billion piastres. (The official rate is 118 to the dollar, and the current black-market rate is about 380.) The 1969 defense budget was ninety-four billion, and this year's is a hundred and thirty-six billion, out of a total national budget of about two hundred billion. The Vietnamese cannot afford to pay such a price to fight the kind of war we have taught them to fight. The total amount of money in circulation is a hundred and forty-five billion piastres, which the able Economics Minister, Pham Kim Ngoc, says is enough. But the piastre is depreciating at the rate of thirty-two per cent a year. Tax receipts were only twenty-seven billion piastres in 1969 and will be only thirty-seven billion this year—a drop in the bucket in view of the kind of money that some people are making. Although eighty-nine per cent of the tax receipts come from the Saigon area, many rich businessmen and well-off professional people there pay no taxes.

The government's immediate problem is to get enough money to raise the wages of soldiers and civil servants, who are suffering the most from the inflation, and upon whom the greatest burden of fighting the war falls. For several months, Thieu has been seeking special powers from the National Assembly, under a so-called Program Law, to deal with the emergency without having to submit every corrective measure to the Assembly, where it would be the subject of long debate. After weeks of argument, the House of Representatives recently passed the law Thieu wanted—but only, it is said, because much of the potential opposition had been bought off by agents of the Presidential Palace, at a total estimated cost of fifteen million piastres. The Senate is still debating the bill. If it goes through, an effort will be made to do a number of things quickly. Import schedules will be revised in such a way as to generate greater tax revenues while curtailing imports of many luxuries. The importation of certain things, such as cars and some foods, will be prohibited, either because they are not considered necessities or because they can be produced here. Interest rates will be raised, so that money will stay in banks instead of being hoarded or used for speculative purposes. At the same time, the production of needed goods will be stimulated, and export exchange rates will be altered to make it more profitable for businessmen to send certain commodities, like rubber, abroad. The collecting of taxes will be improved at all levels, but Ngoc has privately warned that the people in the cities cannot pay much more in taxes, since they are bearing the brunt of the inflation, and that he still lacks the machinery to obtain much from the people in the rural areas. The piastre will not be devalued, but the rate will be altered in various ways. A so-called "accommodation rate," of about 250 to the dollar, will cover all private transactions, from which the most revenue can be derived, while the rate of 118 to the dollar will remain in effect for certain government and institutional transactions, and for sending students abroad to study. If the Program Law is passed and all the projected measures are taken, and the result is at least a check in the inflation, there will probably be an increase in American aid next year. We have recently promised Saigon approximately a hundred million dollars beyond the six hundred and fifty million in aid we have already given this year. "Our policy should be to bring our troops home but not our dollars," one top American economic official has said. Certainly, for a country that has spent some hundred and twenty-five billion dollars on the war to date, a few hundred million more does not seem too much, particularly if it will hasten the departure of our troops.

If things do not get better, one way or another, by the end of the year, the disturbances that have been taking place among students, veterans, and certain labor groups will unquestionably grow to the point where anything is possible: widespread troop rebellions (the Army desertion rate is way up again), the collapse of the government, or sheer chaos. Until now, weekly or sometimes daily student demonstrations for peace and against the government's repression of student leaders have been carried on by several hundred militants. The majority of the students belong to a moderate faction that has—for the moment, anyway—accepted concessions granted by Thieu,

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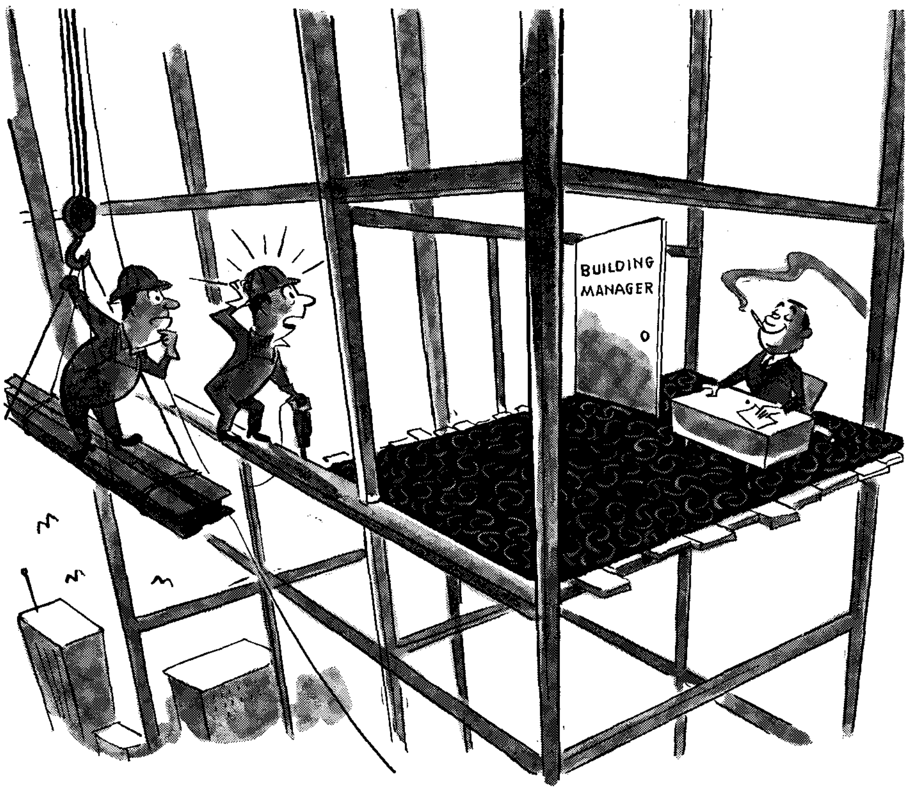

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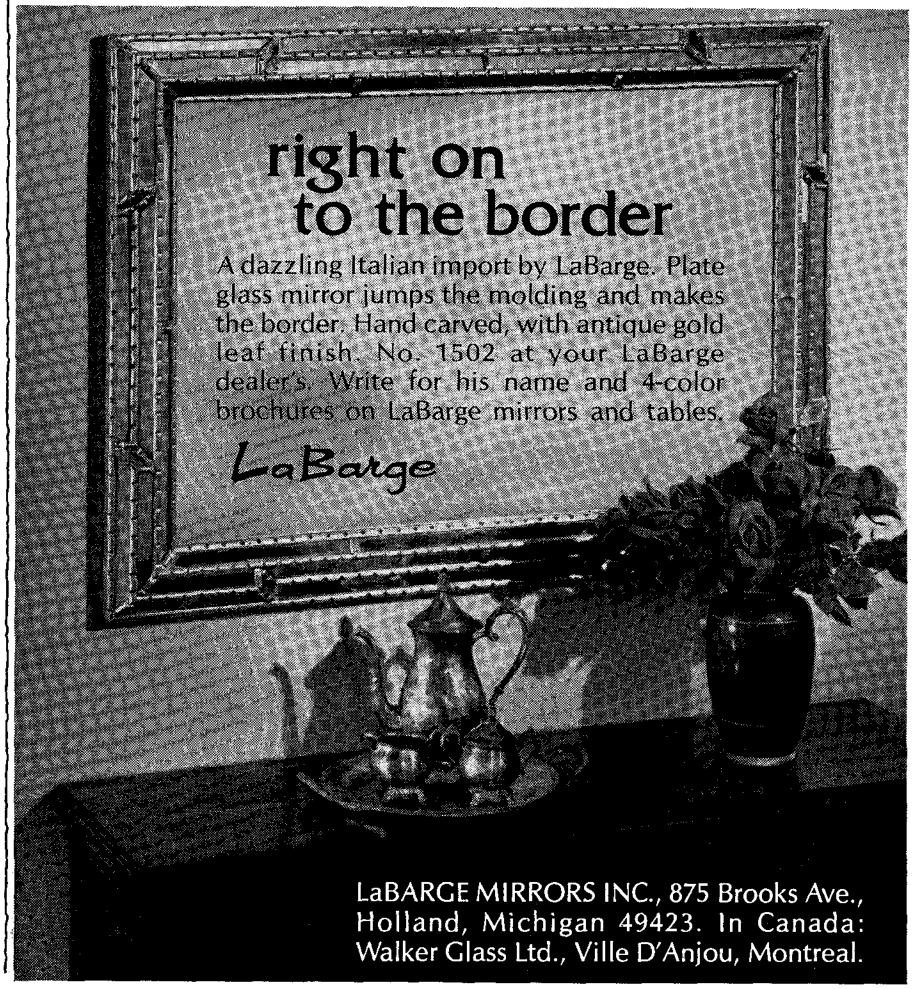

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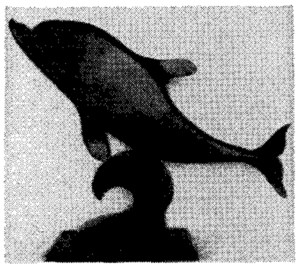

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such as the provision of an official headquarters. In fact, the militants may have fallen into a government trap. There is reason to believe that Thieu, under American pressure, backed down and freed most of the students who had been jailed—including some who the police claimed had definite Communist connections—in order to let them lead the police to the underground directors of the movement, and also to allow the student groups to be provoked into putting on more demonstrations. According to this theory, Thieu wants the police—especially the inexperienced Field Force Police squads, which usually try to disperse mobs by throwing tear gas into the wind and back into their own faces—to have more chances to practice dealing with such outbreaks.

The fact that the jails here are still full of political prisoners, some of whom are subjected to traditional methods of torture that shock the Americans, is lost sight of, even though, largely as a result of American newspaper and magazine accounts, prison conditions, at least on the island of Con Son, which had the now-famous "tiger cages" for maximum-security cases, have been ameliorated. According to Vietnamese friends of mine, far worse conditions have obtained all along right here in Saigon and in the forty-odd political jails around the country. One of them said, "We Vietnamese expect that if we are arrested, especially for an alleged political crime, we will be subjected to the worst possible torture—the whole hors-d'oeuvre treatment, we call it—from immersion in tanks of cold water, to the application of electrodes to one's private parts, to having wooden pegs driven into one's ears, to being forced to eat live cockroaches." It is futile in a war as cruel as this one to try to draw up a balance sheet on the methods of torture used by the two sides.

Nevertheless, and although neither American officials here nor the Thieu government seems to have grasped the fact, there now exists, over and above the resigned acceptance of what will happen if one is arrested, a significant new tide of feeling among the Vietnamese, especially the younger ones. And this *is* somewhat akin to what some young Americans are feeling—a sense of combined despair and rebellion that can only be described as anarchist, or even nihilistic. Among the older Vietnamese, one hears more and more marketplace and barbershop comments on the order of "Things are worse now than they ever were under Diem" and "I made much less money then than I make now but it went a lot further"—comments such as middle-aged Americans might make on their own predicaments today. But among the Vietnamese youth—and not only the local "cowboys" and hooligans, whose numbers are growing, and who are making parts of Saigon as dangerous for Americans as parts of Manhattan and Washington are already—there is a rising anger that is far more serious, and it seems to be approaching a breaking point. These young people simply say that the war must end, because the suffering it has caused the majority while enriching the few is unbearable. Though there has been an increase in anti-American incidents, most younger people, and some of the older ones, too, just bury their resentment of what the Americans have done to this country, regardless of our intentions. Even so, they are making it clear that we have solved little or nothing in Vietnam, that we may have made things worse rather than better, and that we ought to leave. It is probably true that the longer we stay here in support of an unpopular government the more we inhibit the chances of the anti-Communist nationalists (as we have done all along) by making them part of a false cause. Vietnamization, even if it is the only logical course in the absence of negotiations, is thus no more than a shibboleth, and perhaps primarily a sop to our own conscience. It is true that the South Vietnamese need our help, or somebody's, if they want to go on fighting the Communists by themselves—which President Nixon was generous enough to say the other day that they have the "right" to do. But, whether Vietnamization works or not, it is more than ever apparent that the sooner the umbilical cord of dependence is cut, the better chance the Vietnamese will have to breathe, and to endure as a people.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

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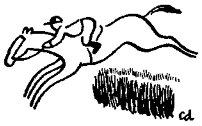
THE RACE TRACK

Saratoga Springs Eternal

I SUPPOSE the easiest thing to say about Judgable, who won the Whitney Stakes at Saratoga Springs last Saturday afternoon, is that he's the most improved of the three-year-olds around these days. For the second time in less than a month (the first time was in the Dwyer Handicap at Aqueduct, which he won), he showed the speed and determination that are the hallmark of ability in a race horse. And he beat, among others, Dewan, winner of the Brooklyn Handicap; Pleasure Seeker, winner of the Hollywood Gold Cup; and Gladwin, winner of the Amory Haskell Handicap. Altogether an upgo for a colt who was claimed for $15,000 last December by Saul Nadler, the owner of a small stable trained by his son Herb. Twelve horses went to the post for the Whitney Stakes, and even on television, which is the way I saw it, it was quite a sight—Judgable in front by lengths all the way, the others strung out behind him. He won by three from Hydrologist, Dewan, and Verbatim, who passed the post noses apart in the order named. Judgable paid $59 in the two-dollar mutuels. When he won the Dwyer, he paid $80.60. The first time I saw him, a workmanlike dark-bay colt by Delta Judge out of One Quest, was in the Saranac Handicap at Belmont Park. He led for three-quarters of the mile, then tired. As I say, he has improved. So far, he's earned $124,285 for the Nadlers.



My outriders report that Saratoga is booming. Attendance hit a new opening-day high of 19,701, and last Saturday it was 26,684, which is close to the crowds they used to have on Travers Stakes days. The Flash Stakes, for two-year-olds, which was first run in 1869 and has opened the meeting for as far back as the oldest Saratogian can remember, went to No Back Talk, a gray colt (by Native Charger) who had won the Tyro Stakes at Monmouth Park. Boone the Great was second in the Flash, and Dundee Marmalade was third. George Widener may have a real runner in Patelin, who showed her heels to eleven of her sex in the Schuylerville Stakes, the traditional prep for the Spinaway. A winner on her first appearance under colors, she scored by nearly four lengths over C. V. Whitney's Bid High. Speaking of preps, sixteen three-year-old fillies came out the other afternoon for the Test Stakes, the windup for the Alabama Stakes this weekend, so it was run off in two divisions. Princess Roycraft won the first, with Arachne second and Meritus third, and Hunnemannia won the second, with Missile Belle second and Royal Picnic third. No selections for the Alabama.

AS happens every year after Aqueduct closes, Monmouth Park had a big week, ending its meeting on Saturday with a crowd of 36,269, who bet $3,962,547. Twice Worthy, another up-and-coming three-year-old, won the Monmouth Invitational from eleven colts of his age by four lengths in 1:48⅖, a new track mark for nine furlongs. Roman Scout was second and Dust Commander (he won the Kentucky Derby, remember?) was third. Corn Off the Cob, winner of the Arlington Classic, was an also-ran. It was Twice Worthy's fourth consecutive victory. A bay colt by Ambiopoise, he is owned by the Saddle Rock Farm and trained by Jim Conway, who is better than a green hand with a horse. Earlier in the week, Reine Enchanteur, the filly by Sea-Bird that Wendell Rosso, who owns a chain of supermarkets, paid $405,000 for as a yearling at the 1968 sales, finally came to the races. She started favorite in a race for maiden three- and four-year-olds, led for five of the six furlongs, tired, and finished third to Peerless Pride and Honey Deb. Shortly, she will go to Saratoga for the waters.

FOR THE RECORD: Delaware Park's meeting also ended last Saturday, with the running of the William du Pont, Jr., Handicap, in which Distinctive ran a fast mile and a sixteenth—1:41⅕—to win easily from Balustrade, Hunter's Dance, and five others. . . . At Philadelphia's Liberty Bell track, which will continue through August 22nd, Office Queen beat nine other three-year-old fillies in the Cotillion Handicap. She, too, may try her luck at Saratoga. —AUDAX MINOR

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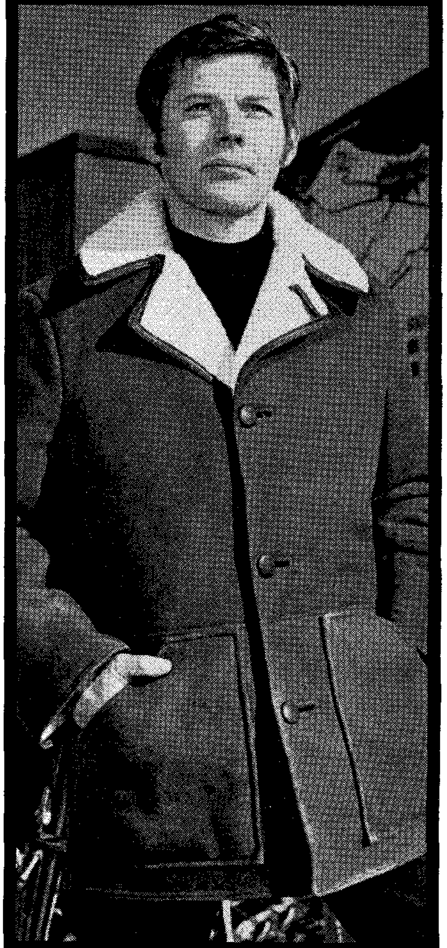

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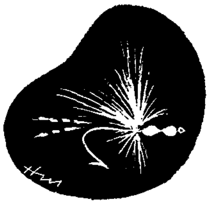
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

AUGUST 8

AFTER slightly more than a year as President, John F. Kennedy, reflecting on the powers and limitations of his office, said to a visitor, "It seems that an American President has a harder time making things happen in this country than in making things happen abroad." Actually, Kennedy had made very little "happen" either here or abroad in that first year; what he meant, presumably, was that he could command the attention and, if needed, the coöperation of Harold Macmillan, or even Charles de Gaulle, more readily than he could get a sympathetic hearing from Representative Wilbur Mills, a member of his own party from Arkansas. This seems paradoxical but isn't. The wealth and power of the United States are necessarily more to be feared or appreciated by foreign leaders than by American ones. A President of the United States may make or break heads of government in certain other countries—or, for that matter, destroy whole societies—but he can seldom lay a glove on a member of Congress determined to resist him, or on a member of the permanent bureaucracy reluctant to implement his policy. He can, as a rule, intervene in the internal affairs of the Congo or Venezuela or Australia more effectively than he can intervene in the affairs of California or Alabama or Pennsylvania. His purse and his armies can influence events profoundly almost everywhere but here, where his control over the economy is shaky and where, for many good reasons, it is inadvisable to bomb the natives.



In any event, what John F. Kennedy sensed on the basis of very little evidence is turning out to be the experience—for the present, anyway—of Richard M. Nixon. In domestic affairs, he is getting very little of what he wants and quite a few things that he doesn't want. The family-assistance program, the one important piece of social legislation (unless his anti-crime bills belong in that category) that he has favored, is in serious trouble in the Senate, which, like the House, is determined to force him to spend more on education, health, and conservation than he thinks the government can afford. He recommended passage of the Postal Service Act, a reform of high significance and probably the largest accomplishment of this Congress, but it is not a measure for which he can take much credit. Most of its provisions were drafted during the Johnson Administration, and its enactment required little help from the White House. In foreign affairs, however, he is enjoying considerable success, for some of which even his detractors are grateful. Indo-China, of course, is a conspicuous exception; our President doesn't seem to frighten Hanoi, and President Thieu in Saigon is no more ready to take him at his word than is Senator Fulbright here. But this is largely because the war has *become* a domestic problem—nowhere more so than in the mind of the President, who, like his predecessor, is obsessed with what he judges to be the impact of his actions on American opinion. Even in Vietnam, though, the prospects seem slightly less grim than they have seemed in recent months. De-escalation, at least on the part of Americans in South Vietnam, appears to be taking place, and withdrawals are expected to increase before long. Also, it has been reported on reasonably good authority that Moscow is advising Hanoi to get its armies out of Laos or risk the loss of Soviet aid. Whether or not Hanoi yields to such pressure, assuming it is being brought to bear, the war in South Vietnam could go on, but a North Vietnamese withdrawal from Laos would have to be accompanied by a withdrawal from Cambodia, and the loss of Soviet aid would make the war in South Vietnam more difficult to pursue. If it is true that Moscow hopes for an end to the war in Indo-China, or at least for a smaller war there, those hopes may be reflected in the attitudes of Hanoi's negotiators in Paris, and if it is true, as Administration spokesmen insist, that the new head of our negotiating team, David Bruce, is empowered to be more flexible than those who have represented us up to now, there may still be some small chance for political accommodation.

Certainly the Administration is doing well—or better than anyone had much right to expect a few months back—in negotiations that seem far more important to most of the rest of the world than anything that does or does not happen in Indo-China or around the round table in Paris. The American cease-fire proposals that were yesterday publicly accepted and quickly honored by the governments of Israel and Egypt do not by any means assure a peaceful settlement in the Middle East, but the very fact of their approval—not only by the principal adversaries but by the Soviet Union—is of enormous importance. The cease-fire may not hold even for the ninety days agreed to; the conflict may be irreconcilable except by war. At the very least, however, the superpowers have agreed that a Middle Eastern war is in the interests of neither of them. Moscow's concurrence in this proposition was undoubtedly reached without any diplomatic persuasion from Washington—though there is plenty of persuasive power in our nuclear arsenal. Still, it was an American achievement; this government, whose role in the world has rarely seemed admirable in recent years, succeeded where other governments and international agencies, most notably the United Nations, have failed. Spokesmen for the Administration are also reporting progress in the attempts being made in Vienna to reach an agreement on the limitation of strategic weapons, and if few details are being offered in support of their contentions, Soviet spokesmen have not so far questioned the sanguine note being struck by the Americans.

The Administration can take no specific credit for the treaty draft initialled in Moscow this week by the Soviet and West German foreign ministers. The negotiations were bilateral, and as far as is known the parties came together without the benefit of American good offices. But the agreement is regarded here as altogether in the American interest—as it pretty much has to be, since West Germany, for all its economic power and its growing political independence, remains to a large extent a client state of ours. If the treaty is ratified in Bonn, as is almost certain, and if Chancellor Brandt's government, which has been under severe right-wing attack ever since it was learned that a *rapprochement* was being sought, holds together, the day may not be far off when our military commitments in Western Europe will be much less burdensome. If Bonn and Moscow can come to any kind of lasting agreement, there would seem to be no reason that an understanding between the NATO powers and the Soviet bloc should be beyond reach. There have, of course, been a few diplomatic disappointments—in trade talks with Japan, for example, and in the cool reception that the "Nixon doctrine" is getting in Southeast Asia, and, at least for some people, in the "executive agreement" to maintain an American presence in Spain—but this seems to be one of the few periods in recent history in which it has been possible to sustain some slight hope for the prevalence of reason in world affairs. The

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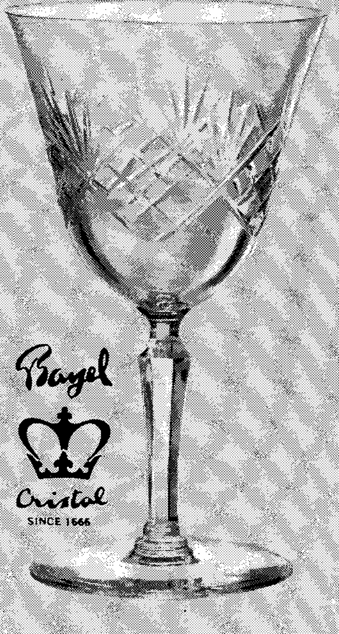

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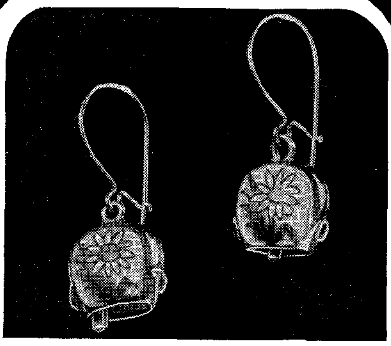

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fact that bloody unreason still prevails in Indo-China may make it difficult for Americans to take much comfort from the improved outlook elsewhere, and a sizable number of Americans doubtless feel that their government's guilt as a belligerent power must weigh far more heavily on the scales of morality than any contributions it may make to stopping or limiting other wars or to easing tensions generally; the Arab-Israeli conflict, after all, hasn't done much damage to American society, and improved relations between Bonn and Moscow will not heal any of the wounds we have recently inflicted on ourselves and on peasants in Southeast Asia. But although it is sometimes almost impossible to bear it in mind, the war in Indo-China is not the whole of our policy, and tensions in the Middle East and Europe could lead—as in all likelihood the war in Indo-China could *not*—to the destruction of this country and all others. It is now a fact beyond partisan dispute that this government has in recent weeks and months played an honorable and effective role in seeking peace and stability in areas where there has been little of either.

It hardly needs saying that most of what seems to have been accomplished lately could be undone in a matter of days. No one has any control over the Arab irregulars who have been attacking Israeli communities from the east; they will continue to fight, as they have in the past, without the approval of the governments—Syria, Lebanon, and Jordan—on whose territories they are based. The threat they will pose to the peace is less military than political—a threat to the stability of the governments that, with varying degrees of reluctance, play host to them. For many years now, President Nasser has been the most influential of Arab leaders, but his acceptance of the American proposals has unquestionably lessened his authority outside Egypt. It is thought by some that he may have increased his popularity among his own countrymen, who have been the heaviest losers since the war of 1967, but this remains to be seen. All that most experts are willing to say is that his is probably the most nearly secure of the Arab governments—and they quickly add that this isn't saying much. Prime Minister Meir's authority appears solidly based, but there are political limits to what she can tolerate in the way of provocation. She and most members of her government regard the cease-fire as being in the main a concession to this country—a kind of political down

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payment on the American arms they will need once the shooting resumes, as nearly all of them expect it inevitably will. As for the Vienna talks that are said to be going so well, they are threatened by the very technology the participants are seeking to control. If the technology of concealment of weapons outstrips that of verification of their whereabouts and numbers, there will—for some time and conceivably for all time—be nothing to negotiate. Moreover, agreements with the Soviet Union—undertaken by this country or any other—are good only for as long as the Soviet leaders who accepted them remain in power. And this may also be true of West Germany. (There is somewhat more assurance of continuity in American policy, but prudent statesmen, observing our present disarray, might well wish they could hedge certain of their bets. In 1964, the Republican candidate for President said that, if elected, he would not hesitate to repudiate the nuclear-test-ban treaty that had recently been negotiated. The durability of our Constitutional institutions is now far more open to question than it was then.) There has lately been much speculation about the possibility of changes in leadership in the Kremlin. No one knows very much about the way power is distributed and exercised in the upper reaches of the Soviet bureaucracy, but it is certain that there are Marxist-Leninist doves and hawks, and Cold War shibboleths remain an obligatory part of most political rhetoric. More, of course, is known about Bonn, but much of what is known is not reassuring. It took considerable political courage for Willy Brandt to seek reconciliation, and while he would not have done it without feeling reasonably certain that he could survive, at least in the short run, neither he nor anyone else can have any assurance about what will happen in German politics in the next few years.

At the same time, there are sound reasons for believing that the good seeds the diplomats have been sowing will take firm root. For one thing, both of the superpowers are in relatively conservative hands. Most of the men in charge have long records as "hard-liners," and most of them, including Richard Nixon, still talk about, and perhaps believe in, the ideological evil of the ideological adversary. Yet when events compel them to face the realities of global power, they quite rapidly perceive that the escalation of hostilities beyond the ideological level or beyond

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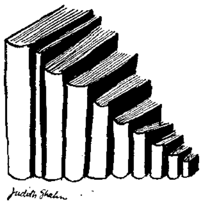
small proxy wars is too awful for serious contemplation. A few months back, when the extent of Soviet assistance to Egypt became apparent to everyone, it seemed quite likely that the Soviets were willing to risk everything to be masters of the Middle East. They appeared to be taking the war away from the proxies and preparing to assume a role comparable to ours in Vietnam. There may have been some in Moscow who thought this sound policy, but we now know they did not prevail. Moreover, it may well be that some were moved by an altogether different line of reasoning. It was, after all, the large-scale Soviet aid to Egypt that created a sense of great urgency in the Nixon Administration and led it to the intensive diplomatic activity of this summer, and since it is now clear that those in charge of Soviet affairs—or, at any rate, the currently dominant members of that hierarchy—were unwilling to risk the worst, it is entirely possible that they saw what they were doing as a step toward a peaceful rather than a bloody settlement. As for the Administration here, it was determined to avoid confrontation even if the Soviet Union did establish itself as a North African and Mediterranean power. Its strategy was to withhold aid from Israel until it became certain that what that country faced was the loss not of the territories annexed in 1967 but of the territories it held before then.

What appears to be happening, in the Middle East and elsewhere, is the defusing of all remaining Cold War conflicts that are subject to what could be uncontrollable escalation. It is conceivable that the present leaders of both superpowers could be replaced by men of more militant views, willing to take greater risks. We do not know enough about Kremlin politics to discount such a possibility in the Soviet Union. But we do know that Richard Nixon has been just about as ardent a Cold Warrior as any American politician of his generation, and while one can foresee the possibility, even the likelihood, that some future President might be more generally conservative than Nixon, it is hard to see how one could be much to his right as an anti-Communist. If the realities of power compel Nixon to moderation, it seems reasonable to assume that they would compel moderation in just about anyone who was not demented. And since Soviet leaders of whatever persuasion have to contend, ultimately, with precisely the same realities, it seems somewhat more likely than not that future ones will respond as the present ones have. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

BOOKS

In a Style to Which One Is Not Accustomed



A COLLECTION of magnificent prose poems composed by Octavio Paz twenty years ago has now been published here by October House in a bilingual edition under the title of "Aguila o Sol? Eagle or Sun?" Eliot Weinberger's translation is notable. The jacket calls Paz "Mexico's most distinguished living poet"—a tag that is not especially revelatory to readers who do not know of his work or even whether Mexico's poets as a group are as distinguished as Mexico's famous equestrian team. The fact is that Paz is a distinguished poet by any nation's standards. "Aguila o Sol?" is a stunning book.

Its form—prose poetry—differs from the other work of Paz I know, which is either prose or poetry, but it displays the characteristics of his verse, including emotional intensity and linguistic virtuosity. One portion of the book, "Works of the Poet," assembles the nightmares of an insomniac poet: nightmares of solitude, of inexpressiveness, of beleaguerment by words, of pursuing elusive words. Like the whole book, this part can be called Surrealist. It explores and extends one particular Surrealist style—not the ornamented Surrealism, with props and décor, gems, castles, draperies, but the bare style in which words do the poetic work of objects and beings or become objects and beings:

> The easiest thing in the world is to break a word in two. At times the pieces continue to live with a frantic life, ferocious, monosyllabic. It's wonderful to throw that handful of newborns into the circus: they jump, they dance, they bound and rebound, they scream tirelessly, they raise their colored banners.

In this prose poem, IX, Paz describes what he does with words in several other parts of "Words of the Poet":

> Carried away with enthusiasm for experiments, I cut from top to bottom, I take the eyes of another, I chop off legs, pile arms, beaks, horns. . . . I make sharp the round, spiny the smooth.

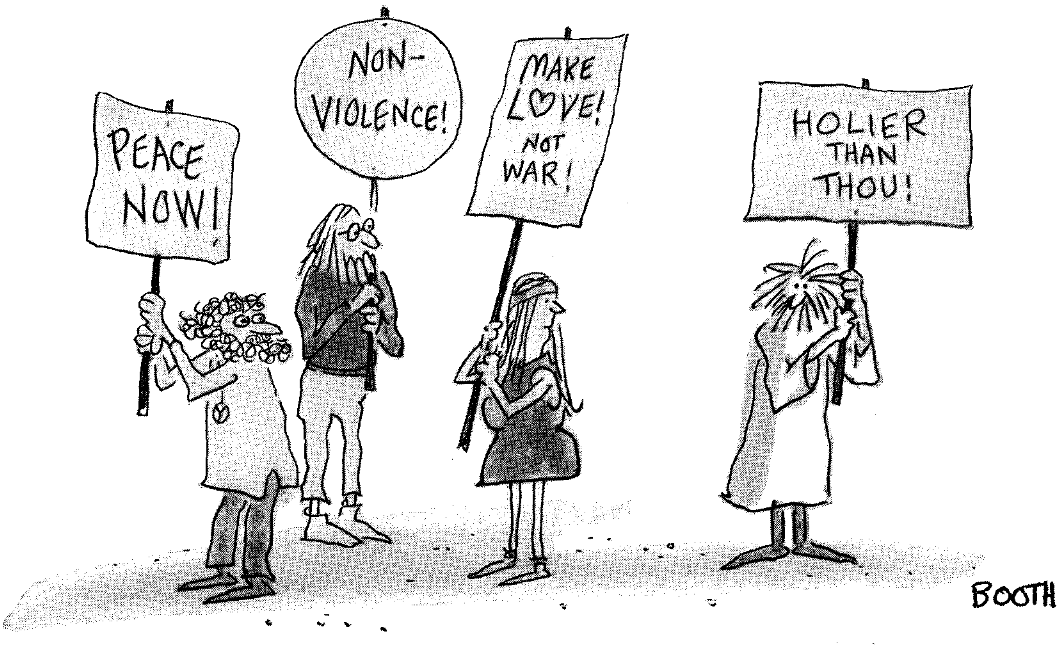
This section is a marvel of poetic economy. The prose poetry is incredibly inventive, and at times its daring is giddy—at least as giddy as Apollinaire. But the theme of "Works of the Poet" is sorrow—the sorrow of "East Coker," in which Eliot speaks of his "intolerable wrestle with words and meanings," of "each venture" as "a raid on the inarticulate/With shabby equipment always deteriorating." Paz is not rueful or resigned; he is far more combative than Eliot:

> But those games wear out. And then there is nothing but the Great Recourse: with a slap you crush six or seven—or ten or a thousand million—and with this flabby mass make a ball and leave it outside until it hardens and shines like a bit of star. Some time when it is well frozen, throw it hard at those fixed eyes that have been watching you since you were born. If you have good aim, strength, and luck, perhaps you'll destroy something, perhaps you'll smash the face of the world, perhaps your projectile will explode against the wall and give off a few brief sparks that will, if only for an instant, light up the silence.

The other sections, "Moving Sands" and "Eagle or Sun?," are less purely verbal, and their visual imagery is often luxuriant; "Natural Being," a prose poem dedicated to the painter Tamayo, begins by characterizing colors: "The blues, spreading their robes, stretching their waterfalls, keeping vigil over their depths, transparency shaped by fire." Many of these pieces have recognizably Mexican backgrounds: a town with a plaza dominated by a church, and the sound of bells; a walled garden; in the country, watercourses that run dry and dormant plants that flower again; living Indians and references to or recollections of Indian legends and theology.

More striking than the regional detail is the variety Paz achieves, for it is always harder to vary a form that is not established, as the prose poem is not, than to play tricks with a sonnet. Some of these prose poems are lyrics. "A Difficult Apprenticeship" is a dramatic monologue that would greatly surprise Browning; and, because of its freedom, probably please him; several are tiny narratives—"My Life with the Wave" is a wickedly funny anecdote, "Marvels of the Will" is a concise and haunting story. "Head of an Angel" is a mock fable, a hilarious takeoff on the gruesomeness of so many legends of saints and martyrs and of Spanish religious iconography. Not only Spanish, come to think of it; Christian art of almost any country can produce a representation of somebody who, like the child martyr in this fable, remains remarkably debonair and *dégagé* while he is being flayed, racked, stoned, or beheaded. It is rare, though, that parody of art becomes successful art. "Head of an Angel" does. But everything in this book—whatever its form or mood or devices—is the work of a nearly limitless, poetically effective imagination.

A poet is a voice. What kind of voice is Paz? First of all, not chummy. Whenever he is confidential or offhand in "Aguila o Sol?" he is insidious and unsettling, and when he is full-panoplied he is astonishing or even overwhelming. Is this drive for power Mexican? In his prose work about



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Mexico, "The Labyrinth of Solitude," Paz speaks of a typically Mexican masculine drive to "break open one's opponent," and here he is clearly driving to break open something—language itself, or the reader's pattern of expectation.

Nationality concerns nearly everybody these days, and many writers who have inherited one of the far-flung colonial languages, such as Spanish, fear that their work may be provincial or derivative, or that in their desire to escape what is provincial they may skimp on their peculiar quality—whatever is Québecois, say, as opposed to generally French, or Australian, as against broadly English—and thereby produce arid work. But every poetic tradition of any size—like every culture, for that matter—is a mass of borrowings that seem derivative when they fail and fresh when they succeed. Paz finds in Mexico's past much that was dependent and derivative, but toward the end of "Labyrinth of Solitude" he decides that "our situation is now no different from that of other countries. . . . Solitude . . . is not an exclusively Mexican characteristic. . . . Solitude is the profoundest fact of the human condition."

Certainly solitude is the profoundest fact of "Aguila o Sol?" It is a solitude that is desperate and that moves the poet to create a beauty that is violent, frightening, amazing. These prose poems are not so much purely Mexican as modern, reflecting the common modern sense of isolation and self-doubt: the distance between Shakespeare's confident promise—"But thy eternal summer shall not fade. . . . When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st"—and the lonely uncertainty of Rilke's "Who, if I cried, would hear me among the angelic orders?" As Paz decides, in "Labyrinth of Solitude," "Poetry transcends both history and language." That is not true of all poetry; it is true only of very good poetry, and it is true of "Aguila o Sol?"

—NAOMI BLIVEN

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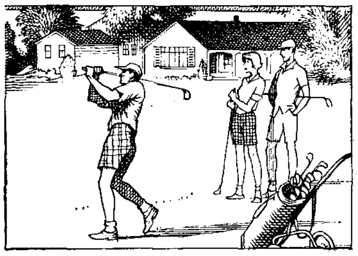

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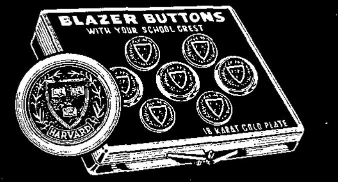

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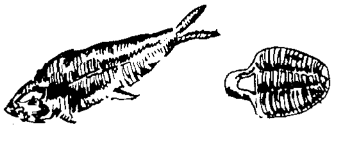

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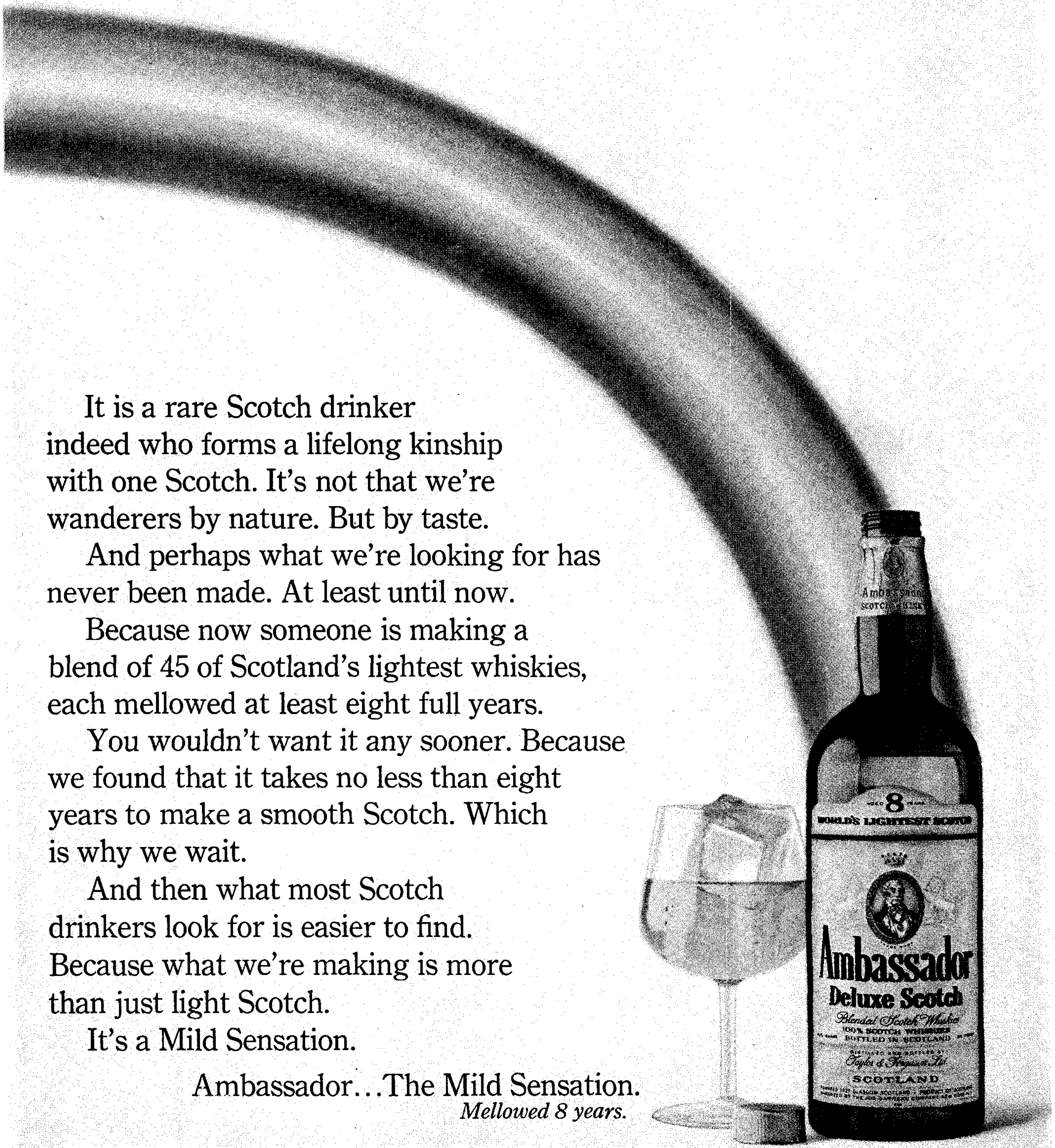
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